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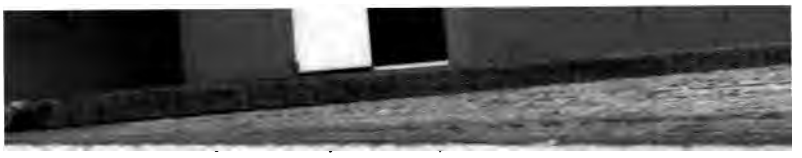
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CATHERINE HUTTON

AND HER FRIENDS.



Catherine Hutton

and Her Friends

Edited by her Cousin

Mrs. Catherine Hutton Beale

Birmingham
Cornish Brothers 37 New Street
1895

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INTRODUCTION.

WHILE editing "The Reminiscences of a Gentlewoman of the Last Century: Letters of Catherine Hutton," I felt a great desire to know more of the Coltman family, as several of the members are mentioned in those letters, and much interest in them was thereby created, but all my inquiries for information were at first fruitless. I have since learnt that the branch of the Coltman family which Miss Hutton knew is extinct.

Quite by accident Mr. Thomas Worthington Clarke saw a review of Miss Hutton's letters in the *Times*, and he at once communicated with me, through Messrs. Cornish Brothers, the publishers, and told me that Miss Hutton had been the friend of his great-grandmother, also of his great-aunt, Miss Mary Ann Coltman. This gentleman has kindly placed at my disposal the whole of the manuscript memoirs of the Coltman family of Leicester, with much of their correspondence, which includes a large number of Miss Hutton's letters, as well as letters of Spence, Dodsley, and others.

The memoirs were compiled by the third Mrs. Samuel Coltman, and afterwards transcribed, with additional information, by Miss Alicia Cooper, under the direction of

Miss M. A. Coltman. The quaint spelling and original text have invariably been reproduced. My work has been to make a selection from more than a thousand pages of manuscript, to arrange, and add explanatory notes, which have been drawn from a variety of sources, such as "Old and New London," "Cassell's History of England," "Gardiner's Student's History of England," "Ranke's History of the Popes," "Nichols' Leicestershire," "Throsby's Leicestershire," "The History of Leicester in the Eighteenth Century," "The National Biographical Dictionary," "Memoirs of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, *née* Mary Ann Galton," "Hutton's History of Birmingham," and various Encyclopedias. Besides the notes, I have added some quaint inscriptions taken from the monuments in the Heyrick Chapel, St. Martin's Church, Leicester, the Heyricks having been connected by marriage with the Coltman and Macaulay families.

At the end of the last century, and during the early part of the present, there was living in the Newarke, Leicester, another family of the name of Coltman, who were friends, but not relations, of the Coltmans of these memoirs. A lady member of the Newarke family, who is often mentioned in this work, will be called *Miss Coltman*, while Mrs. Coltman's younger daughter will be known as *Miss M. A. Coltman.*

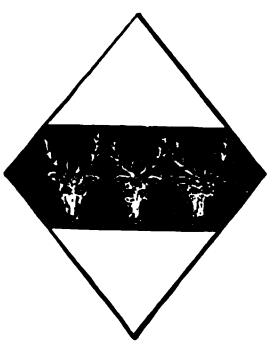
My thanks are due to Thomas Worthington Clarke, Esq., for the MS. memoirs of the Coltman family; to



Mrs. E. Hudson for the MS. memoir of Mrs. Heyrick; and to Mrs. Coltman Pocklington-Coltman, of Hagnaby Priory, Lincolnshire, for some notes on the early history of the Coltman family; also to Mrs. Maxwell Blews for kindly presenting to me the MS. book of William Hutton's Recollections; and to Charles Francis Fellows, Esq., son of Sir Charles Fellows, for three of Miss Hutton's latest letters, one of them being the last she ever wrote.

C. H. B.

HIGHFIELD,
Chester Road, near Birmingham,
April, 1894.





CATHERINE HUTTON

AND HER FRIENDS.

CATHERINE HUTTON, who was born on February 11, 1756, as many of my readers will know, was the only daughter of William Hutton, historian of Birmingham. She early exhibited a taste for learning, and when she was sent to a writing school at the age of nine, her fame had preceded her, for when she first stood up with the History of England in her hand, Mr. Baker, the master, said "Now let us hear a Bishop read."

Her father says of her: "In temper she is most amiable. Her wish is to do good to all, and she gratifies that wish as much as lies in her power. Her domestic economy is equal to her other qualities. Her filial love was exemplified in attentively watching over a declining mother during seventeen years, the last five of which she was her constant nurse. Whatever lies within the bounds of female reach she ventures to undertake, and whatever she undertakes is well done." Those who have read Miss Hutton's letters will have observed how warmly she was attached to her friends. Mrs. André, the aunt of the celebrated Major André, she corresponded with and visited for

the long period of forty-five years; but the family with which she was on the greatest terms of friendship was that of the Coltmans of Leicester, who were distantly related to her, and, being most of them literary characters, had tastes congenial with hers.

The following reminiscences extend over a long period of time. Miss Hutton lived contemporaneously with two generations of the Coltman family, of which circumstance she was very proud; she was nineteen years younger than Mrs. Coltman, and nineteen years older than her much-loved friend, Mary Ann Coltman. Miss Hutton's letters to the former are marked by a great amount of deference to that lady's superior knowledge and ability. It was at the early age of seven years that Catherine Hutton first saw Miss Cartwright, afterwards Mrs. Coltman, who was then on a visit to the Hutton family. The little Catherine, ever susceptible on the subject of dress, was particularly struck with the beauty of one of Miss Cartwright's costumes, so much so that she never forgot it. Her next reminiscence was of paying Mrs. Coltman a visit, the first she ever paid "from under her mother's wing," and her first letter to that lady was written when she was nineteen years of age.

Miss Hutton, writing in 1802, says, "Mrs. Coltman, when Miss Cartwright, was held up to me by my mother as the model of all earthly perfection, and I believe she deserved it better than most such models do." Ladies of the eighteenth century were, as a rule, very domesticated; they could, to use Miss Hutton's words, make "flourishes in pastry," also "puddings and shirts," but Mrs. Coltman,



notwithstanding her domestic habits, found time for literary pursuits; and, before her marriage, she reviewed new works and contributed to the periodicals of the day. Miss Hutton also had a high opinion of Mr. Coltman's character and literary attainments; she says: "With a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, and a taste for reading that was always an avidity, and has now become a principle of his existence, he has been confined nearly all his life to the manufacture of worsted.* At first he despised the ignoble employment; but habit has not only reconciled him to it, but even made it necessary. He spends many hours in the day in his warehouse, and always the evening in his study. Mr. Coltman's two sons only differ from the rest of the world in a superior understanding, and a strictness of morals which sets them above every kind of subterfuge or palliation. They also inherit their mother's talent of painting."

Miss Hutton admired the beauty, "elegant accomplishments," and literary talents of Mrs. Heyrick, Mr. and Mrs. Coltman's elder daughter; but her love, sympathy, and affection were certainly centred in Mary Ann Coltman, of whom she says, "if ever there was an angel without wings, it is Ann Coltman." With Mrs. Coltman first, and afterwards with her daughter, Mary Ann Coltman, Miss Hutton corresponded for the long period of seventy years. The Coltman family all possessed great filial affection, and individuality of character, and an innate piety which it is

* At that time the manufacture of worsted and hosiery was the only industry in Leicester.

quite refreshing to read of in these days of religious indifference. Friendships were with more difficulty maintained in Miss Hutton's time than they are now; then occasional letters, and visits at long intervals, had to suffice. The rate of postage was high, and the expense had to be borne by the recipient of the letter; apologies were often made in sending one, lest it might be considered not worth the postage. In travelling, the roads were bad and dangerous, and often impassable in the winter.

Miss Hutton frequently expresses herself on the subject of friendship; she says in one of her letters, "I look upon friends as the third good in life; health and a good conscience, in my estimation, only come before them." An old writer says, "Of all felicities the most charming is that of firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities. My conversation lies among my books, but yet in the letters of a friend, methinks I have his company; and when I answer them I do not only write, but speak. And, in effect, a friend is an eye, a heart, a tongue, a hand, at all distances. True friends are all the world to one another."

ELIZABETH CARTWRIGHT.

Elizabeth Cartwright, afterwards Mrs. Coltman, and the mother of John and Samuel Coltman, of Elizabeth Heyrick and Mary Ann Coltman, was born in the year



1737 at the retired and pleasant village of Duffield in Derbyshire.

Among her ancestors she remembered two great-grandfathers who had both served in the army of Oliver Cromwell. One of these, a lieutenant under General Ireton, returned, after the expiration of the wars, one Saturday evening to his native village of Duffield. On pulling off his boots, his stockings were found to have wasted away; and his shirt, worn into fragments, was committed to the flames. Retiring to bed, a luxury he had not known for nine weeks, he was at first restless, but falling asleep was left undisturbed; when at length he awoke, he found the shops open, and every one pursuing their usual avocations — he had slept over the Sabbath day! At the Restoration, in the year 1660, he was offered a company, but he declined the service.

Elizabeth Cartwright was the only child of her parents, and showed an early taste for mental cultivation; indeed, her mind soon proved itself of no mean order. She was an ardent admirer of the works of Nature, and possessed a talent for drawing; she had remarkable skill in the cutting of flowers, landscapes, etc., with her scissors, a beautiful specimen of which was shown to Queen Charlotte. She united a great deal of vivacity with much sweetness of disposition, and, possessing great beauty of countenance and gracefulness of deportment, she was known among her friends by the familiar appellation of the "Lily of Duffield."

The following is her only contribution to the periodicals of the day that has been preserved:—

Song from the "Lady's Magazine,"

By ELIZABETH CARTWIGHT,

Written about the year 1760.

"Tell me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love,
Be honest to yourself and me,
Speak truly what you hear and see,
And then your suit may move.

"Why call me Angel? Why divine?
Why must my eyes the stars outshine?
Can such deceit prevail?
For shame, forbear this common rule;
'Tis low, 'tis insult; calls me fool;
With me 'twill always fail.

"Would you obtain my honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part,
Pay homage to my mind;
The passing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

"Let then your open, manly sense,
The moral ornaments dispense,
And to my worth be true;
So may your suit itself endear,
Not for the charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you."



The following extracts are taken from two letters, the only ones that have escaped destruction out of a great number that were addressed by Miss Cartwright to her early friend, Mrs. Fieldhouse, whom she was accustomed to look upon in the light of a second mother, and to whom she considered herself indebted for some intellectual assistance, as well as an introduction to the Poet Shenstone, etc.

The first letter is dated from "Ye woodbine chamber window, this Whitsun Fair night, 1761." " Yesterday being Whitsun Monday, I think we had company most of ye day. In ye afternoon we had three divines, ye widow of a fourth, and I finish't ye twilight with writing an epistle to a fifth. Mr. Brentnall and Mr. Patrick,* our young preacher, came in, attended by my father; there is so much cheerful affability, delicate modesty, and fear of giving offence runs through his behaviour, yt naturally bespeak him a place in our esteem, tho' he said nothing that would bear repeating, but he preached us two excellent sermons, in my opinion, the day before, on ye government of the passions. After tea they all went, and soon after Mr. Gifford came to bring me the 'Monthly Review.'" In this letter the Rev. Richard Gifford is mentioned for the first time; he had evidently not been long at Duffield, but long enough to become a great admirer of Miss Cartwright. She says of him, "He is a person of great vivacity and good sense, and, if we may credit appearances, piety and virtue also,

* The Presbyterian minister of Duffield.

for he ever speaks of them with the greatest esteem and reverence; in short he is an obliging, complaisant neighbour, nor will any of his words and actions bear any other construction more or less, though you may imagine some of our critical neighbours will draw conclusions remote from what is designed, as he has called here four or five times and visits nowhere but Mr. Roten's and Mr. Alleyn's. I suppose my father will visit him before long, for he seems much pleased with his company. I almost despair of seeing Priory this summer: you know I should be at home when Mr. Dodsley comes, but I intend to go somewhere to rub off ye rust one contracts in such a life of retirement, and gentle inactivity both of body and mind. Sutton [in Ashfield] and Belvoir both present themselves, and ye objections to these are less, as ye trouble of conveyance will not be great. If I go you may expect a faithful journal of all my proceedings." Of one of her admirers Miss Cartwright says, "he comes irresistibly armed in gold lace, self-conceit, and pompadour."

This letter is directed to "Mrs. Fieldhouse, at Priory, near Halesowen. To be left at Mr. Birche's Warehouse in the Square, Birmingham."

From Elizabeth Cartwright to Mrs. Fieldhouse.

"If I thought my dear Fieldhouse did not view her Pupil with ye eyes of fond partiality, I could hardly forgive ye many blushes she puts me to in reading her letters; but how natural is it to magnify every imaginary excellence in a thing of one's own formation! But take



care, my friend, lest whilst you mean to cherish ye tender seeds of virtue with the fostering dew of praise, you do not water a weed too prone to thrive in such a soil, for sure, to you who are acquainted with every weakness of my heart, it can be no secret that Vanity is one of its most dangerous Adversaries.

"You may enjoy ye laugh *my Philosopher* [Mr. John Coltman] gave you, as long as it will bear, for I don't believe he will sit again for his picture; he talked of sending me books, but they have never arrived. Thanks for your Autumnal Ode; it not only expresses ye sentiments of my heart, and a doctrine I often inculcate, but peculiarly pleased me as coming from you. You know not how much a certain gentleman's remarks have rose in my esteem from your commendations. How I do wish you were here! What a many enjoyments would I participate with you! Here are more philosophical volumes that represent human nature in a very variable light. I wish you could read them, or that I had time to make some extracts from them. I love these moral writers that, like some master painters, give us ye most beautiful portraits of their Maker's fairest image, adorned with all ye finer graces, and not, like Dr. Swift, degrading us into worse than monkeys. Here are likewise Crashaw's Poems just arrived from ye vicarage, ye 'Pleasures of Imagination' from ye Hill side, ye 'Odyssey' from Mr. Cope's, all unread; these are all soliciting my attention, and I attend to none, but sacrifice them all to my Fieldhouse. And Miss Carter's Poems Miss Unwin sent me about a week ago, which I much admire; thus much of self, you see I

revel in abundance. Mr. Gifford is to lend me some manuscript papers of his own on ye 'Pleasures of Imagination,' when I have read Dr. Akenside's Poems on the same subject. All our family being gone to bed, I have no company but a chirping cricket and my little red-breast, who has been an occasional visitor these three months, but has lately took up his abode, day and night, with us, and now sits at ye end of the bookshelf; he is under no confinement, but goes out when he pleases, but always on his return salutes us with a song; he would be a great favourite, but that I find that he is a little spiteful, envious rogue, for though he is fed to ye full, he cannot with patience see a poor brother (or perhaps a wife) partake a few bread-crumbs at ye outside of ye window, but if ye poor, trembling pensioner ventures in it is attacked with all ye fury of a jealous rival; poor bird! thou sleepest, nor hearest this heavy charge.

"Miss Woodhouse has been here to-day, sends her service to you, and bade me say she intends to bring me to see you, but cannot fix the time yet, because of my journey to London. Mr. Dodsley wrote me ye other day, says it must be in March, or ye beginning of April. I intend, if nothing prevent, to go by Sutton [in Ashfield] and so along with Mrs. and Miss Unwin, who intend to go for a pleasure journey. But who knows what may yet happen? Mr. Roten's man has begun of the small pox. Now to your questions in order; Miss Unwin stayed six weeks, and since then we have had Miss Sander a fortnight. Miss Croney's beau is here, and ye family all pretty well; Mrs. Cope has a bad cold; Mrs. Carenton



and family were well when I heard of them, but she has never written to me since she was a mother. Mrs. Hayward and family pretty well, and both the old gentlemen alive. Mrs. Mitton and her brother were here yesterday in good health and spirits. You are a favourite with the old lady; I sometimes read her a letter of yours. I visit her twice a week, or am severely chid. And, lastly, your and my good friends at this house are pretty well, save my aunt, who I fear is much declined this last year. I hope they are fast asleep; my eyes begin to play at bo-peep, and my fire almost out; but pray tell me whether you had my last; I would not have it lost; there is a good deal of the Vicarage and Villa in it, I know not whether any names. I understand it went by a fish cart, instead of Anderson's waggon; they live in Birmingham, know you anything of them?

"By all means let ye Butterflies be sent, but if you hope to be ye *Philosopher's* Friends' Friend you must affirm they died a natural death, or you will be thought worse than a Nero. Ye elegy on a pile of ruins I have seen and much admired, but I kept it but a day, or had intended to have wrote it out.

"These twinklers will no longer stay from behind their curtains; may health, peace, repose, and pleasant dreams attend my dear Fieldhouse. Adieu. Duffield, January 20th, 1763."

The Rev. Richard Gifford mentioned in these letters, was vicar of Duffield, and a life-long friend of the Coltman family; he married Miss Woodhouse, also mentioned in these letters. This lady was probably related to the Mr. J.

Woodhouse, mentioned in Miss Hutton's letters on page 30, as appearing in Mrs. André's drawing room in a very striking costume, viz., "a suit of pale blue French silk, spotted with pink and green, the coat lined with pink silk plush; his hair in a bag, a white feather in his hat, a sword by his side, and his ruffles and frill of fine point lace."

Mrs. and Miss Unwin, also just mentioned, lived at Sutton-in-Ashfield, where Miss Hutton visited them in 1779; she says, after describing their mansion on page 23 of her letters, "Mr. and Mrs. Unwin are plain and worthy people, who visit all the families in the neighbourhood, even the Duke of Portland's, and yet retain something of their original manners. Their carriage is studded with brass nails; their horses are heavy and bob-tailed, and their coachman's hair in a state of nature. Miss Unwin is genteel and agreeable."

In 1768, when Miss Hutton was twelve years of age, she visited Mrs. Fieldhouse, who questioned her on her knowledge of books; this lady was the friend and neighbour of the Poet Shenstone. A few months later Miss Hutton paid a visit to Mrs. Hill, at Kidderminster. This lady was the grandmother of Sir Rowland Hill, of penny postage fame, also of Matthew Davenport Hill, Q.C., sometime Recorder of Birmingham. With Mr. and Mrs. Hill Miss Hutton, although so young, was quite at home, as they were well-educated people.

For some years Miss Cartwright maintained a correspondence with her relative, Mr. Robert Dodsley, the eminent publisher of Pall Mall; he was a man well known



in the literary world, and the author of "The Economy of Human Life," etc. This work, when it first came out, was attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

From Mr. Robert Dodsley to Miss Cartwright.

"May 1, 1761.

"Dear Cousin,—

"The receipt of your agreeable letter reproached me with a want of politeness, in not accompanying my trifling present with a line or two to desire your acceptance of it. However, if it has afforded you any pleasure, I hope you will forgive me. I cannot positively determine about the time I shall be in Derbyshire, but it certainly will not be before July; however, you so eloquently describe the beauties of your village, that I shall certainly endeavour to see them before they begin to fade.

"As to my entertainment: since you know the Fable, you remember the country mouse was happier than her friend the courtier; as all creatures, both mice and men, will be, the more simply they fare. For my own part (and I will quote you a better Poet for it than you quoted for me)—

"'I have (with Pope) the virtue and the art,
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
Nor am I one among those curious men,
Who chuse a Pheasant still before a hen.
When the tired Glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat.
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.'

"But you have farms, and dairies, and gardens; how many dainties do these afford! Have you not new milk whey? Curds and cream? Eggs and bacon? Nay bacon and fowls upon occasion? Have you not peas and beans, and spinach and broccoli? The plenty of a farm, and the delicacies of a garden? By your own confession you enjoy in flowers the sweetest perfumes in Nature; and do not your groves afford you a band of music whenever you dine? And whenever you repose are you not attended with the profoundest silence? Is not this the truest elegance, the highest pomp? And after all you pretend to apologise for your entertainment. I will come and prove to you that you live in the greatest luxury.

"I desire my compliments to Mr. Gifford, and, though he has taken himself out of the way of a Bishoprick, I hope he is not removed out of the reach of happiness, and that is a better thing. He, perhaps, may dispute the point with me; if he does, pray tell him—he prefers, I doubt, a rogue with venison, to a saint without. If you should chance to see my good friends Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Bradshaw, I could wish to be kindly remembered to them. My best respects attend upon cousins known and unknown, and though last, not least in love, I beg you accept of the same yourself, from, Dear Madam,

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"R. DODSLEY."



Miss Cartwright's family are not in possession of her share of the correspondence. The next letter is dated from The Leasowes, the residence of the Poet Shenstone.

"The Leasowes, July 26, 1762.

"Dear Madam,—

"I did not receive your kind accusatory letter till a few days ago, at the Leasowes, where I have been for about a month past. Mr. Shenstone desires his compliments to you; he is preparing to publish his works by subscription, in one volume, quarto, at a guinea, and I fancy he will have a large number of subscribers. Pray give my compliments to Mr. Gifford, and tell him we have lost Mrs. Brooke (the authoress of 'Lady Julia Mandeville') and Miss Moore; they are in Lincolnshire, and are preparing to go to Quebec.

"Your affecting story of the poor miller and his wife has raised my curiosity so much as to make me wish you would give me a relation of the whole, with all its circumstances. You wish me to send you some people of taste to reside in your village, that you might learn politeness; upon my word you want them not, and we have as much reason to envy Duffield its Miss Cartwright, as you have to envy London its Miss Carter; and, believe me, the manners of our women of fashion in general would by no means improve your natural politeness. Be contented, therefore, with what you have, and do not wish to exchange a natural politeness for studied refinement, nor truth and simplicity for art and affectation.

"R. DODSLEY."

From Mr. Dodsley to Miss Cartwright.

"December, 1762.

"Dear Madam,—

"You pretend to be proud of my correspondence, but how can that be possible when I am, as you see, so wretched a correspondent? I am afraid you are a little flatterer, and only say this to make me proud of myself; for sure if either of us have cause to be proud, it is I, to have so fine a young lady not disdain now and then to favour with a letter so old a fellow. I thank you for your history of the honest miller; it gave me much pleasure in the reading, yet there was one part of your epistle which gave me more—it is that which contains an intimation of your design of coming up to town. Pray who are you coming with? I hope with somebody that will not have room for you when in London, as I have now a spare apartment, that will be very much at your service; and it will give both me and my sister, who desires her compliments, a real pleasure if you will favour us with your company while you stay in London. I shall be impatient to know when you come, so pray inform me. You will always be welcome; but I should think the best time for yourself would be about the middle of March, as the town will then be full, the Play-houses open, and probably Ranelagh and Vauxhall too, before you need to return. And the weather also, it may be hoped, will be so good as to permit us to take a voyage up the river to Richmond, or down to Greenwich, and will with more pleasure allow you to see the town, than in the darkness and dirt of winter. Pray favour me with a line soon, to confirm my happiness in the



certainty that you will come, and when. I beg my compliments to all my cousins; also to Mr. Gifford, Mr. Bradshaw, and Mrs. Mytton.

"I am, my dear cousin,

"Affectionately yours,

"R. DODSLEY."

Miss Cartwright, as appears from the next letter, paid her anticipated visit to London, a formidable undertaking in those times, when three days were required to perform the distance, and travellers were in the habit of making their wills before they set out. On her return she spent a little time with her relatives, the Huttons, at Birmingham. Mr. Hutton was an antiquary and a well-known character, the author of a History of Birmingham, etc. His daughter, Catherine Hutton, herself an authoress, thus speaks of this visit in a little sketch which she penned of Miss Cartwright and her family. "The correspondence between Dodsley and Elizabeth Cartwright had continued without interruption, and, in the course of it, he had repeatedly invited her to visit him and his sister, who resided with him in Pall Mall. Here she was in her proper element, surrounded by books and associated with authors. On her return from London she passed three weeks with my mother. I was then seven years old, and Miss Cartwright's pink silk sack and petticoat made an impression upon me never to be effaced." Miss Cartwright's visit to London took place in the year 1763. "She journeyed in company with Mrs. and Miss Unwin, and, while in town, she visited Richmond, Hampstead, Twickenham, Windsor, etc."

From a note we learn that "The sack, or sacque, was a loose silken cloke used by ladies about the middle of the 18th century. It was fastened behind the shoulders and reached to the ground."

Robert Dodsley retired from his business as publisher in 1759 in favour of his brother James, but he still lived with his sister in Pall Mall. At this period houses of business were known by signs, not numbers: Dodsley's was "The Tully's Head," out of his regard for Cicero. This house was the resort of Pope, Chesterfield, Lyttelton, Shenstone, Johnson, Glover, Horace Walpole, the Wartons, and Edmund Burke, and it was also the recognised rendezvous of all who were learned, or who cultivated a literary taste.

To some of these celebrated men Miss Cartwright would be sure to be introduced during her visit to Mr. Dodsley, and we can picture their courtly bows on being introduced to the "Lily of Duffield." Alas! the courtesies and bows of the Johnsonian period are now only to be seen on the stage.

From Mr. Dodsley to Mr. Cartwright.

"April 12, 1763.

"Dear Sir,—

"This comes to thank you for the favour you have done us, and the pleasure you have given us, in letting us have Miss Cartwright in London. We have only this further to ask, that you will suffer us to enjoy this happiness as long as you can possibly spare her. I will promise you to do all in my power to entertain her, and to make her absence from you as supportable as her



affection to you will permit. She is in very good health, extremely agreeable to us, and I hope very happy in herself. I hope both my cousins are well, to whom I beg my compliments, in which Miss joins me with sincere duty and affection."

"R. DODSLEY."

Here follow in the memoirs several more letters from Mr. Dodsley to Miss Cartwright. In the first he mentions the presentation, by his friend, Mr. Dalton, of Miss Cartwright's cut paper landscape to the Queen, and Her Majesty's approval of it. In another letter he refers to his suffering from gout, his visit to Bath, and how little benefit he derived from the waters there. In a letter dated December 15, 1763, mention is made of another of Miss Cartwright's cut paper landscapes. Mr. Dodsley says: "I received your exceeding pretty landscape for Mr. Spence, and by his order have got it framed in the same manner that mine is. He is at present with my Lord Lincoln in Nottinghamshire, and will write to you when he comes home. We drank your health yesterday at the eating of your hare, which was a very good one. I can now scarce walk at all, and am afraid my future journeys will be confined to a chair or a coach. But we must submit to these things, they are annexed to humanity, and serve a very good purpose in weaning us from the world." In another letter Mr. Dodsley says: "I am much obliged to you for your Turkey, which was exceeding good, and for your pot of honey, which I dare say is excellent. My sister gives her best compliments, and desires you will be

so good as to send her your receipt for making mead. She is much obliged to you for your kind offer of sending her some cowslips, but those she thinks she can get better and fresher from Covent Garden market than you can possibly send them from Duffield."

From a note we learn that Miss Cartwright and her mother made both mead and metheglin. Mr. Cartwright's "*banks*" were well "furnished with bees." Duffield was celebrated for its honey in the reign of Henry the Third.

The following extract refers to Mr. Dodsley's and Mr. Spence's visit to Duffield. Mr. Dodsley says :—

"Mr Spence talks of setting out about the middle of June, and staying a week or ten days at his living on the road, and a day or two at Lord Wentworth's; but for his servants you need give yourself no trouble, for he will have none with him but John. We shall certainly go by Matlock, where I did purpose to stay a few days, while Mr. Spence made his visit to the Duke,* but of this we shall better determine when we are upon the spot.

"I had a letter the other day from Quebec, from Mrs. Brooke, who is very well. A third edition of 'Lady Julia' is printed, which continues to sell and is much admired. All here join with me in compliments to your good family.

"I am, dear madam,

"Affectionately yours,

"R. DODSLEY.

"April 28, 1764."

* The Duke of Devonshire, to whom Mr. Spence had been travelling tutor.



The projected journey was undertaken, but it was a journey from which Mr. Dodsley never returned. The two following letters from the Rev. J. Spence are inserted here, because they refer to this event almost exclusively :—

From the Rev. Joseph Spence to Miss Cartwright.

"Bifleet [nr. London],

"June 12, 1764.

"Dear Miss Cartwright,—

"I return you a thousand thanks for your delightful letter, in which you are so good as to treat me with three descriptions instead of one. I have been in a perpetual round of business, and visits, and visitors for a long time, which have kept me in (what I heartily abhor) a continual hurry. Pray forgive me, or rather pity me.

"Mr. Dodsley came here the 9th, is better than when I saw him before, and I hope the air and exercise may give a new turn to him. We set out to-morrow morning for my living in Buckinghamshire, not such a paradise as Duffield is ; but rich for the farmer and deep (very deep) for the traveller [alluding to the roads], at least in all the winter months, and probably still.

"We are to set out from thence on Monday, the 18th, and if it should not be too much for Mr. Dodsley, he going on for Duffield, I turning aside for my old engagement Kirkby, the seat of Lord Wentworth, when I am to rejoin him at your house, and then we may settle the rest of our route. I am exceedingly obliged to Mr. Gifford for his most kind invitation, but if you have two beds to spare without inconvenience, I should on all accounts rather chuse to be under the same roof as my friend. My chaise

and servant will be very well at an inn, and horses—I have none. I heartily wish you and all the good family health and happiness, and am your most obliged humble servant,

"JOS. SPENCE."

From the Rev. Joseph Spence to Miss Cartwright.

"Durham, July 24, 1764.

"Dear Miss,—

"Mr. Dodsley, who is pure well for a man in his condition, joins me in hearty thanks to you and all the good family for all your goodness to us at Duffield; and in all services to all friends there. We came on so leisurely that we did not get hither till the 17th in the evening, and on the road I had prevailed on my very honest cripple of a companion to promise me that he would attempt to walk round my garden here (which is about 500ft.) once every day for the first week, twice for the second, and so on to four times a day, which would have been towards half-a-mile; but all this fine scheme was defeated the very first morning after he arrived here; for, upon making the experiment of one round only, Mr. Dodsley was so excessively fatigued that I have never been able to get him to venture upon a second. I am now endeavouring to make it practicable by preparing three resting places for him; one is a chair placed in a sort of grotto hollowed under the house; another is by a little turning seat on a small knoll that takes in a prospect of the country, and particularly the London road; and the third is a bench with a foot board, quite covered and surrounded with a little grove. Now, if he will take 'Gil Blas,' or any other good book in his



hand, he may walk from one of these seats to another, and read as long as he pleases at each, and by this means may very well be in the air an hour or two whenever he pleases. The seat on the knoll is not yet finished, but as soon as it is, and the weather is inviting, I hope for better success in this experiment than we had in the former. . . . Mr. Dodsley begs you would return his visit to you at London, and, whenever you so do, I beg you would come together for a good long visit to me at Bifleet. I am already your much obliged and affectionate humble servant,

"JO. SPENCE."

In two months from the date of this letter, viz., on September 23rd, 1764, Mr. Dodsley died in the 61st year of his age; he was interred in the Abbey Yard in Durham. The following inscription was copied from his tombstone, on a visit which was paid to his grave by Mr. Samuel Coltman :—

"If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit
Regard this place
In which are interred the remains
of
Mr. Robert Dodsley
Who as an Author raised himself
Much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life
And without a learned education.
Who as a man was scarce exceeded by any
In integrity of heart
And purity of manners and conversation.
He left this world for a better
September 23rd 1764
In the 61st year of his age."

The venerable Joseph Spence, two of whose letters are already quoted, corresponded with Miss Cartwright from the period of his first acquaintance with her until his death. She set a high value upon his friendship, and he took a kind of fatherly interest in her studies and various pursuits. He was a Prebendary of Durham, and had been travelling tutor to the Duke of Devonshire; was the author of "Polymetis," "Anecdotes of Books and Men," about the time of Pope and Swift; and at his death bequeathed to his young friend, who a short time before had entered the married state, a set of valuable engravings, after the first Italian masters, which he had collected while in Rome. He derived £500 per annum from the Church, and enjoyed £500 per annum from his patrimony, and one-half of this fortune he made it a sacred duty to devote to the poor, expending the rest upon himself and his friends; in a time of great scarcity he laid down his carriage horses, in order to extend his benevolence. He spent much of his time amongst his parishioners, in promoting their improvement, and in devising and carrying out plans for their comfort in their habitations, and in various other departments. On his annual journey to Durham, he generally spent a few days by the way with Miss Cartwright and her parents at Duffield.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Coltman by Miss Cartwright, written after her visit to London and Byfleet. She says: "I, too, have been a traveller; I have been at Greenwich and Dulwich and Twickenham, and divers other charming villages; and, lastly, to Bifleet, in Surrey, where I spent the pleasantest



fortnight, I think, of my life. But don't be jealous now—the clergyman we visited is older than my father; his name is Spence; well-known in the literary world as an author, a perfect critic in poetry, painting, and gardening; I mean the Landskip garden, which is a kind of painting. It was he and Pope, and another or two of his friends, who introduced the present taste in gardening, and rescued them from the imprisonment of high walls and clipt hedges; of this kind is his own garden and adjoining farm, which is adorned with every beauty the situation will bear; his ponds filled with gold-fish, and his woods filled with nightingales, and all kinds of melodious songsters."

The following letter also appears to have been written after the journey to London lately alluded to: Miss Cartwright had expressed to Mr. Spence her want of a subject to write to him upon, and he instantly replied, "Oh, write on the rising sun."

From Miss Cartwright to the Rev. Joseph Spence.

"Dear Sir,—

"I rose this morning at peep of day, intending to obey your commands, and pay my most grateful acknowledgements under ye immediate inspiration of a rising sun, but alas!—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day!

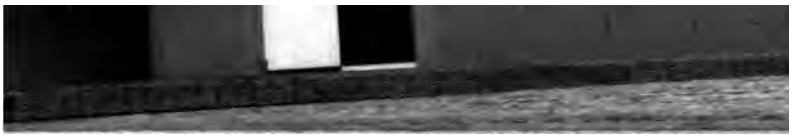
Really sir, I am become more than half a convert to your doctrine, and believe that I shall for the future pay my court to the setting, rather than to the rising sun, for I

have never since my return seen it rise with half that majesty and beauty with which it seemed to linger delighted, and loath to quit your enchanting groves.

"That fortnight! that happy fortnight! I often recollect with peculiar pleasure, when every grove poured forth harmony, and every gale breathed perfume,—when all Nature wore a smile of benevolence like the master of those valleys, whose sprightly and instructive converse gave wings to the fleeting hours. What thanks shall I render for all your goodness to me at Bifleet?—for presenting to me every day some new scene of pleasure, and for every instance of your obliging condescension, which I so much better know how to value than deserve? I have delayed writing longer than in politeness I ought, because I was informed you were not come home; but I hope before now every Sylph and Sylphide, Oread and Dryad, have celebrated your return; if all the authority you have invested me with over these aerial beings has any influence, you have ere this received their congratulations; it is my pleasure, also, that they protect that sacred spot from every noxious vapour, and that they make those trees, which Taste and Benevolence have planted, their peculiar care. Mr. Gifford joins me in desiring to know when you intend to favour us with a call; he would gladly be at leisure to attend you; he is going to make a grotto, plant shrubs, and beautify the scene. . . If Mr. or Miss Coates enquires of me, I beg you will present my compliments, and accept all the esteem and gratitude due from

"ELIZABETH CARTWRIGHT."

This letter is undated.



From the Rev. J. Spence to Miss Cartwright.

"I was favoured with dear Miss Cartwright's most obliging letter yesterday, in the evening, and hope to wait upon her on my way to Durham, though it may be two or three days later than I talked of in my first. How uncertain is everything in this world! Four days after I wrote to you I was seized with a paralytic stroke; it thinned me pretty much for a day or two, but every day since I have been growing better and better.

"If I have not a second stroke, I think of proceeding Northwards from hence, on the 10th instant; but who can tell what to-morrow may produce? Pray don't be at all concerned for me. I find by the first experiment that if this is the way that I am to go out of the world by, it would be a death to be envied, as being entirely without pain, and have thank't Heaven most heartily for it several times since its first visit to me.

"That you, madam, and your good parents, may enjoy much health and happiness, will, as long as he lives, be the hearty prayer of

"Your very humble Servant,

"JO: SPENCE.

"Kirkby, July 2, 1766."

From the Rev. J. Spence to Miss Cartwright.

"If you should make Mr. Coltman happy, I shall rejoice to see you together at Bifleet, whenever it will be most agreeable to you. I shall go there sooner than I used from this place, because His Majesty has granted me a dispensation from attending here. I have this morning

looked over my pictures; there are no less than forty-seven scrub prints from Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret, which I pick't up at Lyons, when I was abroad. Maps of Italy in thirteen frames, and eleven prints from Raphael, with which I am charmed, because they happen to represent the marriage of Cupid and Psyche; now Psyche, you must know, is absolutely and literally an air nymph; and, consequently, as has been long ago settled between us, your representative.

"How strangely things sometimes fall out! On inscribing the word Lyons I recollected that there are four large maps of cities alone, *that* and Paris, Venice and Rome, which are framed, and as good as the prints of Titian, etc., are bad. My best wishes and services attend all the family, and all friends! I am surprisingly well, and extremely yours,

"JO: SPENCE.

"Durham, August 18th, 1766."

Miss Cartwright and Mr. Coltman were married October 10, 1766. This event will be more fully mentioned in the history of the Coltman family. The following letter contains Mr. Spence's congratulations on the birth of their first child:—

"Bifleet, August 12, 1768.

"Dear Madam,—

"I give you joy of your dear little boy.* Why might not I be its godfather by proxy? if there be no

* "'The little boy' lived, grew up, and married; he was John Coltman, Esq., an honourable resident and High Bailiff of the Borough of Leicester, grandfather of the present family of Clarke."



objection against it in your church*. If there be none, I beg you would advance the proper fees for me, and I will repay them with thanks.

"Heaven preserve you, and make you three of the best and happiest people in the world! I have figured you in my mind several times, embracing the dear little creature close in your arms, and Mr. Coltman with his eyes fixt on both with inexpressible delight. I thank him for his kind and quick intelligence, and wish you all the choicest blessings of this world and the next! I am ever your affectionate friend and servant,

"JO: SPENCE."

Eight days after the writing of the above letter Mr. Spence was no more; he was found dead, and lying upon his face, in a shallow fish-pond in his own grounds (where he was constantly in the habit of taking exercise). His friends were of opinion that, while standing or walking upon its margin, he had been seized with paralysis. His executors, one of whom was the Bishop of Oxford, duly forwarded to Mrs. Coltman the prints, etc., which Mr. Spence had bequeathed her.

The following letter is inserted here as well for the sake of preservation as for its interesting details. It was addressed by Mr. Spence to his father, while he was travelling as tutor to the son of the Duke of Devonshire. This letter has but once appeared in print, in the third volume of "Memoirs of the Jacobites," by Mrs. Anthony Todd Thomson, sister of Mrs. Samuel Coltman:—

* The Great Meeting, Leicester.

"Rome, 1724.

"Sir,—

"I have by my former letters given you a particular account of my travels, to the time of my departure from Venice. On the 20th of March the Hon^ble^. Mr. Cavendish and I arrived here, and the Pope's death gave us an opportunity to see all the ceremonies which are used on such solemn occasions. I have been careful in observing them, and have digested them into method, in order to entertain such of my friends as I shall find curious on my return from my travels. I have also taken some pains to be exact in my accounts of the curiosities with which this city abounds, and I hope I shall have time enough to complete my observations, for since the time of the new Pontiff's coronation is so near at hand I am resolved to embrace the opportunity of observing whatever may be remarkable in that solemnity.

"After my arrival here, I received your letter of the 15th of February, by which you reminded me of your commands at my departure, to avoid conversing with the Pretender or any of his dependants. I must own that, notwithstanding my inbred dislike to his pretensions and my confirmed aversion for his profession, I often found my curiosity inclining me to be so far acquainted with his person and character that I might be able to say from my own knowledge what sort of a man he is, who has made and daily makes so great a noise in England. And I have sometimes fancied that even you yourself, Sir, would not be satisfied with me if (after staying so long in Rome) I were not able to give you a particular account of him.



However, my regard to your special commands was always an overbalance to my curiosity, until perfect chance ordained the contrary. I beg leave to assure you that this is literally true, and, lest you should receive misinformation on this point from another hand, I choose to give you a particular account how it happened, and shall lay nothing before you in the narration but undisguised truth. . . .

"About a month ago, being in search of some of the antiquities of this place, we became acquainted with an English gentleman, very knowing in this kind of learning, and he proved of great use to us. His name is Dr. Cooper, a priest of the Church of England, who we did not suspect to be of the Pretender's retinue, but took him to be a curious traveller, which opinion created in one a great liking for his conversation. On Easter Eve, he made us the compliment, that, as he supposed us bred in the profession of the same church, he thought it incumbent on him to invite us to divine service (next day being Easter Sunday). Such language at Rome appeared to me a jest. I stared at the doctor, who added that the Pretender (whom he called King) had prevailed with the late Pope to grant license for having Divine Service, according to the rules of the Church of England, performed in his palace, for the benefit of the Protestant gentlemen of his suite, his domestics, and travellers; and that Dr. Berkley and himself were appointed for the discharge of this duty, and that prayers were read as orderly here as at London.

"I should have remained of St. Thomas' belief had I not been a witness that this is a matter of fact, and as such have noted it down as one of the greatest wonders

at Rome. This was the occasion of my first entrance into the Pretender's house; I became acquainted with the doctors, who are both sensible, well-bred men. I put several questions to them about the Pretender, and, if credit can be given them, they assure me that he is an upright and moral man, very far from any sort of bigotry, and most averse to disputes and distinctions of religions, whereof not a word is admitted in his family. They described him in his person very much to the resemblance of King Charles II., to which they say he approaches more and more every day, with a great application to business, and a head well turned that way, having only some clerks to whom he dictates such letters as he does not write with his own hand.

"In some days after my friend and I went to take the evening air in the stately park, called the Villa Ludovici; there we met, on a sudden, face to face with the Pretender, his Princess, and Court; we were so very close, before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency, common civility obliged us to stand sidewise in the alley, as others did to let them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished by his Star and Garter, as well as by an air of greatness that discovered a majesty superior to the rest. I felt at that instant of his approach a strange convulsion in body and mind, such as I never was sensible of before. Whether aversion, awe, or respect occasioned it, I can't tell. I remarked his eyes fixed upon me, which I confess I could not bear. I was perfectly stunned and not aware of myself, when, pursuant to what the standers-by did, I made him a salute; he returned



it with a smile, which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance. As he passed by, I observed him to be a well-sized, clean-limbed man. I had but one glimpse of the Princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her face again; however, my friends and I turned off into another alley to reason at leisure on our several observations; there we met Dr. Cooper, and after making some turns with him, the same company came again in our way. I was grown somewhat bolder, and resolved to let them pass as before, in order to take a full view of the Princess. She is of middling stature, well shaped, and has lovely features. Wit, vivacity, and mildness of temper are painted on her looks.

"When they came to us, the Pretender stood and spoke to the doctor; then, looking at us, he asked him if we were English gentlemen. He asked how long we had been in town, and whether we had any acquaintance in it? then told us he had a house where English gentlemen would be very welcome. The Princess, who stood by, addressing to the doctor in the prettiest English I think I ever heard, said, 'Pray, doctor, if these gentlemen be lovers of music, invite them to my concert to-night, I charge you with it,' which she accompanied with a salute in the most gracious manner. It was a very hard task, sir, to recede from the honour of such an invitation, given by a Princess, who, although married to the Pretender, deserves so much in regard to her person, her name, and family. However, we argued the case with the doctor, and represented the strict orders we had to the contrary. He replied there could be no prohibition to a traveller against

music, even at the ceremonies of the R.C. Church; that if we missed this occasion of seeing this assembly of the Roman Nobility, we might not recover it whilst we staid in Rome; and that it became persons of our age and degree to act always the part of gentlemen, without regard to party humours. The arguments were more forcible than ours, so we went, and saw a bright assembly of the prime Roman Nobility; the concert composed of the best musicians of Rome. A plentiful and orderly collation served; but the courteous and affable manner of our reception was more taking than all the rest. We had a general invitation given us while we stayed in town, and were desired to use the Palace as our own. Hence we were indispensably obliged to make a second visit next day, in order to return thanks for so many civilities received—those things are due to a Turk.

"We were admitted without ceremony. The Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families as knowingly as if he had been all his life in England. He told me of some passages of my grandfather, and of his being a great follower of King Charles 1st and 2nd, and added, if you, sir, had been of age before my grandfather's death to learn his principles, there had been little danger of your taking party against the rights of a Stuart. He then observed how far the prejudices of education and wrong notions of infancy are apt to carry people from the paths of their ancestors. He discoursed as pertinently on several of our neighbouring families as I could do, upon which I told him that I was surprised at his so perfect knowledge of our English families. His answer was that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire a knowledge of the laws,



customs, and families of his country, so as he might not be reputed a stranger when the Almighty pleased to call him thither; these and the like discourses held until word was brought that dinner was served. We endeavoured all we could to withdraw, but there was no possibility of it after he had made us the compliment:—'I assure you, gentlemen, I shall never be for straining men's inclinations; however, our grandfathers, who were worthy people, dined often together, and I hope there can be no fault found that we do the same.'

"There is every day a regular table of ten or twelve covers well served, unto which some of the qualified persons of his court or travellers are invited; it is supplied with English and French cookery, French and Italian wines; but I took notice that the Pretender eat only of the English dishes, and made his dinner of roast beef and what we call Devonshire pye; he also prefers our March beer (which he has from Leghorn) to the best wines. At the dessert he drank his glass of champagne very heartily, and to do him justice he's as free and cheerful at his table as any man I know. He spoke much in favour of our English ladies, and said he was persuaded he had not many enemies among *them*; then he carried a 'health to them.'

"The Princess, with a smiling countenance, took up the matter, and said, 'I think then, sir, it would be but just that I drink to the Cavaliers.' Sometime after the Pretender began a health to the prosperity of all friends in England, which he addressed to me. I took the freedom to reply that, as I presumed he meant his own friends, he would not take it ill that I meant mine. 'I assure you, sir,' said he, 'that the friends you mean, can have no great

share of prosperity till they become mine; therefore, here's prosperity to yours and mine.' After we had eat and drank very heartily, the Princess told us we must go and see her son, which could not be refused. He is really a fine, promising child, and is attended by English women, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us, saying that, as she believed he was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him bred up by their hands, and that in the country where she was born, there was no other distinction but that of honest and dishonest.

"The women, and particularly two Londoners, kept such a racket about us to make us kiss the Young Pretender's hand, that, to get clear of them as soon as we could, we were forced to comply. The Princess laughed very heartily, and told us she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under a necessity of making her the compliment that, being her's, he could not miss the being good and happy. On the next Post-day, we went, as commonly the English gentlemen here do, to the Pretender's house for news. He had received a great many letters, and, after perusing them, he told us that there was no great prospect of amendment in the affairs of England; yet the secret committee, and several other honest men, were taking abundance of pains to find out the cause of the nation's destruction, which knowledge when attained to would avail only to give the more concern to the public without procuring it relief, for that the authors would find means to be above the common course of justice.



"He bemoaned the misfortune of England groaning under a load of debts, and the severest hardships contracted and imposed to support foreign interests. He lamented the disregard and illtreatment of the antient nobility, and said it gave him 'great trouble to see the interest of the nation abandoned to the direction of a new set of people, who must at any rate enrich themselves by the spoil of their country.' 'Some may imagine,' continued he, 'that these calamities are not displeasing to me, because they may in some measure turn to my advantage; I renounce all such unworthy thoughts.'

"JO. SPENCE."

The two Popes mentioned in the early part of this letter were Innocent XIII., who died March 7, 1724, and the "New Pontiff" Benedict XIII., who was chosen May 29th of the same year. Popes Clement XI. and Innocent XIII. were great friends of the Pretender James Francis, son of James II. The Pretender married the Princess Clementina, daughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland; a princess of very exalted character, and far superior to her husband in intellect and moral worth. They had two children, Prince Charles Edward, known as the Young Pretender, and Henry, Cardinal of York. In 1726, the Pretender quarrelled with his wife, and she retired, by the advice of Cardinal Alberoni, to the Convent of St. Cecilia, at Rome. This event produced a great amount of disgust among the followers of the Pretender.

The following extract from a letter, addressed by a lady to Mr. Samuel Coltman, is inserted here, as it contains

a description of the neighbourhood where Mr. Spence lived, and of the tablet erected to his memory:—

"Byfleet Lodge,

"Monday, July 4, 1859.

"My dear Mr. Coltman,—

"Mrs. Coltman will have told you that I am now staying at Byfleet Lodge. This is the very house that your Mr. Spence improved, and from the drawing-room window we see in the distance St. George's Hill, one end of which is now thickly wooded, and known by the name of Spence's Point, a great resort of visitors to this neighbourhood. On Spence's Point a certain fir tree is shown as the *first* planted by the Rev. Joseph Spence.

"Yesterday I attended service in Byfleet Parish Church, and opposite to our pew in the chancel I saw this monument—plain tablet of white marble, within a yellow marble bordering, thus inscribed:—

"'To the memory of
JOSEPH SPENCE, M.A.,
Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of Great Horwood, Bucks,
in whom learning, genius, and shining talents, tempered with judgment, and softened by the most exquisite sweetness of manners, were greatly excelled by those truly Christian graces, Humanity ever ready to assist the distressed, constant and extensive Charity to the poor, and unbounded Benevolence to all.
He died Aug. 20, 1768, in the 70th year of his age.'*

* Bishop Lowth wrote this inscription.



"All the people in Byfleet seem to have heard of him from their forefathers, and speak of his vast improvements in the neighbourhood of Byfleet. As I write this to you, my dear friend, I am sitting at a window in Byfleet Lodge, which looks out on a piece of water at the bottom of this garden, where Mr. Spence was unfortunately drowned; it is supposed (as no doubt your father and mother have told you) that he had a fit whilst standing on the brink, as he was found lying on his face where the water was too shallow to cover his head, or any part of his body. . ."

Another lady, writing in 1870, says:—"The Parsonage at Byfleet is very little changed; it is a sweet, quiet, rural spot, with a distant view of the Surrey Hills. The old box border is a foot, both broad and high, showing signs of age. There is one of the most magnificent white acacia trees I ever saw in the garden, also two old limes, all towering to the sky. The circumference of the acacia is something wonderful, and must, even in Mr. Spence's and Mrs. Coltman's time, have been a grand specimen. The church has been restored, therefore is not the same, but it is a quaint, pretty little edifice removed from the village, in a fertile valley through which runs the River Wey."

THE COLTMAN FAMILY.

The Coltman family, like many of our old families, had their sad experiences in the troublous times of Charles I. and his Parliament. I cannot find that they fought in the Civil Wars, like the ancestors of the Cartwright and Hutton families, but they came very disagreeably in

contact with those who did. The following interesting extract is taken from "Historical Notices of Events Occurring Chiefly in the Reign of Charles I." By Nehemiah Wallington, of St. Leonards, Eastcheap, London, edited from the original MSS., 1869, Bentley. Vol ii., p. 93 :—

"1642, September 9th. One Mr. Coltman, being by God's providence at his country house at Fleckney in Leicestershire, having another farm house in Gumly, 2 miles from the said Fleckney, one of his servants came unto him like one of Job's messengers, with a relation that Prince Rupert with his troops were in their fields, and had taken 5 of his horses and had burned houses and barns. But it fell out otherwise by the power and Providence of God, though it was attempted and earnestly endeavoured on this wise. Captain Sands, pulling a note out of his pocket, made us stop till he came to the said Mr. Coltman's house, then he commanded his servants (or soldiers) to go into the house and fire it; who accordingly went into the house, fetched out fire, raised the thatch, and put the fire in and kindled it (the thatch being extraordinary dry and combustible). But so soon as the wretched persons were down, the fire went out, and fell after them upon their heads, and thus they did 3 several times, with the same success as at the first. Then the captain assayed to fire it himself, on this manner: he went to a poor man's house, from whence he brought a wisp of straw, put fire into it, then put it into the thatch again, the fire flaming. But the captain no sooner came down from the ladder but the fire went out and fell upon his head again. This not



taking effect he went into the said house, where a woman was brewing, took 2 great firebrands of fire, went up the ladder (like a hangman to do execution), again put in the burning brands into the dry thatch, and kindled it with fanning his hat to and fro, till it did burn as he thought to consuming, but with the same success as before, this being the 5th time of their ungodly attempt, for the captain was no sooner down from the ladder, but the brands fell after him as before. Then with hideous oaths he commanded his soldiers to shoot their carbines in several places of two haystacks together, one of them being very old hay, yet God would not let it fire. Then they returned, only burning and slamming themselves in rage and malice. One of the neighbours asked why he would burn that house. His answer was because he was a Roundhead. There were many spectators who were exceedingly astonished at this miraculous preservation, saying they never knew in their lives before but when fire was joined unto dry stubble it would burn to consumption. So this servant of God escaped only with the loss of 4 horses; but if his house had been burnt he had lost about 600 pounds, his barns being full of corn and other things. All praise and glory be given unto God. This wonderful work of God I did hear Mr. Coltman relate it himself, and that revd. minister of God's word, Mr. Perke, wrote it from his mouth."

In his will (proved 1643) William Coltman directs his body to be buried at Fleckney, Leicestershire, where he was born, if in those times of trouble it could be accomplished. He bequeathed £100 towards the settling of a

preaching ministry at or in the church or chapel of Fleckney. He left £5 each to two ministers, Francis Perke and Nicholas (?) Byfield. He left two daughters, but no son. His brothers and nephews are named in his will, and from them there is reason to believe the Coltmans of Hagnaby Priory, Lincolnshire, the family of the late Sir Thomas Coltman, Judge of Common Pleas, and the Coltmans of these memoirs are descended. William Coltman would then be residing in London, hence the anticipated difficulty about his body being buried at Fleckney. He was eventually interred at All Hallows, Barking. The arms of the Coltman family are:—az., a cross patonce pierced of the field or, between four mullets, pierced ar.—Crest, a nag's head erased sa., maned and bridled ar., tasseled or.

In Fleckney Churchyard, under a yew tree, close to the church porch, is a slab of slate, partly buried in the earth, with the following inscription (copied literally):—

"Here Lyeth the bodyes of
Robert Coltman and jone* his
wife he dyed ye 14th and she 22nd
of August 1701 both in the 48
year of their age
Under this Earth: A loveing
Paire doth ly: who was adorned
with Faith and Piety: when jesus'
Cumes though they now Sleep
in dust: heel Raise and Share
their joyes Amongst ye just."

* Joan Iliffe.



The names recorded on this old tombstone were ancestors of the Coltmans of these memoirs. Miss M. A. Coltman remembered hearing her mother speak of them. There are many old tombstones in country churchyards with similarly arranged inscriptions. It is possible that the erection of them, and the arrangement of the epitaphs, may have been left to the village stonemason, whose strong point was certainly not orthography. In Fleckney Churchyard there are many members of the Coltman family buried, who seem to have been yeomen or small freeholders.

It was in or about the year 1757 that Miss Cartwright first met Mr. Coltman at the temporary residence of their mutual friend, Mr. Unwin, at Matlock. John Coltman was born at Leicester, December 20th, 1727, at Castle House, an antique edifice adjoining St. Mary's Church, and which had been erected (probably) out of the ruins of John of Gaunt's Castle, the site of which was close by. Of the father of John Coltman, Mr. Samuel Coltman, his grandson, has preserved the following recollections:—Castle House was rented of the Duchy of Lancaster; during a Borough Election the Steward of the Duchy, finding his tenant unwilling to vote with his party, gave him notice "to quit and leave," but the election over, caused him to understand that he might remain if he chose; he did not choose to be thus trifled with, nor to subject himself to what might possibly occur a second time, and therefore he quitted and left John of Gaunt's House, as it was called at that time.

During the persecutions of the Nonconformists in the days of Charles II., a band of humble but sincere Christians fled for refuge to a village called Sutton-in-the-Elms,

about a dozen miles from Leicester; here they formed themselves into a church of the Baptist persuasion. About a century after this event seventeen members of that church, in a time of great commercial depression, came to Leicester in hope of improving their temporal concerns, and to assist their spiritual ones, they united in Church Fellowship, in a building belonging to Mr. Coltman, which was situated at the corner of Harvey Lane; this site he presented them with, and upon it was erected the chapel wherein Dr. Carey and Robert Hall successively ministered. The chapel is still standing and in use, but the church commenced by the seventeen members from Sutton-in-the-Elms has been removed to a more commodious edifice in Belvoir Street.

When the husband of Miss Cartwright was quite a youth his father took him to a bookseller's shop, "The Bible and Crown," in the Market Place, purchased a book and presented him with it; he said, "Father, write something in it." His father wrote, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." These solemn words of Scripture, traced by the hand of paternal affection, were never obliterated from the memory of his boy, but exerted a kindly restraining influence over him in the hour of need.

John Coltman received his education at Kibworth, where his father placed him under the care of the Rev. John Aikin, the father of Dr. Aikin, and of Mrs. Barbauld;* for his tutor, Mr. Coltman retained throughout life the greatest love and veneration; he remained with him until he was nineteen years of age,

* Eminent literary characters.



and imbibed from him that love of study and sense of moral rectitude which, uniting with his innate refinement of feeling and desire of knowledge, laid the foundation of that sterling character which he bore through life, and which imparted even in his early days a certain degree of gravity to his manners, and caused Miss Cartwright to distinguish him among the variety of her admirers as "The Philosopher." John Coltman had had Mrs. Barbauld, as an infant, many times in his arms. The Academy, after flourishing some years at Kibworth, was removed to Warrington in Lancashire.

The following is a school account of John Coltman's, copied from the original :—

"Mr. John Coltman,

"DR. to Jno. Aikin.

	£	s.	d.
1 year Board and Teaching from Dec. 20, 1743, to Dec. 20, 1744	12	0	0
1 qr. French	0	10	6
Les Fables de la Fontaine	0	2	0
Cicero's Orations	0	1	6
Homer's Iliads	0	3	9
Compleat System of Geography, 40 numbers, 10 of which are maps ...	1	5	0
Pens and Ink, 4 qrs.	0	2	0
	£14	4	9
A Copy Book	0	0	6
	£14	5	3

"Dec. 28, 1744, Recd. the contents of the above bill.
JNO. AIKIN."

Upon leaving school for the last time, John Coltman found an uncomfortable home; his father, as affectionate to himself and his two sisters as usual, had brought to share his hearth a second wife, who was accompanied by two distinct families of children, her first husband's by a former wife, and her own; thus were three families of children brought together beneath the same roof, soon increased by a fourth, and, the mother not possessing either a placid or peace-making temperament, the discomfort was excessive. John Coltman found a refuge at the residence of his uncle, Mr. Page, in London, and he engaged with him in his business as distiller, making occasional journeys on that behalf; it was on one of these journeys that he first saw Miss Cartwright, and their correspondence commenced in January, 1763.

In the memoirs there are numerous letters from Mr. Coltman to Miss Cartwright, a few only, with some extracts, have been copied.

From Mr. Coltman to Miss Cartwright.

"Leicester, 23 Jan., 1763.

"Dear Madam,—

"Agreeable to my proposal the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have taken the liberty of sending you 'The Prince of Abyssinia,'* wrote by Mr. Johnson [Dr. Johnson], a name I dare say you are not unacquainted with, some of his poetical works being

* This work Dr. Johnson wrote while residing in Birmingham, and a copy of his "Rasselas," which he wrote in 1759 to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, was the first book that Mr. Coltman gave to Miss Cartwright.



published in the collection I saw at your house. I should like to know what opinion you will entertain of the author's sentiments; I believe you will think them very different from what Mr. Richardson's writings inculcate respecting the good or evil that preponderates in the world.

"I should think it an honour to be favoured with a correspondence, but I fear this is too much for me to expect. Of this, however, I would beg leave to assure you, that I shall at all times be glad to embrace an opportunity of testifying that I am, with the greatest esteem, Madam, your most respectful and obedient humble Servant,

"JOHN COLTMAN.

"P.S.—Compliments to your worthy father and mother."

From Miss Cartwright to Mr. Coltman.

"Sutton [in Ashfield*], March, 1763.

"Sir,—

"Though I by no means approve of correspondence between young people of different sexes, yet my best thanks you have undoubtedly a right to expect for the elegant and instructive entertainment these volumes have given me. I think the story pretty and admirably told, and there are many very useful remarks for the conduct of life; but surely Mr. Johnson did not intend it for a just picture of life? Youth and inexperience would persuade me he has dipp'd his pencil too oft in the dark shades; or, if he did, I hope it was wrote in the

* The residence of the Unwins.

gloom of winter, or after some disappointment that had depress'd his spirits. Are there no wise men whose learning has not deprived them of reason? Nor no Orators, who live the myths they teach? Surely there are; and may I not add, Philosophers too, who could better have defined the law of Nature, than the Sage in the 22nd chapter (though, I add with pleasure, we happy Britons have a better guide), and I should think, with these advantages and an honest heart, a person would be better fitted to bear any state with equanimity and fortitude than one unschooled, untutored, by Reason, Philosophy, or Religion. I hope, also, tho' the Princess does not find them, there are humble villagers whose quiet is unembittered by envy, jealousy, or discontent, who can rejoice in the happiness of those *above* as well as beneath them,—who fancy the pomp and dignity of envy'd wealth may be fully compensated by a cloudless sun, a starry firmament, or a flowery vale, adorned by the hand of Spring;—and who think life such as it is, with all its hopes and prospects, no despicable gift. But if Mr. Johnson will not allow us *happiness* (which, perhaps, perfect and uninterrupted, is no more suited to our state than our clime to perpetual sunshine), let it have a humble name, and be called *content*; I hope habitual, and, I will add, cheerful *content* is in every one's power, who only enjoys the common comforts of life; I cannot help thinking with our inimitable Ethic Poet—

. "'If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.'

For to a mind pleased with itself, and determined to approve where it can, there are innumerable sources of



pleasure ; for, added to those of sense, which we see makes the lower creatures happy, we have, or may have, those more refined delights of Imagination, Understanding, Friendship, Religion, and the delightful perception of moral excellence wherever it can be found;—and shall man only, the lord of the visible world, repine ?—

" ' Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?'

To me it seems a kind of impiety to suppose the great Lord of the Drama (I think the expression is Mr. Addison's, and cannot, therefore, be profane) has placed us on this wide theatre of Nature only to act Tragedies; that He has given us these distinguishing powers only to make us more exquisitely wretched ; or that the various scenes are so magnificently adorned only to insult our misery ; I think it a more pious, as well as more pleasing thought, to suppose Him with another Poet—

" ' Our universal Parent, Guardian, Friend—
Who forming by degrees to bliss, mankind,
This Globe our sportive nursery assigned ;
Where, for awhile, His fond paternal care
Feasts us with every joy our state can bear ;
Kindly perhaps, sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere ;
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.'

Or perhaps by a little of the reverse, improve the relish of those innocent pleasures we are at present entertained with.

" I must own, I love to view human nature in its most amiable light, and am determined to think people good till

I find them bad, and happiness attainable, till I find myself miserable. If I be in an error, it is a pleasing one, and I see no harm in being pleased with these gay phantoms of hope, if they be only phantoms; and since, as my author says, 'not a vanity is given in vain,' why may not the deficiencies of the present day be supplied by to-morrow's expectations? I fear those who deny apparent marks of wisdom and benevolence in our present state, and happiness apparently the friend of virtue even here, will deprive us of one powerful reason for our better hopes.

"'Of man what see we but his station here
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered tho' our God be known,
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own!'

"But I blush to think I am entered on a third page in dissenting from an author *I venerate, esteem*, and admire far more than any of this class I ever met with. Nothing but happiness and her immediate presence could have tempted me to it; but she needs not such dull pens as mine to vindicate her existence while she gladdens a whole clime with the smile of yon bright luminary, and all Nature animate and inanimate seems to rejoice. Thus, Sir, I have presumed to give you my present sentiments, which, however exceptional, I will not add to the tediousness of this too tedious letter by making apologies for,

"And am, with best thanks,

"Your obliged, humble Servant,

"ELIZABETH CARTWRIGHT."

These two letters were the first of a long correspondence.



From Mr. Coltman to Miss Cartwright.

"25 March, 1763.

"Dear Madam,—

"Tho' I cannot flatter myself in the success which I hoped for in my address to you, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of writing a line, hoping, at least, you will pardon my freedom; and, as my declaration was nothing less than the genuine effusion of a sincere heart, overflowing with a tender affection for you, I hope I may yet retain some interest in your esteem."

From this letter it appears certain that a "*declaration*" had taken place, which must have been a very deliberate one, considering that Mr. Coltman and Miss Cartwright had now been known to each other, at the least, for four years; it was probably also *verbal*, for, on referring to an extract from Mr. C.'s memoranda it is clear that he had visited Miss Cartwright but three days previously.

It is probable that Miss Cartwright, though greatly admiring Mr. Coltman and fully appreciating his character and merits, was not yet prepared to accept him as a husband; she, therefore, did not respond in the affirmative, neither perhaps did she entirely give him a negative; however this may have been, the next four months were passed in total silence on the part of her lover, which, whether anticipated or not by Miss Cartwright, was very acutely felt by her, and indeed so seriously, that it could not be completely concealed from her friends.

The correspondence is again resumed irregularly for a few months, and the following is an extract from a letter

received about this time; it refers to the celebrated windows in Fairford Church:—

Mr. Coltman to Miss Cartwright.

"London, 27 Aug., 1763.

". Since I saw you I am become more a traveller than ever; I have been at Oxford, Bath, and several other places, and met with much agreeable entertainment, particularly at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, where the paintings on the glass of the church windows are allowed to be the most exquisite of anything of the kind in England, if not in the world."

From a descriptive catalogue of these windows we learn that "About the year 1492, soon after the siege of Boulogne, a vessel bound to the port of Rome from the Low Countries, and laden with painted glass, is said to have been taken by John Tame, a merchant, who instantly determined on preparing a church at Fairford for its reception."

The windows are twenty-eight in number, and the designs are attributed to Albert Durer.

An interval of four months now occurs in the correspondence, which had been so irregularly carried on, especially on the part of Mr. Coltman, and during this interval a great event was progressing in the history of Miss Cartwright. The mystery of Mr. Coltman's long and frequent silences, and the fact of Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright's extreme aversion to the idea of their daughter's settling at such a distance from them as London, at last induced her, at their express desire, to listen to the



overtures of a gentleman, who appeared to *them* singularly eligible as the future husband of their only child, whatever *her heart* might dictate to the contrary. She had had many admirers, to none of whom had she lent a willing ear saving to Mr. Coltman, but having now become aware of some peculiar circumstances connected with his situation, to which she attributed the uncertain receipt of his letters, she perceived that, by accepting the importunate offers of Mr. Saddler, she could at once relieve Mr. Coltman and satisfy her parents on the much desired point of detaining her in their near neighbourhood, after she had been separated from them by marriage.

Mr. Coltman, after leaving school, had gone to London to reside with his uncle, Mr. Page, who took him into his business, and proposed adopting him and making him his heir, reserving to himself the right of choosing him a wife. The lady selected was Miss Deborah Klockenbrink, a German of pleasing manners and good education, who resided in the family of his uncle, and was the sister-in-law of his partner, Mr. Pease. This lady was accustomed to look upon Mr. Coltman as her future lover and husband, while he was instructed by his uncle in the propriety and eligibility of setting his affections upon her. Yet his mind appears to have wavered for some time between his intense affection for Miss Cartwright and his duty to his uncle; and this, doubtless, was the reason why he did not renew his offer to Miss Cartwright, which, from the preceding letters, he evidently had not done. She, therefore, weary of suspense, urged by Mr. Saddler, and warmly sanctioned by her parents, accepted the suit of the latter gentleman.

He was nephew to the "Squire of Duffield;" their meetings had taken place at the Hall. He was amiable, he sincerely loved her, and he had (for he was to be his uncle's heir) an ample property wherewith to endow her.

It is not ascertainable at what period precisely the engagement was entered upon, but it probably took place about the close of the year 1764. Several letters transpired after the four months' interval was over between Mr. Coltman and Miss Cartwright, and the correspondence gradually discloses the state of matters.

The *new* lover, however, once accepted, would hear of no delay, and things were put into a speedy train. He took a beautiful house in the neighbouring village of Makeney, which he occupied himself in furnishing, while Miss Cartwright began to make preparations for the wedding ceremony.

The following extract from Mr. Coltman's letter to Miss Cartwright shows the state of his feelings on hearing the news of her engagement to Mr. Saddler:—

"London, 31 Jan., 1765.

"It is impossible for me to inform my dearest Miss Cartwright of the unhappiness of my situation. You, Madam, are the only object on whom I had placed my tenderest affections, and the hopes of all my future enjoyments in life; if I am robbed of these hopes I am wretched and miserable for ever. Whatever appearances have led you to think, my sentiments of you have not at all changed. . . . I love you incomparably beyond any other person, nor will I give up my pretensions



to you while I breathe. I don't doubt but I shall be able to explain to your satisfaction what has hitherto seemed so unaccountable in my past behaviour; till then, I remain, dear Madam,

"Your most obedient and most devoted
humble Servant,
"JOHN COLTMAN."

This letter is followed by one from Miss Cartwright, in which she says:—"Whatever Mr. Coltman may have suffered on my account, I am persuaded that I at least have had an equal share." She then refers to his position with his uncle in London, also to her parents not liking her to live so far from them.

It is conjectured that at no great distance of time from the date of the last letter addressed to Mr. Coltman [March 25, 1765], Miss Cartwright lost her affianced lover, and Mr. Coltman his rival. Mr. Saddler, going one evening on his usual visit to his lady, was overtaken by a storm of thunder and rain, but he made lightly of the matter, sat in his wet clothes, and returned home feeling no immediate inconvenience. A cold, however, soon afterwards appeared, which, growing worse and worse, resulted in a very rapid decline, and he was speedily removed from this transitory world.

Before Miss Cartwright had concluded her engagement with him she informed him of the state of her affections, and of her correspondence with Mr. Coltman, but so entirely beloved was she that he considered it no obstacle, implicitly confiding in her honourable promise. Finding now that he must resign her for ever, he earnestly

entreated her to allow him to marry her, ill as he was, in order that he might leave her an estate, which he could only do as her husband; this mark of his affection she steadily and resolutely declined.

After Mr. Saddler's death Miss Cartwright paid a visit to Mrs. Fieldhouse, the friend of the Poet Shenstone.

Miss Cartwright says of this visit:—"I have promised myself much satisfaction from this visit to my friend, Mrs. Fieldhouse, my preceptress, my guide, my guardian spirit; she who first introduced me into the world of letters, who has directed all my studies, and 'taught the young idea how to shoot;' 'tis a friendship not founded upon chance or fortune, but is the reciprocal union of sister minds, and it will be some addition to the pleasure to sit and read together in those sweet Elysian shades which Shenstone planted."

In about four months from the death of Mr. Saddler the correspondence between Mr. Coltman and Miss Cartwright was resumed, and, from a carefully preserved memoranda in Mr. Coltman's handwriting, they must have written pretty frequently to each other.

From Miss Cartwright to Mr. Coltman.

"Duffield, March 25, 1766.

"How many Roman Emperors* would you have given for the information I am going to give you a week earlier than usual, that you might have been at the George Inn, Derby, last Friday evening? Mr. Wilden has just told me that the celebrated *Rousseau* was there—staid all night on

* Mr. Coltman was an admirer of Roman coins, and had a large collection of them.



his way from Ilam, near Ashborne, where he was going to visit one of the Davenports; he is thin and tall, was attended by a lady, and, as Mr. Wilden's father told me, Drewry, the printer, having a curiosity to see him, rose early in the morning, and found the postilion putting the horses to his carriage; and on seeming curious the man begged he would take no notice, nor ask any questions *then*, but step aside into some room, for that his master was at the window, and from his late ill-treatment was so extremely suspicious that he never heard his name mentioned, or saw anybody looking at him, but he immediately concluded that it was some of his enemies come from France or Switzerland on purpose to seize him!

"Since the above was written I have received your letter, which is really a very pretty one.

"'What sugar'd words from Lover's lips can fall,
But grinning wedlock comes, and spoils it all.'

"*When*, my Coltman? Why, you ask so very prettily that I think I shall take two or three years longer to consider of it, if you think you have patience, and complaisance, and friendship, and affectionate tenderness, and flattery, etc., sufficient to hold out the time, for it is a thousand pities any of those good things should be thrown away, and, according to the usual style of matrimony, they are seldom found to be of much use afterwards. But seriously, Mr. C., I tremble to think that you, even you, gentle as you are, may grow sullen—Oh, no! I will banish the thought. But I have just been reading a tale in the 'Tatler,' of a vessel which was split upon a rock, and

in such imminent danger, that the passengers, though with great hazard, were all preparing to save themselves by swimming; among the rest were two ladies, who begged their husbands not to leave them in such distress. One of the husbands clasped his wife in his arms, and declared he would perish with her rather than forsake her (this, I thought, is my C., 'tis possible then he may continue the same). But mark the sequel—the other husband alleged that it would be better for one of the two to survive on account of the children, and, after a most affectionate farewell, was preparing to swim away, when, by almost a miracle, the ship was preserved, and they all returned home again; when lo! in a short time a coldness arose from some trifle between our fond pair, which soon ended in a final separation; while the other pair lived on in uninterrupted friendship and felicity till the lady died, and he, not being able to survive the loss of her, followed her in a few months. Now tell me honestly which of these two you would have imitated.

"We have just been talking of inoculation; what shall I do? Give me your opinion of it; my mind is just in an equilibrium respecting it, so that a little thing will turn the balance.

"I have just received 'Mrs. Pennington's Advice to her Daughters;' I remember to have read and highly approved of it, but I am now reading it again with peculiar pleasure as recommended by you. I scarce find a sentiment to which my heart does not echo back its full assent; the thoughts on Religion I particularly like, and would flatter myself they are yours, though I must own I have long



had some doubts hang over my mind, occasioned by the freedom and gaiety with which you generally treat such subjects. I flatter myself they are ill-grounded, but, as I have observed Religion to be one fruitful source of domestic disquiet, I should take it as a peculiar favour if you would indulge me with your full sentiments on a subject of so great importance. I feel myself quite unable to hold any dispute with you, and for several reasons would choose to have it in writing as soon as you are at leisure, rather than let it be a subject of conversation. My father says you talked of selling your warehouse, which he does not approve. However, you had better consult him before you determine."

In the year 1766, the year of their union, Miss Cartwright—who was accustomed sometimes to express her feelings in verse—addressed the following lines to her lover:—

"Written the 1st May, 1766, addressed to Mr. Coltman."

"Come, dearest Damon, let us range the fields,
Together taste the sweets of blooming spring;
Taste the pure transport Nature's bounty yields,
While every breeze bears health upon its wing.

"See how the Fields with brightest verdure shine,
Mark how yon silver streams meandering roll,
And to the tuneful warblers' music join,
'The feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

"Thy philosophic soul, with science fraught,
Can read the volume Nature's works disclose;
Paint order, wisdom, harmony, and thought
Divine in every opening bud that blows.

"With thee conversing I shall learned grow,
Without the painful drudgery of schools,
I'll mark thy gentle periods as they flow,
And form my conduct by thy generous rules.

"What joy to scorn ambition's gilded toys,
The frowns of Fortune and her smile above,
To read my Damon's passion in his eyes,
And pity those who never tasted Love!

"But oh! my Damon, if I leave these plains,*
These native plains where first I saw the light;
Where innocence and peace led on the train,
Of purest pleasures, and serene delight.

"Oh! if for thee, I bid these scenes adieu,
From which remembrance gleaned her brightest store,
When life was young and every object new—
Will other scenes like pleasures e'er restore?

"Down by the tide of that sweet babbling brook,†
And where yon ruins mark the ancient towers,‡
Me, prattling infant, oft my Father took,
To view a bird's nest, or to gather flowers.

"Sweet vales endear'd by scenes of past delight;
Fond parents, who the tenderest care have shown;
How shall I bear to take my devious flight—
How shall I leave you for a land unknown?

"Love, soft enchanter, with his magic art,
Can bid the dreary desert smile with flowers;
And friendship will her better aid impart,
To crown with social bliss the lonely hours.

* Duffield is a wide and rural village, watered by the Derwent.

† The Ecclesburn.

‡ Remains of Duffield Castle.



"But, oh! my Damon, when these cheeks shall fade,
When care or sickness cloud this languid eye;
Then will thou love a sick or peevish maid,
And soothe with tenderest art the rising sigh?

"Will thy fond arms sustain my aching head,
When sprightly youth and beauty are no more?
Or will thou watch beside my sleepless bed,
To cheer the sorrows of a dying hour?

"Oh! would kind Fate call home our kindred souls,
By one soft stroke to crown our faithful love,
With thee I'd fearless soar beyond the poles
My guardian Spirit, to the realms above."

The marriage of Mr. Coltman and Miss Cartwright, after the various vicissitudes of feeling and circumstance detailed in the letters, took place on the 10th of October, 1766, in Duffield Church, the ceremony being performed by Miss Cartwright's friend, the Rev. Richard Gifford. The latter part of the wedding tour was spent at Byfleet [a village near London], in a visit to the Rev. Joseph Spence, a portion of whose correspondence with Miss Cartwright has been already transcribed.

On arriving in Leicester, Mrs. Coltman found a home prepared for her reception in St. Nicholas Street. That it was not without some interesting associations is evident from the following reminiscences of it and the adjoining neighbourhood, borrowed from the MS. of her son Mr. S. Coltman, which was penned when he was eighty years of age. He says:—"I have mentioned our *great* parlour*

* It was in this great parlour that Dr. Priestley spoke so "handsomely" of Miss Hutton in 1783.

as the scene of my father's conversation with Dr. Priestley; it is only three days since I re-visited this singular, antique apartment, over which is the room in which I was born. This said great parlour is wainscoted with carved dark oak, and has a chimney-piece curiously carved with frightful human heads, grinning with red teeth, owing, I was told when a child, to their habit of devouring naughty boys! This room was said to have been carved by the Huguenot refugees, and it was also asserted that Bunyan, Wesley, and Whitfield had preached in it.

"The date upon the house* was ancient, and it was believed to have been built of the ruins of the Lady Jane Grey's house at Bradgate; it had, when we lived in it, a quadrangular court at the back, along one side of which ran an open gallery. Our residence stood within a stone's throw of the Jewry Wall, the foundation of which ran across the street. This wall is one of the greatest curiosities of the kingdom, and is supposed to be the remains of some place of heathen sacrifice; on the other side of the church of St. Nicholas, on the spot where the National School now stands, called 'Holy Bones,' is the spot where the bones of the sacrifices were deposited. The tower of this church has been sadly mutilated; its light, elegant pillars having been filled up with red brick; it contains a bell on which is an inscription in Latin, signifying 'May the sound of this bell please Thee, O Christ!'

"In the same neighbourhood was the Blue Boar Lane,

* This house is still standing; on the outer wall is a plate stating that John Bunyan once lodged there, also that John Wesley stayed there on a visit to Mr. Coltman.



in which was the Blue Boar Inn, where King Richard III. slept the night before the battle of Bosworth Field. The bed he slept in I have frequently seen; when sold by auction it was removed to Rothley Temple [the residence of the Babingtons, relations of Lord Macaulay]. It has hollow bed-posts, in which coin had been secreted, doubtless for the King's use; he travelling about, as was then customary, with his own bedstead, and leaving it behind him when he went to Bosworth Field, it became the perquisite of the people of the inn. It was entirely of wood, and much gilded and ornamented. About one hundred years after the battle, the woman to whom it then belonged, one day, while making the bed, perceived a piece of money to drop out of a chink, and on further examination discovered coin to the amount of about £300. The discovery proved fatal to the woman, for she was murdered by her servant for the sake of the treasure; and the servant was, in her turn, hanged for so cruel a crime.

"In going by Bow Bridge (a bridge at no great distance from St. Nicholas Street) to the field of battle, a witch is said to have foretold that on the stone upon the battlements of the bridge which was touched by Richard's heel, in passing over in the morning, his head should strike at night. This prediction seemed to be verified by the fact that he did return slung over the back of a horse, leaving a bloody mark that I have often seen.* His coffin was a stone trough placed under the arch of Bow Bridge, formerly

* This bloody mark was in reality a red paving stone which happened to be there.—S. C.

a light and beautiful structure, over which was a footpath to St. Austen's Well, used by the monks who had inhabited the convents of the Grey and White Friars, for fetching water from that fine spring.

"Within a very few hundred yards from this spot was discovered many years ago, as I well remember, a very perfect Roman tesselated pavement.* I remember when three of the gateways to the principal entrances of the town were standing. Some years ago, when workmen were digging within the walls of the Abbey, they found a massive thumb ring of gold, which my father purchased, and which was soon reported to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey; little now remains of the Abbey which sheltered the Prelate in his last moments. This venerable ruin was within a walk of my mother's residence."—S. C.

Such were some of the associations surrounding Mrs. Coltman's new residence, and others of a different character soon arose in the intimacies formed by her husband and herself with some of the most esteemed characters the town afforded. At that time Leicester numbered fewer than fourteen thousand inhabitants. Before his marriage Mr. Coltman had been in the habit of meeting his friends, Mr. Cogan and Dr. Pulteney, for the discussion of literary and philosophical subjects every week, and the trio soon added to their number; these gentlemen instituted a Book Society, the first established in Leicester. Mr. Coltman, too, ever anxious for the promotion of science, invited to his house, Mr.

* Since dug up and placed in the Town Museum, by permission of the Hobles, on whose estate of Danett's Hall it was excavated.



Waltyre, a lecturer on Electricity, Hydraulics, etc., and, having convened a meeting, Mrs. Coltman, and her friend, Mrs. Reid, were the first ladies in Leicester who ventured to make their appearance in a philosophical lecture room.

Of Mr. Coltman at this period, Miss Hutton, who knew him well, says:—"He is all that is great in human nature, if inviolable integrity, disdain of meanness, and universal benevolence can constitute *that* without a wide field of action;" and Mr. S. Coltman, in his MS. memoirs, remarks:—"I have reason to believe my parents were peculiarly happy in their marriage, happy in each other, complying with each other's tastes and opinions; my mother's prudent and skilful management, combined with my father's high character in business, overcoming by degrees many adverse circumstances with which they began housekeeping at Leicester."

In the second year of their union, the year 1768, a son (John Coltman) was born to them, to whom Mrs. Coltman's venerable friend, the Rev. Jos. Spence, Prebendary of Durham, proposed to stand as sponsor, but which offer, on account of Mr. and Mrs. C.'s different views as Dissenters, was immediately declined; and, in the year succeeding, a daughter (Elizabeth Heyrick) was born, soon after which event, Mrs. Coltman's health requiring to be recruited, she visited her parents at Duffield, and went thence to Matlock Bath, a spot she greatly admired, from which place she wrote to her husband.

Extract from one of her letters, 1769.

"Yester-morn, while the beams of the day-break diffused a joy and serenity over the face of this delightful

country, I set out alone for the well. The joyful prospect of returning health, with the pleasure which I thought it would give to a kind husband, and the advantage it might bring to my dear children, all conspired to raise in my mind the most pleasing ideas of grateful piety. I repeated aloud Milton's Morning and Thompson's Universal Hymns, with that emphasis which a feeling heart, unchecked by the fear of being overheard, naturally inspires. Soon after I had returned home (for I already find it one), the good man of the house, with eyes full of benevolence, came to me, and said he had forgotten to ask me whether I was fond of reading? 'Oh, yes,' says I, 'dearly;' then says he, 'I have a few books; I will fetch you some;' he soon returned with The Spectator, Milton, Young, Pope, Quarles, etc., and you may guess with what joy I met so many of my old friends. To-day I have been to make Mr. and Mrs. Unwin (I mean the young ones) a visit at the New Bath."

Other interesting letters were written to her husband from Matlock.

About six years after Mrs. Coltman's marriage, her mother departed this life at Duffield, and her father, after settling his worldly affairs in the village where he had resided during the whole of his previous life, repaired to Leicester, that he might spend the evening of his days beneath the roof of his only, much-loved child. The day of his arrival was signalised by the birth of a second son, who was called Samuel after his grandfather, and who became his especial pet and protégé; these events occurred on July 2nd, 1772.



Mr. Cartwright was a man of very independent habits of life and modes of thinking; he had derived from his family his political principles, his two grandfathers (as has been before stated) having been captains in Cromwell's army, and his views were the exact antipodes of those of his son-in-law, who was a staunch Tory and Royalist, and who much disliked the Calvinistic tenets of the Roundheads; hence many a hot battle ensued between them, carried at times to such a pitch as greatly to distress Mrs. Coltman, and to leave a lasting impression upon the memories of the children. On this subject, Miss Hutton, in her sketch of the family in "Ainsworth's Magazine" of Jan., 1844, writes:—"Mr. Cartwright had been the dictator of his village; he had the felicity of knowing that all his opinions were right, and this fact he carried with him to the house of his son-in-law. He was a stubborn republican, while Mr. Coltman, who was a moderate man in all things, took an opposite view. With common characters this might have been of little consequence, but here it was a serious evil, and of daily occurrence. I have seen Mr. Cartwright sitting on one side of the fire, and doing his utmost to provoke his son-in-law, who was sitting on the other, erect and firm, as who should say: 'I will not be moved,' until, goaded beyond bearing, he has taken his part of the controversy. During the whole of these altercations between her father and her husband, Mrs. Coltman's conduct was admirable. She was invariably silent, sitting at her window working with her needle; never turning her eyes towards the disputants, nor making any indication that she heard what was passing. She

must have felt it sensibly, but she never mentioned it to me, who witnessed it with her; or, as I firmly believe, to anyone else. Samuel Cartwright lived to the age of ninety-one, long before which time all disputes had been forgotten."

In prospect of her father's residence in her house, Mrs. Coltman had omitted nothing that she thought likely to contribute to his comfort, and among other things his love of smoking was not forgotten, for she fitted up a closet-like parlour for his accommodation in this respect. He took a great delight in bees, a good stock of which he had in the garden. He lived twenty years after his removal from Duffield, and it is to be observed that, after his death, his son-in-law adopted many of his liberal opinions.

On the 27th of August, 1774, a third son, Rowland, was added to the domestic circle; and on the 7th of May, 1778, was born Mary Ann Coltman, the youngest of the family.

It was during the period of her children's earliest and most impressionable years that their mother evinced her anxious desire to train them in habits of piety, and this tender anxiety produced, among other efforts, a letter to her husband on the subject of religion, which subject was alluded to before her marriage, and which evidently lay very near her heart. It should be premised that Mr. Coltman was a man who from his inmost soul abhorred an empty, noisy profession of religion; his goodness lay in deeds, not in words, and he had had the misfortune before his marriage to receive a most painful impression from a



female relative, with whom he came frequently in contact, of that kind of profession which lies upon the tongue and with which the heart has nothing to do; this made him extremely jealous of any external display either in himself or in his family.

In the letter just alluded to, mention is made by Mrs. Coltman of the advantages of family prayer, and her wish for her children to receive not only a "moral, but a pious and religious education;" she goes on to say, that "as young minds cannot long be kept without impressions, and, perhaps, prejudices of one kind or another, I think the likeliest way to secure them from the various temptations of the world, is by an early tincture of rational piety and devotion. Examples, my dear Coltman, you know have a very powerful effect, especially the examples of those we love and venerate. I, myself, have found it so."

In one of the letters mention is made of garden produce, and in another of bees and cows being kept; this proves that St. Nicholas Street must have been, when Mr. and Mrs. Coltman were married, either in, or bordering on the country. It has been mentioned that Leicester had, in 1777, 14,000 inhabitants; it has now, 1894, a population of 122,351.

The memoirs go on to say:—"In the year 1775, Mrs. Coltman's correspondence with Miss Hutton appears to have begun. This lady, eminent for talent and originality, and an authoress, was the only daughter of Mr. Hutton, an eminent antiquary and the historian of Birmingham. Miss Hutton's clever and interesting correspondence, first

with Mrs. Coltman, and then with her younger daughter, which was commenced as just stated in 1775, was continued more or less frequently for the long period of seventy years, that is, until her death, which took place in 1846."

From Catherine Hutton, at the age of nineteen,
to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham, Jan. 11th, 1775.

"Dear Madam,—

"I return you most humble and hearty thanks for your obliging letter and present; if I admire Mrs. Arnold as much in the character of an authoress as I did her company and conversation when I was at Leicester, I shall be wonderfully pleased with her book, and undoubtedly be a purchaser of the other volumes, if ever they make their appearance.

"For this twelvemonth past, I have been in love with Geography, and am apt to believe I shall be in love with it all my life. I have read Guthrie's 'Present State of the World,' and got acquainted with his maps, and I have now almost finished Don Antonio de Ulloa's 'Voyage to South America,' which has entertained me highly; he relates wonders, yet he appears to be an author of the strictest veracity and impartiality. When I read of the country about Lima and Quito, where spring, summer, and autumn are blended all the year round, and where all the productions of Europe and America are for ever in perfection, I could wish myself an inhabitant of Peru; but when I read of the dreadful earthquakes and tempests to which they are subject, I bless myself that I was born in England, where, though our climate is not so pleasant, we



live in greater security. In short, the description of every country I read of makes me better pleased with my own.

"I thank you, Madam, for recommending to me 'Shaftsbury's Characteristics,' and I will procure it if I can, by either hiring, borrowing, or persuading my father to give it to me.

"Our family join in compliments to you, Mr. Coltman, and Mr. Cartwright, and I desire my love to my friend Betsy [afterwards Mrs. Heyrick], and, when you think her old enough, I shall call upon you for the performance of your promise that she should make me a visit.

"I am, Dear Madam,

"Your ever affectionate Friend,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Mrs. Arnold, the lady mentioned in the early part of this letter, was the authoress of a little volume called "Ideal Trifles;" she was the wife of Dr. Arnold, a celebrated physician and writer on insanity, who was born in the town of Leicester, educated at Edinburgh, where he took the degree of M.D., became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. He practised in Leicester, where he was deservedly popular, and became owner and conductor of a large lunatic asylum there. In a word, he was an enlightened ornament of his native town. Dr. Arnold was born in 1742, died 1816. Mrs. Arnold was the sister of Mrs. Macaulay-Graham, who wrote a "History of England" and other works, and who in 1785 paid a visit to General Washington.

From Catherine Hutton to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham, May 20, 1775.

"Dear Madam,—

"I received your unexpected letter with great pleasure. You command me to give you my opinion of 'Ideal Trifles.' Indeed, Madam, I am almost afraid to do it. Not one hint have you ever given me to direct my judgment, or to put me right if I am wrong; however, if my sentiments differ from yours, I hope you will correct me, and believe that if I had known your opinion, I should have been convinced it was right.

"The first letter, about Truth and Right Reason, I can say nothing of, for I confess it is above my comprehension. The correspondence between Sophia, Philander, and Palemon I like very well, only I think it is rather too full of compliments, which, though extremely well from one friend to another, are not quite so interesting to a reader. I admire Eudocia exceedingly, and her notions about Hypatia's two lovers, which I have read many times over, and which I think have so much good sober sense in them that the Reviewers can call nothing about Eudocia romantic but her name. The story of Almira is one of the most affecting I ever read in my life; many a page in the book was marked by my tears as I read it, and I hope, Madam, it is in your power to assure me it is a fictitious one. In short, I admire the book altogether very much, and if it *is* a Novel, it is greatly superior to the common run of Novels.

"I am much obliged to you, my dear Madam, for your invitation, but have not the least hope of accepting it this



summer. My father is totally immersed in bricks and mortar; he some time ago purchased an old house, which he is now pulling down to the ground, and is going to build three new ones in its place, in one of which we are to live. He is perpetually among his masons, and my mother and I are so confined, that I believe we shall not go our usual Derbyshire journey this year. . . .

"Your affectionate Friend,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

The following note, taken from "Hutton's History of Birmingham," refers to the old house mentioned in this letter, which was situated in High Street, exactly opposite the end of New Street. The Hutton's town residence at that time consisted of two houses, which stood in the present horse road, facing High Street; but when we see the traffic of to-day, we can scarcely believe that the only communication from High Street to New Street was through a gateway, under the historian's dining room. These houses in 1776 were taken down, as they interfered with the traffic; hence the necessity for William Hutton to provide a new home. He had bought this old house previously referred to in 1772, no doubt expecting the one he was living in would have to be removed some time. He says:—"In 1775, I took down an old house of wood and plaster, which had stood 208 years, having been erected in 1567, thirty-one years after the dissolution of the Abbeys. The foundation of this old house seemed to have been built chiefly with stones from the Priory; perhaps more than twenty waggon loads. These appeared in a variety of forms and sizes, highly finished in the

Gothic taste, parts of porticos, arches, windows, ceilings, etc., some fluted, some cyphered, and otherwise ornamented, yet complete as in the first day they were left by the chisel. The greatest part of them were destroyed by the workmen; some others I used again in the fire-place of an under kitchen. Perhaps they are the only perfect fragments that remain of that venerable edifice, which once stood the monument of ancient piety, the ornament of the town, and the envy of the priest out of place." The fact of William Hutton not having preserved the remains of the Priory has been much commented upon; but what could he have done? At that time there was neither Art Gallery nor Museum in Birmingham in which they could be placed, and certainly he had no room on his own premises in which to store them.

It is very probable that the remains of the Priory still exist in the foundations of the three houses facing New Street; perhaps some future railway tunnel may reveal them.

When a child I remember seeing the chimney-piece mentioned in the note, but that, together with the old fire-place, has since been removed to make room for a modern kitchen range.

The Priory, which was also called the "Hospital of Saint Thomas Becket," and whose priest was bound to "pray for the souls of the founders every day, to the end of the world," was situated on the site of the Old Square, now the tram terminus. From its elevated position it commanded most extensive views of the surrounding country, including the Rowley Hills, Oldbury, Smethwick,



Handsworth, Sutton Coldfield, Erdington, Saltley, The Garrison, and Camp Hill. The Priory, which stood some distance from the town, was founded by the House of Birmingham in the early reigns of the Norman Kings.

From Catherine Hutton to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham, Nov. 10, 1775.

"If, my dear Mrs. Coltman, there is any one person in the world to whom you wish particularly to recommend yourself, contrive they shall find you in just such a litter and just so unfit for strangers as my brother did; you have entirely won his heart, and he has never cordially forgiven his uncle, William Cocks, who was the occasion of his not dining with you. My brother says you trusted him with some message about Mrs. Arnold, and bid him be sure to deliver it to me; but I believe he was like Sterne by the shopkeeper's wife, he thought more of the woman than of what she had been saying, so quite forgot it by the way. If you have not forgot it yourself, and will have the goodness to repeat it when you write, I shall be obliged to you.

"Few things do I wish for more in this world than to see my dear Mrs. Coltman either at Birmingham or Leicester; if you would but come next summer you would rejoice us all, and I might perhaps be able to prevail upon my father to let me return the visit the summer after.

"My compliments to Mr. Coltman, I hope he still remembers his and your

"Affectionate Friend,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

In the year 1777 Mrs. Coltman paid another visit to Matlock. The following is an extract from a letter received by her husband:—

"Matlock New Bath,

"July 13, 1777.

"My dearest Friend,—

"I rejoice that you had a good journey, and I greatly rejoice that you are the better for it. If you come, bring with you a double horse; for I am not sure that I can go to Chesterfield without a whole chaise, which will cost twelve shillings. Let Sally clean the parlour, and have the whole house in nice order; perhaps Miss White* may return with me. If the black currants are ripe let Sally make jelly with them, with a ¼ of red or white; let her boil them and strain out the jelly, then add a ¼ of the weight in sugar, and boil it well.

"So much for business, now for a little chit-chat. I like the place extremely; I feel the glow of returning health, and I have got so much courage as to have been twice in the bath, and mean to go in every day. I would purchase the health I now enjoy at almost any rate. The gentleman who sat by you and me is an American Divine, whose friends left England in Charles the Second's time, and he left America the beginning of this war; he has had a liberal education, and joins good sense with great good nature and politeness. The rest of the company are good-natured, social people, that do very well to follow, but he is the only leading character we have; he is to give us a sermon

* Miss White, whose mother was a Miss Unwin, is mentioned in Miss Hutton's letters, p. 23.



and prayers this morning; I only wait the summons—his name is Vardelle. At dinner I have the good fortune to sit next to Mr. V., by which means I come in for a share of conversation, which is often literary and instructive; all eyes are directed to him; you, I am sure, would be charmed with his sentiments on politics."

From Miss Hutton to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham,

"Oct. 8, 1777.

"I now sit down to return my dear Mrs. Coltman thanks for the many favours I have received from her at Leicester; but if it were necessary to return as many thanks as were due, I must be chargeable with the sin of ingratitude, for my paper would not contain half the number. It is my own fault if I am not both wiser and better for the opportunities I have had of conversing with you and Mr. Coltman, and I shall always look upon this journey to Leicester as one of the happiest periods of my life. I am greatly obliged to you for introducing me to Miss White; she is one of the most valuable girls I ever knew, and I hope friendship will not end with our visit to you. I am also obliged to you for introducing me to your acquaintances, particularly for the pleasure I have received from Mrs. Arnold's company.

"But I had better not begin to recount my obligations, for I shall not know where to stop, and shall perhaps tire you with reminding you of what I dare say your generosity has made you forget already, though *I* can never forget it as long as I live.

"My father and mother received me with open arms; they were not angry at my long stay, but were afraid I should be troublesome to you and Mr. Coltman. Mr. Hugh Worthington preached here last Sunday but one; everybody admires him, and they speak of him as a companion in such high terms as makes me more than ever regret that I had not the pleasure of being in his company. I have delivered both his letter and Miss Linwood's. I have told my brother of your and Mr. Coltman's good opinion of him, and he says after he has been acquitted at your bar, he shall fear the examination of no other judges.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Mr. Hugh Worthington, mentioned in this letter, was minister of the Great Meeting, Leicester. Miss Linwood was celebrated for her pictures worked in wool; this lady resided in Leicester, and she had a gallery in London for which the Government offered £20,000. Mr. and Mrs. Coltman were acquainted with her.

From "The History of Leicester in the Eighteenth Century," by James Thompson, we learn that "The Presbyterians of Leicester formed a congregation about the year 1680, and assembled at a place in Oxford Street, the site of which is no longer remembered. In 1708 they erected the Great Meeting. Nicholas Kestin, M.A., of Grimley, after being silenced in that place came to Leicester, and also became pastor of a congregation, subsequently to the passing of the Act of Uniformity."



From Catherine Hutton to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham, Oct. 31, 1778.

"Mr. Proudman has undoubtedly told you, my dear Madam, that when he was at Birmingham I was so engaged with my mantua-maker, making preparations for a few friends who were to spend the evening with us, and other trifles to which we females must attend, that I could not possibly send the letter by him.

"I thank you for your design of procuring for me half an hour of Mr. Hugh Worthington's company; but fortune, or the fates, or whoever has the management of these matters, seemed determined to cross your good intentions, and contrived it so that I was out of town when he brought your letter—a circumstance that mortified me exceedingly. Your letter was sent after me to Fazeley; and, as I could not know of my disappointment till I received it, I soon forgot the good I had lost in the contemplation of that which was put into my hands.

"I wished very much to hear Mr. Hugh Worthington preach when I was in London; but the people I was with had either too much religion to go to his place of worship, or too little to frequent any, so I was obliged to go without that pleasure. Indeed, I heard but two sermons while I was in London, and I am afraid religion was not the motive that conducted me to either; to St. Paul's I went that I might see the inside of that magnificent structure, and to the Magdalen Chapel that I might hear the penitents sing. But our stay in London was so short

that I hope it was excusable; as we had not time enough to gratify half our curiosity, and none to do anything else.

"My brother desires his best respects to you and Mr. Coltman, and assures you that he can never forget the friendly reception he met with at your house. He is a great admirer of Mr. Coltman; a proof that he has *some* taste and discernment.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

It was, during this, her first visit to London, that Miss Hutton saw the "School for Scandal" performed by the original company.

A great event in the family is the going out of the eldest son to boarding school. When John Coltman was twelve years old he was sent to London to the school of Mr. Smithers in Lothbury, it was in the year 1780. He commenced his journey to town on Monday morning, and arrived on the Wednesday. To his brother Sam, aged eight, he addressed the following letter:—

"London, 1780.

"Dear Sammy,—

"I embrace this opportunity of conveying to you my opinion of London, by favour of our good friend, Mr. Proudman. I like London very well, and have seen a many fine things. We have been in St. James' Park, from thence to Westminster Abbey, and a fine sight it was. There are hundreds of monuments, but that which pleased me most represents 'The Last Judgment;' there were angels blowing their trumpets, and a man rising out of a grave, and a voice saying: 'Arise ye dead, and come to



judgment.' In another there was Time tumbling down Death, and wrote underneath: 'Death shall be no longer.' In another, the old gentleman has got a long scythe, and is going to mow down some laurels; and a lady, which, by her trumpet, we took to be Fame, is pushing him back.. This, my dear Sammy, is to show us that virtuous actions make men immortal.

"We have also been to the Royal Exchange; it is a noble building, where people meet from all parts of the world, and is set round with all the English kings that have reigned since the Conquest, cut in stone. But, above all, the British Museum pleased me best. It is a very grand building, consisting of a great many rooms, all filled with curiosities. First we saw Egyptians that had been dead three thousand years ago. Next we saw the skull of an elephant, and the Queen of Otaheite's hat, the crown of it big enough to hold you, and the brim of it not much unlike the mat that lies at the bottom of our stairs. There was a piece of the wall of Babylon, and the head-dress of a lady five thousand years ago. In another room there was all sorts of birds; birds of Paradise, and humming birds, the most beautiful colours that I could imagine. The next room was filled with all kinds of serpents and lizards once alive, and some of them with wings. There was a pair of gloves made of the beards of mussels; also some snakes and rattlesnakes, sword fishes, etc., and a crocodile, which was such a monstrous great thing, he could have eaten three or four men for a breakfast. We next saw the jaw-bone and head of a whale; the jaw-bone was such a monstrous thing, I could have stood upright in

it. There were thousands of other things, which I have not time to enumerate, and, indeed, we could not stay to look at half of them. We have been to Mr. Lecaine's, who showed us many curious experiments on the air-pump, but I cannot describe them.

"On the Fast-day we met the Lord Mayor of London in his state coach, and also the two Sheriffs in theirs. The next day we went to St. Paul's Church; it is by much the biggest, highest, and grandest building I ever saw. In short, there are so many fine things that it would take me a whole week to write it. I must, therefore, conclude with, that I am your most affectionate Brother,

"JOHN COLTMAN."

From Catherine Hutton to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham,

"April 13, 1780.

"My dear Mrs. Coltman,—

"How I wish to write you a long letter! What a couple of wonders have you related to me! Find me but five more equal to your journey to London and Bessy White's intended marriage, and I will give up the walls of Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the rest of the old-fashioned string, as nothing at all. I could scribble to you on these strange events for two hours, but I am not permitted. I have been ill almost all winter, and, though I am now pretty well recovered, my head will not bear anything that requires attention.

"In a week I set off with my brother to London, and that I may leave all my complaints there, as you did yours,

may God of His infinite mercy grant. How I should like to meet you in Greek Street, Soho. Depend upon it I will see your little copy, Jack, if it is in my power.

"I am much obliged by your invitation to Leicester; but, my dear Madam, you will neither see me in my perihelion nor aphelion; I am not that eccentric being you take me for; I assure you I still move on in the same narrow orbit I have hitherto done, without any prospect of enlarging it.

"This year, as I informed you, my path lies towards London; but I cannot fail to remember that once in four years I come into your sphere of attraction, for that has ever been one of the pleasantest parts of my way.

"Now you have commenced rambler, I wish you would make a progress into Warwickshire; we should all rejoice to see you and Mr. Coltman, but I am afraid that will be an eighth wonder when you have made up the other seven. This family send their best wishes; I had some fine things to say to you for my brother, but I am so tired that I shall only tell you how affectionately I am yours,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

This visit to London was an eventful one in Miss Hutton's life, as she then paid her first visit to Mrs. André, aunt to the celebrated Major André, the young officer so well known for his sad and lamented death in the American War of 1780. During this visit the Lord George Gordon riots took place, and Miss Hutton and her brother attended a ball at St. James's Palace. Subsequent balls which she attended are graphically described in her letters, published

in 1891. Some of these balls were held at the London Tavern, a celebrated house situated in Bishopsgate Street Within; the Royal Bank of Scotland now occupies the site. In the grand room, described by Miss Hutton on page 33 of her letters, the Old East India Company gave their magnificent banquets.

From Catherine Hutton to Mrs. Coltman.

"Birmingham,
May 19, 1782.

"My dear Mrs. Coltman,—

". Mr. Coltman's approbation of my father's book ['the History of Birmingham'] gives him more pleasure than the reading of it could possibly afford Mr. Coltman. He is very happy in what you and he say upon the subject, though I have a notion he suspects you of a little partiality. Mr. Proudman has, doubtless, informed you that he has no further interest in the sale of it than the vanity of an author, who wishes his work may be universally read.

"I am truly concerned to hear that your health, instead of being better, has been worse than usual. I wish you to persevere in your intended trip to Matlock, as there is a certainty of its doing you good. I wish, too, that I could meet you there, as you are so obliging as to desire it; but there is no probability of its doing me good, for it did not agree with me the last time I was there. Sea-bathing is of greater service to me than anything I have tried, and if I had any money to throw away upon watering places, I should think Margate entitled to the preference, from

the essential benefit I received from it last year; but I have no expectation of visiting any of these places at present.

"Poor Jack's [Mrs. Coltman's eldest son] passion for drawing is rather an unfortunate attachment. It is a most delightful amusement; but a starving profession. Of all the painters now in England, I do not suppose six have made a fortune. It is true we hear of Reynolds and West, and a few others, who stand at the head of the profession, but for each of these I fear there are a hundred whom we never hear of at all, and who are indulging a fondness for the art in poverty and obscurity. If he is bent upon pursuing this inclination, and you wish to connect it with some manufacture, rather than depend upon it alone, my father will be glad to render every assistance in his power. . . .

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

In 1783 the American war was over, but no doubt the conversation often turned to the subject of America. Miss Hutton, writing to Mrs. Coltman that year, says:—"I am so much of a patriot that it grieves me to hear of people going to settle in America. I do not love the Americans. They seem to me a sour and rigid people, and I do love my country, where I have been happy, and where everybody may be happy, so far as happiness depends upon situation and public government; for is not this, too, *a region of freedom and plenty?* I have read extracts from the American Farmer's Letters, and admire them exceedingly; but I remember one, an account of a negro in a cage, that shocked me so much that I have never till this moment named it, or even dared to think of it."

At this period Dr. Priestley settled in Birmingham, and some letters addressed to Mrs. Coltman, and published in "The Reminiscences of a Gentlewoman of the Last Century," 1891, contain references to the doctor, in one of which Miss Hutton says that she and her brother had taken sittings at the New Meeting, and had formally become a part of his congregation, which they continued to be till the riots of 1791. The Miss Colmores of Highgate were also members of his congregation; they knew Miss Hutton and her brother, near whom they sat. These ladies went each Sunday to the New Meeting in "Pugh's Glass Coach," as it was called, the *only* vehicle for hire in Birmingham. The married names of these ladies were Mrs. Hipkiss, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Dunn; they lived respectively to the great ages of 92, 91, 89, and 88. Their brother, grandfather to the present Stipendiary Magistrate, Thomas Milnes Colmore, Esq., was over 90 when he died. The mother of the Miss Colmores was the last lady in Birmingham to use a pillion. The ancient family of Colmore have held a good position in Birmingham for centuries, and are at the present time large landowners in the town. Colmore Row, Great Colmore Street, and Newhall Street are named after them, the latter street after New Hall (erected in the reign of James I.), the residence of Charles Colmore, Esq. [1764]. An ancestor of this family lived at No. 1 in the High Street, in the reign of Henry VIII.

It was while the children were young that Mr. Coltman brought to his house, in St. Nicholas Street, the



Rev. John Wesley, after having heard him preach at Hinckley, remarking to him that Leicester afforded him a wide field for his ministration.

At this time also Dr. Priestley and Dr. Pulteney paid Mr. Coltman a visit, and among Mr. C.'s papers has been preserved his correspondence with the latter gentleman, whose friendship was of long standing. In a lecture delivered many years ago, upon Leicestershire authors, he was memorialised as an eminent botanist ; his " Progress of Botany in England " did more to diffuse a love and cultivation of the science than any other work. When Fame had thrown a glory round his name, the Earl of Bath recognised in him a relation of the family. He died at Blandford in 1801, in wealth and honour, acquired by the exertion of his talents. His name is perpetuated by a plant called after him—a Pultenæa is figured on his tomb.

LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. COLTMAN AT MATLOCK, IN 1786.

" Great Father ! If to wish may be allowed,
Grant me to leave the busy, bustling crowd,
The world, and all its cares and toys forgot,
O may some peaceful cottage be my lot
Near Matlock's crystal streams and lofty towers,
With Thee and Nature, may I pass my hours ;
Daily my humble sacrifice be paid
In the great temple Thou Thyself hast made.
Sublime and grand this lofty temple stands,
Built by Thy power and 'stablished by Thy hands.
Here let the evening of my days decline,
My prospects brighten and my thoughts refine."

In the year 1785 Mr. Coltman's house was attacked by a mob—a memorable event; he had given umbrage to the large body of operatives by introducing machinery, foreseeing the immense advantage it must ultimately prove. For adopting the method of spinning worsted upon *rollers*, his residence and that of Mr. Whetstone, who had united with him, was assaulted in the dead of the night, and the lives of both families were endangered by brickbats and other missiles hurled into their bedrooms; they were under the necessity of quitting the town for a fortnight, at the end of which time tranquility was restored, but not before the mob had triumphed; for Mr. Coltman and Mr. Whetstone were compelled to sign a document, whereby they promised that no work by machinery should be carried on within fifty miles of Leicester, and the business was consequently transferred to Bromsgrove, where it was conducted very successfully.

Mr. Joseph Brookhouse was the inventor of this new method, and had set up a machine at Melton.

About this period Mr. Roger Ruding offered Mr. Coltman "The Friars," for nine hundred guineas; Mr. C. was not disposed to give more than nine hundred pounds; this district is now [about 1850] covered with streets and buildings, and, Mr. S. Coltman observes, could not probably now be purchased for £20,000.

The following letter describes the riot just alluded to, and is addressed to Miss Euphemia Gifford, the only child of the Rev. R. Gifford, the rector of Northallerton, Yorkshire, and incumbent of Duffield.

Mrs. Coltman to Miss Gifford.

"Leicester, Dec. 18, 1785.

"How soothing, my dear Miss Gifford, is the sympathy of a friend when the heart feels sorrow. I most sincerely thank you for your kind letter. Yes, we have had a scene of tumult and confusion that, if I had known of two months ago, I think would have killed me with apprehension. And yet, I know not how it is, I have been surprisingly supported thro' it, and I know not that I have been in better health for years, and so have we all.

"On the dreadful night of alarm, we were just in bed, when one of our workpeople called us up, and told us the mob had been at Mr. Whetstone's house, and was very near ours; and so it proved, for I had just escaped with half my clothes out of the back rooms, before I heard such a dreadful noise, that we thought the whole house was coming down. Mr. Coltman ventured into the mob and would have reasoned them into temper, but they would hear nothing; and, finding himself in danger, he escaped, and called up Mr. Good, who went with him to arouse one of our neighbouring Justices. Mr. Fellows came over the garden wall to find us out, and somehow lifted me, Bess, and Rowland, over that high wall.

"The attack lasted an hour, and when they had shivered the window shutters, door, and almost every pane of glass to atoms, they returned to the house at which they began, entered it, and plundered it of every thing they could carry away. By this time the Mayor arrived, who had in the middle of the preceding week, and about five o'clock the same evening, been applied to for protection.

I say he was at last roused out of his bed, the Riot Act was read, and, upon presenting himself, he said:—'Good boys, you have done enough, you had better give over and go home!' And so they did, after they had pilfered every thing they could lay hands on at Mr. Whetstone's.

"The next day several constables were enrolled, but we had many alarms, and it was thought desirable to remove all our stock-in-trade and furniture to different Friends' houses. Divers applications were made for soldiers to be summoned, but in vain; the cry was 'No Presbyterians, no machines,' till in one of the nightly alarms the Mayor was wounded, and soldiers were then sent for, whom we hope to keep all winter. John was made a constable, and has attended all the meetings of our Magistrates, and they tell me he was quite a hero. In one of the meetings at Change, a motion was put by one of our worthy Aldermen, and seconded by Mr. Peach, 'that a petition be presented to Parliament to prohibit the use of machines, etc.'

"No actual damage has happened since the soldiers arrived. We are greatly obliged to you for your very kind invitation, and if I could have been conveniently spared, and could divest myself of anxieties about home, would gladly have accepted it; but if we dare fetch her, my little Ann should come home, which is an additional motive for me to stay where I am, so that I believe I must for the present decline accepting it.

"I am, with best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Gifford,

"Your very affectionate Friend,

"E. COLTMAN."

The year 1789 brought family events of no common interest. On the 10th of March, having just entered her 20th year, Elizabeth, the elder daughter, was married to John Heyrick, Attorney, eldest son of the Town Clerk of Leicester, and afterwards Lieutenant Heyrick, of the 15th Light Dragoons. Of the talents, beauty, character, and life of Elizabeth Heyrick nothing will here be given, a MS. memorial having recorded a few particulars concerning her, including such letters of her mother's as she had preserved.

The wedding over, a different scene awaited Mrs. Coltman—the nursing and tending a sick child, whose days on earth were numbered. This was Rowland, the third son, who was now in his 15th year; the loved of all for his amiable character, and the especial favourite of his father, as the inheritor of his tastes and dispositions. He had early evinced an ardent thirst for knowledge, and read his Greek Testament when it was imagined that he did not know his alphabet; he had great taste in drawing, and acquired the art of engraving upon copper; he constructed a solar microscope, and a camera obscura, and magic lantern; he bound his own books, had a considerable knowledge of Latin and French, and was a collector of plants, fossils, coins, and antiquities; he had a most attractive countenance, and his hair was long and auburn. On this gifted youth consumption laid her hand, and brought him low on June 6th; his preparedness for the great event was evinced by his singular patience, and by the serious reflections and prayers which were found in his

handwriting after his decease. Having closed his eyes, his mother wrote as follows to her friend, the Rev. R. Gifford:—

"My dear Sir,—

"Your very kind letter I have read with many tears, chiefly because the dear, cold, insensible clay could not participate with me in those grateful sentiments we should have mingled together, had it arrived a few days sooner.

"It will be some satisfaction to be informed that his passage was calm and easy, not a sigh, or a groan, or a discontented expression ever escaped him when awake; indeed, the transition was momentary, he had walked out of the room himself not two minutes before he expired. The only regret he ever showed was that he had not employed his thoughts more on religious subjects, and in reading the Scriptures. Excepting this, the partiality of a parent leads me to view him as near to perfection as human frailty allows, and I thank God that I can resign him into the hands of a merciful Creator, with hopes full of immortality. Some passages in the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. 4, v. 9, 10, etc., seem to me peculiarly applicable, and have afforded me much consolation.

"When religion descends to wipe away the tear of sorrow from the cheek, it is to me the most refined luxury on this side heaven. I write this on his coffin lid; so sweet a countenance in death I never beheld, I could fancy he would speak to me. To-morrow, which will be the seventh day since he fell asleep, we deposit his dear remains to rest with his ancestors. Shall I request the favour of you to write a short inscription for his tomb-

stone? I hope I do not wish it from motives of vanity, but with the hope of inspiring proper sentiments in the living.

"Farewell,

"E. COLTMAN."

Mr. and Mrs. Coltman and their family attended worship at the Great Meeting [then Presbyterian, now Unitarian], and continued attached to that place, and to its ministers for many years, until the Rev. Robert Hall coming to Leicester they, one after another, beginning with Mary Ann Coltman, withdrew, and availed themselves of the privilege of hearing that great preacher and truly good man.

The following is an extract from one of Mrs. Coltman's diaries:—

"Sunday: rose at six. Read sermon of Newman's, to show that the happiness of man was the design of his creation (text—Gen. ii. 8, 9), inspiring sentiments of God, honourable, animating, and sublime, diffusing over the mind peace, serenity, and joy. Read an admirable prayer, in which the heart united, well calculated for the morning of a Sabbath. Skimmed the milk, and measured it; made a pudding, and persuaded husband to go with me to Meeting. Hugh Worthington read and prayed; Mr. Toller, from Kettering, preached from 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3; the preacher, in a striking and forcible manner, displayed the high honour and privilege of being 'Sons of God,' and very earnestly exhorted to a corresponding behaviour with the last verse—'Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself,' etc."

Surrounded by family claims, it was not always easy for Mrs. Coltman to obtain as much time as she wished for devotion, and to secure this, as well as a little intellectual refreshment, it was her custom, when health and other circumstances permitted it, to rise long before the rest of the family, and to seek retirement in a room alone; in the winter it was usual for a servant to prepare the fire the evening before, and Mrs. Coltman kindled it herself in the morning; occasionally she would allow a daughter to share with her the quiet enjoyment of these early hours, the memory of which is most grateful and refreshing. During the day it was Mrs. C.'s habit to be *constantly* employed, and until she had passed sixty she regularly took up her work after supper. Mr. Coltman retired with his pipe to his study, which contained his books, coins, and antiquities, etc., every evening after tea, and employed himself there for some hours. Previous to his marriage, Mr. Coltman had both smoked and taken snuff, two practices so obnoxious to Mrs. Coltman that he offered to sacrifice them to her; she was too generous to accept both, so he yielded the snuff, and confined the smoking to his study.

The following letter from Mrs. Coltman to the Rev. R. Gifford is undated, but probably belongs to the year 1790; it refers to the death of Mrs. Gifford: —

"Sir,—

"To say that we all most sincerely sympathise with you and Miss Gifford, to us seems cold and inadequate.

I feel it also a personal loss, for was she not almost the only remaining friend of my youth?

"'Year after year steals something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away!'

"And, indeed, the present gloomy appearance all around makes me very frequently think of those words of Inspiration, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;' the hope of again meeting those we have loved or esteemed here, freed from every remainder of human infirmity, is to me one of the most comfortable hopes that Christianity affords.

"Last Monday was near proving fatal to us. By a violent fall in fox-hunting, Sam has lost two if not three or four of his front teeth; he is much better to-day, and we are now in hopes that no worse consequences will follow.

"My kindest respects to Miss Gifford; we are continually reminded of her friendly visit, as we are now finishing the shirts she so kindly began for us when here. . . . I now almost envy you your quiet retreat; our ears are so frequently tormented with the harsh sounds of war.

"E. COLTMAN."

In the summer of 1794 Mrs. Coltman took a journey to Buxton with Miss Gifford and Miss Coltman (a friend, but not a relation, who resided at the Newarke). During their stay they visited Dove Dale and other interesting places. The following is an extract from a letter written at Manchester by Mrs. Coltman to her husband:—

"Sam (Mrs. C.'s son) went to Limefield, near Manchester, and brought us a very friendly invitation,

which, as Nancy was unwell, we declined accepting, and Sam was returning with our compliments, when Mr. Grundy arrived with their chair and would take no refusal. We came with him here; Mrs. G. is a most sociable, friendly woman; it seems a family of love.—Sat. morn.: Sam and Mr. Grundy are gone somewhere; I saw them thro' the window. The family not being up, Nancy and I strolled out into the garden, where we have found a delightful summer house, with chairs, a table, French books, pen and ink, and in one corner a handsome globe. Mrs. Hughes is at Manchester." The Grundy family were probably related to the Unitarian family of that name, now living near Manchester.

The object of the above journey was to place Nancy, the youngest of the family, at boarding school, and she was accordingly left at the Rev. Mr. Hughes', at Walsham, near Bury. Among other letters received there, and carefully preserved, is the following from her father:—

Mr. Coltman to Mary Ann Coltman.

"Leicester, 16 Nov., 1794.

"My dear Girl,—

"I received your letter with no small satisfaction, as it afforded me a proof of the advantage you derive from your present situation, but you must not at this time expect from me a long epistle, as your mother, I suppose, has informed you of what you wished to know; besides, since my return from London, I have been a little indisposed for writing. I met with much entertainment in my various perambulations, as you may well suppose, but my



return, which was through Oxford and Blenheim, afforded no less pleasure, particularly the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, I am told, contains 200,000 volumes.

"I could hardly withdraw myself from the spot, and longed for my old friend, Dr. Pulteney, to have passed with him here, whole weeks, nay months, confining ourselves solely to a correspondence with the sages of former times; but, I perceive I am drawing into a vortex, which your age and *gaieté de cœur* should exempt you from, and for the present subscribe myself, my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes being understood, dear Nancy, yours affectionately,

"J. COLTMAN."

In the month of August, 1796, Mrs. Coltman, with her younger daughter and son, set out on a journey to the Lakes. At Lancaster they were to be joined by their friends, Mrs. Houseman* and Miss Coltman, but some little delay occurring, it was decided that instead of proceeding at once, they should spend a week at Heysham, a little romantic bathing place, on the shore of Morecambe Bay. It was a memorable week for Samuel Coltman, for here he met the lady who not very long afterwards became his wife; and a curious circumstance attended this journey, viz., that it was undertaken by Mrs. Coltman solely with a view to watch and prevent a threatened engagement from taking place between this son and a lady, one of the Lake party, who, from age and other circumstances, was considered by her

* Mrs. Houseman was the wife of the Rev. Robert Houseman, of St. Ann's, Lancaster.

to be a very unsuitable companion for him. Events conspired to favour her parental vigilance, for from the moment Samuel Coltman saw Miss Mary Smith, all thought of his former flame abandoned him; and after a few interviews, and a little hesitation on the part of Miss Smith, on account of her having rather the advantage of him in years, he obtained the hope of her affection—an affection which proved a source of uninterrupted happiness to him for the long period of thirty years, during which time, he himself remarks:—"The only contest between us was, which should be the first to give up his or her wishes to the other." On the 7th of the following January, Mary Ann Coltman repaired to Manchester, to be in readiness for the office of bridesmaid; her brother followed on the 27th, and on Tuesday, the 31st, Mr. Samuel Coltman and Miss Mary Smith were married at Manchester Collegiate Church. The union was in every way agreeable to the family at Leicester, who received their new relative with every mark of cordiality, and she lastingly endeared herself to them by her truly amiable disposition and many excellences.

The memorable journey to the Lakes produced the following letters to those left behind:—

Mrs. Coltman to her Daughter, Mrs. Heyrick.

"Heysham, Aug. 7, 1796.

"Though I sent you a letter yesterday, yet, having a little leisure, I cannot better employ it, than in beginning another. We all seem very busy, we talk and eat, and bathe and drink, and enjoy ourselves. Mrs. Houseman



spends half her time here, and Miss Coltman talks seriously of taking up her abode here, while we go to the Lakes. Ann seems to be recruited by bathing.

"Yesterday we had a tea-drinking party to Sunderland Point—three chairs and two carts, etc. They had just taken a large fish of the porpoise kind, twenty-three feet long. Bowling over the wet and dry sands is quite a new experience to me; sometimes we seem in the deserts of Arabia; at others we splash through fens where the prospect is bounded by nothing but sea or sky, or by distant mountains; but it does not suit Ann, she came home quite ill. Here is a very pleasing young lady, a Miss Smith [previously mentioned], not handsome, but seemingly very amiable. So far at East Bank (or Heysham)."

"Lancaster, Tuesday, 1 o'clock.

"We are just returned from the consecration of the Chapel;* I had thought it already consecrated, Mr. Houseman having already prayed and preached in it, till I recollected that 'a Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn.' There were many suitable prayers and psalms, and chapters from the Old Testament, but I thought they had some difficulty in selecting from the New. I wish you had all been with us at East Bank; there were old inscriptions and stone coffins for your father, and beautiful scenes and friendly, benevolent faces for all of you. I think the journey will put me in better humour with human nature.

* St. Ann's Episcopal Chapel, Lancaster, where Mr. Houseman was incumbent.

"At East Bank we were at a public boarding house, and Ann is very desirous to be left here, on our return from the Lakes. The Miss Smith I mentioned, who, with her maid, stays till October, has undertaken, jointly with Mrs. Gaskell,* to be her guardian. I have consulted Mrs. Houseman, who sees no impropriety; she mentioned this Miss Smith to me, before we went to East Bank, as an agreeable acquaintance we should find there. She (*i.e.*, Mrs. H.) bids me tell your father that it is not like most bathing places, there being chiefly ladies, and most of them of reading and cultivation; I shall determine nothing till I hear from you, as it may be attended with consequences.

"This Miss Smith I know very little of, but we all, especially the two young ones, seem to wish to know more. Do not accuse me for staying so long; if a fault, it is not mine. I could not get them away. I very much wish to see you all again and dear home, tho', I must own, it has been the most agreeable ramble I have had for many a year.—Farewell!"

From Mr. S. Coltman to friends at home.

"Dear Father and Sister,—

"I begin to fear you will think us very dissipated, and that we are quite swallowed up with pleasure. Though, I must confess, I never took it in such large draughts before, yet I am under no apprehension of its disagreeing with me; and for my companions I can answer for its good effects. I never saw my mother so young, nor my

* Probably related to the Rev. Mr. Gaskell, husband of Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress of "Cranford," and other works.



sister so strong, but the motion of wheels does not yet agree with her. My mother has submitted a plan respecting Nancy for your opinion, in which I confess myself somewhat interested; there cannot possibly be any shadow of impropriety in the situation, as there are no young men, and the women generally are of the more enlightened kind, and Miss Smith is of a character too exalted to be portrayed by my pen.

"As the sea air and bathing agree so well with Nancy, and have been so strongly recommended by Parkinson, I think it would be wrong not to let her give them a fair trial. Our situation is the most romantic and retired you can imagine. Heysham Point (which extends a considerable way into the sea), the River Lune, Lancaster, and Sunderland Point afford charming prospects, with the Westmorland and Lancashire hills.

"The people here are very agreeable, the weather perfect, and we go on cheerily; I often wish you were all with us. The night before last I lay on the Black Rocks; it was a very fine night, and I enjoyed it very much. I send you a description I wrote by moonlight. Mr. and Mrs. H. desire love and respects; you must distribute them properly. I will write again soon; I am now going back to Heysham.

"Yours affectionately,

"S. COLTMAN."

One fine morning during this excursion, Mrs. Coltman awoke her son at a quarter past four, that he might ascend Skiddaw with her and his sister; Mrs. Coltman then 59, was full of energy and activity. They reached

the summit at half-past eight, and were richly repaid for their toil by the truly sublime prospect; they saw the Scotch mountains, the River Tweed, Gretna Green, Whernside, Helvellyn, Saddleback, Windermere, the sea, etc.

The impression Mrs. Samuel Coltman made upon friends at Leicester, when she arrived there, may be gathered from the following letter, written by Nancy to her sister, Mrs. Heyrick :—

"Conscience compels me to address my dear sister by an apostrophe to procrastination, for I must own it is this that has so long prevented my acknowledgments of the last proof of your kindness. Be assured, however, that pleasure with her whole army cannot for a moment banish you from our remembrance.

"Yes! my dear sister!! she is exactly what you will like!! My father has now seen her, and he and my brother, *Sagacity* [Mr. John Coltman, jun.] have already poured libations of admiration and affection at her feet. I know my inexperienced judgment would have little weight singly, but when sanctioned by the sage and wary elders, I trust it will have the effect I wish, and you will say: 'She is made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes.' Continue to give me good advice; I am fearful lest by my not noticing the serious parts of your letter, you should withhold them, and indeed this would give me great pain. Even now I feel how much I need your good advice, for you know me beneath the ornaments with which health, unbounded spirits, and a train of happy events may adorn me.

"Wedding congratulations and compliments are pouring in upon us from all parts of the town. I believe next



Monday and Tuesday morning will be devoted to satisfying the curiosity of the public. Mary Reid [the other bridesmaid] is not returned, and what will become of 'poor Annis'? She is resolved to assume a little self-complacency, and consider the 'Unknown' as cabbage stalks.

"Your affectionate,

"A. COLTMAN.

"P.S.—Mr. Heyrick, sen. [Town Clerk of Leicester], thinks I may as well tell you that Government has authentic intelligence that the French are to *land at Leicester*, and that they are to land in less than a month, and that it has in its possession their numbers and places of debarkation!

"Spa Place, Feb. 9, 1797."

This was probably the residence of the newly married couple. Mrs. Heyrick would at this time be staying at Balbriggen, where her husband's regiment was stationed.

A family event of a different description to the last is now to take place, and that is the decease of Captain Heyrick, which occurred on Sunday, June 18th, 1797, after he had been married to Elizabeth Coltman eight years and three months. His health had been for some time declining, but nothing immediate was anticipated, when he very suddenly expired of angina-pectoris, on Sunday evening, while his wife was at church; her anguish, when on her return she found him a corpse, is not to be described. She mourned him to the end of her life, and spent each succeeding anniversary of his death in a strict and stern seclusion. Her mind was for some time concentrated upon itself; abandoned to grief for the present, reflection upon

the past, and to forming a religious plan for the future; by degrees it opened out beyond itself, and finally took a wide range in deeds of the most varied and self-denying benevolence. Within her own town, and far beyond it, her name became identified with that of the reliever of the oppressed, the helper of the wretched, and the untiring friend of the slaves; more than seventeen pamphlets issued from her pen on various philanthropic subjects. She united herself with the Society of Friends, but retained a warm heart towards true Christians by whatever name distinguished.

In 1799 Mrs. Coltman visited Freestone, a small sea-bathing place on the Lincolnshire coast, for the benefit of her health; while there she wrote to her husband and daughters, and her letter is full of descriptions of beautiful scenery, sun-risings and sun-settings. She closes her letter with the following words:—"I have had a delightful walk along the green banks, lately washed by the ocean, gathering sea weed, and watching the numberless little rills, clear as crystal, glittering in the sun, forming little cascades as they hasten back to the ocean, and repeating as I pass along—

"'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky;
You cannot bar my constant feet to rove,
The haunts of Naiads or the Dryad grove,
Where wild imagination loves to trace, etc.'

"The worst part of Freestone is the Sunday. Alas! it shines no Sabbath here; we have two clergymen here; one I would have persuaded to give us a service, but he



objected—'the place was unconsecrated, and we ought to go to the Parish Church.' I am so well that I much wish to see you again, and, notwithstanding all our rising and setting suns, which are so charming, I feel I shall soon prefer Leicester, and feel much flattered that you, my dear husband, wish me at home again.

"Thank you, my dear Ann, for your last, it has much relieved my anxiety ; pray do not let Elizabeth work too hard. I can scarce see to tell you that I am your very affectionate wife and mother,

"E. COLTMAN."

The following was written while on a journey which Mrs. Coltman took with her son John:—

From Mrs. Coltman to the family at home.

"Dudley, Wednesday Morning,

"*Pro bono publico.* [1802].

"To my dear husband and children, greeting. As I mean to journalise, I shall begin with the first day, which was the most severely cold, I think, I ever was exposed to. I felt many severe twinges [Mrs. Coltman was suffering from rheumatism] in my arm and shoulder, but as they did not approach the citadel I bore it well. In the evening, by a warm fire, a succession of strong and very quick pulsations in that arm convinced me that an equilibrium of electric, magnetic, or call it what you will, life-sustaining fluid was going to be established.

"I received very kind greeting from Catherine Hutton and her father, at whose house we arrived an hour before tea ; here I stayed two nights and a day. Mr. Hutton is

the most extraordinary man I ever saw, for, though he was born in the year 1723, he is nothing like an old man; walked 600 miles last year,* and this winter has been compiling a book of recollections for every day in the year, of events that occurred forty, fifty, or sixty years ago. I found myself mentioned twice, the first time with distinguished honour; the day of the month and year are always particularised, yet he drew from no register but memory. As John could not finish business at Birmingham time enough to reach Dudley, I walked from Saltley with Mr. Hutton, wrapped up in a plaid, but the rain increased so much that I got completely wet through.

"The Huttons are plain, sensible folks, and yet have completely thrown away a hundred pounds on a chimney-piece, and I know not how many hundreds more in furnishing a room† completely useless; nay, in fact, the finery has spoilt it. Though it is the best summer room in the house, it is seldom used; the prospect from it is delightful.‡ What follies *even* sensible people can commit! Do you, my dear children, endeavour to subject your taste to reason.§ I feel truly thankful for this blessed rain;

* This walk, which was to see the Roman Wall, took 35 days to accomplish. "The History of the Roman Wall," by William Hutton, F.A.S.S., was published in 1802, and a second edition in 1813.

† It is not very astonishing that this room was rarely used, when we consider that there were five other living rooms besides, and only a family of two to use them. This room was one of the wings which the historian added to his house in 1770, and was destroyed in the riots of 1791; later generations used it occasionally as a ball room.

‡ Alas! the delightful prospect is no more, there are only houses, chimneys, and volumes of smoke to be seen now.

§ Miss Hutton, reading this letter years afterwards, remarked, "Well! I think, if that's all, we've come off very well!"



I hope it has reached you. Write soon with a full and true account of all your proceedings, particularly of my little Snowdrop Sarah."

Here Mr. John Coltman takes the pen:—"Our mother, though she would not admit it, is every way as extraordinary a character as the author of Richard Humpback! [Referring to Mr. Hutton's 'History of the Battle of Bosworth Field.'] As a proof, take an instance from this day. She rose at five o'clock, walked three miles through a heavy rain; mounted the top of the hill to see Dudley Castle; lost herself in returning, and wandered about for an hour and a half. Besides which, she has been rattling over rough roads, 25 miles, in a gig; and all notwithstanding a cold, for which she has just gone to bed, with an intention of carrying it off by lying there till nine in the morning; but this, I should think, would be more extraordinary than all the rest, and I will bet any of you a rump and dozen* that she calls me up in the morning at seven."

Mrs. Coltman resumes the pen:—"'Tis all true; we improved the leisure idle folks gave us, in visiting the two churches of Wolverhampton before breakfast. In the old churchyard is a Saxon pillar of great height. Wednesbury is the most black, dismal, dirty place.

"Oswestry: the 9th day of our pilgrimage, and no letter yet! I am very anxious; pray have the charity to tell us how you are. Poor John's old enemy, the rheumatism, has returned; he had no sleep all night. I

* An old form of betting 100 years ago; it means a rump of beef and a dozen of wine.

wish I could go and do business for him, instead of scrambling up mountains and old castles ; the one I have just seen commands a most beautiful and extensive prospect. I am glad I went, though it it was on all fours. I lost myself in returning, and Miss Hilditch very obligingly set me right. My last visit has introduced me to an acquaintance with an old servant of Abia Derby's, but now a keeper of the walks on a pension ; I had much interesting conversation with him, as we traversed the walks by another way back. Here bilberries and strawberries, and every mountain tree or plant were much more luxuriant than the season had promised ; the birds were chanting their morning hymns, and nightingales here find a safe retreat.

" How did I long for two or three days' leisure, and a little of Miss C.'s enterprising spirit! After a walk of three or four miles, I found myself ready for breakfast, after which, as John was not returned, I went to see more wonders—a tar spring, and the machines for taking waggons up mountains, as steep as a house side, by something like magic. The people swarm about like black ants, and like them they have hollowed the mountains for coal, iron ore, and limestone.

" If these, my letters, should extend to posterity, I would venture to predict that the beautiful glass, in all the fantastic shapes which they call cinder, will hereafter be turned to better purpose than the mending of roads.*

* Mrs. Coltman's prediction has been verified ; the cinders are now cast into iron moulds and used in building houses, &c. Edgbaston Vestry Hall has specimens of these castings in the shape of window sills, &c.



Nothing worth notice till Shrewsbury; the town old and not pleasant, but the walk round the New Church and Quarry delightful. A piece of land descends, and is washed on two sides by the River Severn; round this piece of land is a broad gravel walk, bordered by a double row of limes, whose branches meet at top like the long aisles of a cathedral.

"Seeing a ferry boat bring over a passenger, I stepped in, and was set down at the foot of a hill, from the top of which the prospect is beyond imagination beautiful; the winding of the river, the neighbouring hills, the elegant houses, and an almost boundless view. We got over execrable roads to Hawkestone on Saturday, and though we could not see 'The Walk' on Sunday, we found that vast and majestic temple, built without hands, open on every side. Beautiful swelling lands surrounded by wooded rocks, seemingly inaccessible, reminded me of the description of the 'Happy Valley' of Abyssinia; airy bridges joining inaccessible steeps; caverns cut quite through rocks; ascents and descents innumerable leading us a dance of eight or ten miles.

"We attended the evening service in the private chapel, where we heard an excellent discourse on the great duty and happiness of continual thanksgiving, from Briant Hill, who seemed to speak from his heart.

"To my dear daughter, Heyrick, I leave all the flowers I have picked up on this my pilgrimage, desiring she will collect the broken ends and weave them into a garland; who knows but Phillips may purchase them by the expense of my journey."

Mrs. Coltman is here alluding to Mr. Phillips giving Miss Coltman £5 for an account of her tour to the Lakes, which was published in "Phillips' Magazine." Mr. Richard Phillips was a bookseller and publisher in Leicester, where he started a newspaper, the *Leicester Herald*, and established a philosophical society; he was an advanced Radical, and in the year 1793 was prosecuted for selling Tom Paine's "Rights of Man." He was brought to trial and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Leicester Gaol, where he was visited by Lord Moira, the Duke of Norfolk, and other advanced men of the day. A short time after his release from prison, a fire in a neighbouring house extended to Mr. Phillips' premises, and the whole of his stock of books, printing machines, with the Permanent Library which he had established, were burnt. After this event he went to London, and became an eminent publisher; and in 1807 was chosen Sheriff of London, and received the honour of knighthood from King George III. Sir Richard Phillips was an antiquary, and one of Miss Hutton's literary friends.

"The little Snowdrop Sarah," recently mentioned, was Mrs. Coltman's only grand-daughter; she afterwards became Mrs. Clarke, and was the daughter of John Coltman, whose marriage has not yet been alluded to, but which took place in London in the month of March, 1799. The object of his choice, and the lady who became the mother of his two children, Sarah and John, was Mrs. Hodgson, the widow of Captain Thos. Hodgson, who had died on his passage home from India, leaving her still in her youth. She fixed her residence at Walton-on-Thames,



very near to that of Miss Mary Smith, which occasioned an intimacy between the ladies. After Miss Smith had settled a little time in Leicester as Mrs. Samuel Coltman, she invited Mrs. Hodgson to visit her, and she was introduced as her friend to the different members of the Coltman family, and to their circle of acquaintance, and in no very long time afterwards became the wife of the elder son. John Coltman was of a more sedate and grave temperament than his brother, and was more like his father, fond of study, with a decided taste for art, and for intellectual pursuits; he was the subject in early youth of deep religious impressions, and in after years he became attached to the ministry of the Rev. Robert Hall, by whom he was baptised by immersion, and united himself to the church under his care. He had a noble and generous disposition, and entered warmly into all plans of public and private benevolence; he took great interest in politics, his views being what are called Liberal, and he lived and died very highly respected in his native town. In his own family, before his marriage, which did not take place until he was thirty, he was, from age and other circumstances, more particularly associated with his sister, Mrs. Heyrick, whom in many respects he greatly resembled.

EXTRACTS FROM WILLIAM HUTTON'S BOOK OF RECOLLECTIONS.

The following are a few extracts from the "Book of Recollections" compiled by William Hutton, historian of Birmingham, above referred to by Mrs. Coltman. The

events are not arranged chronologically, but as they occurred on a certain day of the year:—

January

1, 1746.—Went from Derby to Nottingham—a clear, sharp frost.—The mind gloomy. I had left my friends, and the holidays had left me.

4, 1740—Heard the particulars of the annual sermon on Captain Dean's shipwreck on Boon Island, which happened in 1710.

5, 1753.—Strictly kept, being old Christmas Day, because we could not shake off old prejudice.

6, 1756.—Went with a large party of friends to Coleshill, to see Mr. John Ryland,* who, the evening before, had been thrown from his horse, had broken his arm and dislocated the shoulder. The fracture of the arm prevented the reduction of the shoulder. My most worthy friend Will Ryland insisted that I should ride his horse home.

7, 1769.—Saw the little close at Saltley, and determined to purchase it at any price. It was well the seller did not know my weak side; my eagerness would have been expensive, had he known it.

8, 1735.—Mr. George Taylor, one of the masters of the silk mills [Derby], assured me I could not go home that night owing to the flood, for the waters reached up to All Saints' Church!! Children, as Dr. Priestley justly observed, believe literally what is said.

9, 1740.—The first National Fast in my time. Went to worship. The wind and frost very strong, and cold in the extreme.

* Grandfather to the late Miss Ryland of Barford, near Warwick, a lady well known in Birmingham for her extensive charities.



January

12, 1769.—"Mr. Fowler, will you sell that small close of half an acre at Saltley?" "I will." "What price?" "Forty pounds." "I will give it." "Who is your attorney?" "Mainwaring." Here I erected my house. Here I have enjoyed a happy solitude twenty-seven years. N.B.—The close cost Mr. Fowler twelve pounds.

15, 1772.—The shock at parting with friends is great, but doubly great when unexpected. Sister-in-law Cock, of Aston [Derbyshire], dined in perfect health, but was taken ill, and departed about five that evening. Being respected, six 'Squires, from their own offer, supported the pall at her funeral.

19, 1746.—James Watson lent me "The Compleat Dancing Master," containing about 500 tunes, which he afterwards gave me. I received more pleasure from this book, being fond of music, than any I ever had. I bound it elegantly, and kept it 45 years, till deprived of it in 1791 by the rioters.

20, 1746.—Supped at Martin's, and talked of Rebellion and Love. The first suits a *few*, the last *all*.

24, 1758.—The King of Prussia's birthday, then in the blaze of victory, and publicly kept, being our ally. William Ryland solicited me to spend the evening with some friends.

27, 1740.—Joseph Rawson, a sensible stocking-maker [of Nottingham] was expelled Castle-gate Meeting [Independent] for being an Arian.

28, 1753.—Was suddenly indisposed, and the docter asked me this alarming question—Whether I had made my will?

29, 1753.—Paid a visit to two old ladies in Park Street,* and their niece of the name of James. The niece

* At that period the court end of Birmingham.

January

earnestly requested me to begin a *sham* courtship to tease her lover (afterwards her husband). But the *sham* might have become a *reality*.

30, 1730.—Heard a mourning peal at St. Alkmund's Church, Derby, on the anniversary of the death of Charles the first—Ordered by his staunch friend Parson Cantril.

February

3, 1748.—Saw the wool-combers [at Nottingham] dressed in all their curious array, celebrating the anniversary of their patron, Bishop Blaise. The farce was well conducted and entertaining. The show I was informed was discontinued afterwards, because it invited young hands into the business, which tended to overstock the trade.

6, 1756.—A Fast. Mr. Samuel Harvey* requested me to borrow for him a religious book. I procured of Will Piddock,† "Neil's History of the Puritans." A person of his volatile temper did not know what he wanted, nor what would suit him to read.

7, 1770.—One of the severest days I ever saw. Having begun to finish the inside of my house at Saltley, the shell of which was erected the year before, I went there and in the way met Ben Giles, but the cold was so intense, we could not stop to exchange three words. Some people perished.

8, 1783.—Spent the whole day to see the Icknield Street. Dined at a Hedge Ale-house at Wall, upon poor fare, but made rich by a keen appetite. The poor landlord had a poorer and incapacitated

* This name, in connection with the trade of Sword-cutler in Birmingham and Deritend, has lasted for centuries, all the family passing through the usual manorial offices.

† The name of Piddock is connected with one of the oldest charities in Birmingham.

February

old mother to maintain, whom he treated with the utmost tenderness, which affected me so much that I have often wished I could have spent a shilling at his house.

10, 1756.—Went with Will Ryland to Horton's at Duddeston Mill to have some silver rolled. Cooper came in full of sweat and wrath, and blamed Horton in severe terms for not drawing the gates, it being a flood, declaring he had lost a guinea an hour. "I am glad," says Horton, "you have so profitable a trade, I will turn my works into a corn mill."

18, 1768.—The deepest snow I ever remembered.

27, 1749.—Heard Parson Wild preach the same sermon at Carr's Lane Meeting [Birmingham] which I heard him preach at Castle Gate [Nottingham] five months before. Consulted him about my residence here—who, without judgment or reason assigned, approved the plan.

March

9, 1767.—Went to Hill [nr. Sutton Coldfield] to look at an estate which was advertised for sale. It was scattered, about twenty acres; I considered it was worth about £500 to me. This was a pleasant afternoon's walk of twenty miles.

11, 1738.—While assisting my uncle [at Nottingham] he remarked, "I cannot expunge from my mind that thing in white I saw to-day"—Giddins, a fine young fellow near six feet high, going in his shroud to execution for a highway robbery.

13, 1735.—Saw the famous Foot-ball match between St. Peter's and the other four parishes in Derby. The latter won—but won only fame, rags, and broken shins.

March

18, 1776.—Bought a cow and calf, being the first. I called her Welch from the man who bred her. She proved a profitable purchase; a good milker; was never ill; continued sixteen years upon the Stechford Farm. Annually brought a calf, and perhaps there was not a root of grass in the whole pasture, the blade of which she did not crop.

20, 1756.—Having a journey in view I asked Mr. W. Kettle what weather it would be that day? He assured me it would be fair. It snowed and rained all day.

22, 1762.—Turned away Daniel, my servant, for minding his own affairs more than mine—nay, he seemed intent upon nothing belonging to me but receiving his wages.

25, 1739.—Bought an inkhorn, price 6d., which was in use till July the 14th, 1791, when the rioters of Birmingham destroyed it.

30, 1769.—Dined at Coleshill as one of the six Overseers of Birmingham, with Wyrley, Fisher, Ludford, and Palmer, Justices, who are all dead, as are also four other of the Overseers, Smith, Laugher, Allen, and Walker. If a man lives twenty years, the world changes and his acquaintance with it.

April

4, 1745.—Paid a visit with my uncle and Joseph Wallace to Jackson of Wilford. We went to Clifton [nr. Nottingham]. Saw the Hall and gardens. He entertained us with the story of the fair maid of Clifton, which he believed a fact. Showed us the spot from which the Devil flew away with her. Sir Robert Clifton, the proprietor of the place, having consumed a vast fortune, was then in the Fleet for debt, where he pawned his Star and Garter for bread.



April

12, 1774.—Went to Warwick for the second time. Rode the black mare through a land flood. Summoned upon the Grand Jury at the Sessions. Thought the business ignorantly conducted.

28, 1775.—Began to take down my house in High Street, which had stood 207 years. The foundation was composed of stones from the Priory, 20 waggon loads; some of them I have preserved in the kitchen chimney-piece. Under the warehouse we found a tumulus, 6ft. by 3, and about 5 deep, neatly formed with tiles. The contents, decayed wood and human bones.

30, 1764.—John Ryland, Esq., his wife, Mrs. Ruston, my dear love [his wife], and self, went to Joseph Humphrey's sale, at Old Swinford. Dined at Hagley. Walked in the Park. Saw the Hall. Mrs. Hutton was dressed in a white dimity habit, very large Beaver hat, covered with an Ostrich feather. Enquiries were made after that neat little figure.

May

3, 1769.—Met the proprietors of the Wysons, at Grinsell's, in Erdington, and completed the purchase by paying each of the seven ten guineas.

8, 1779.—Set out with my brother at 4 in the evening to take a view of Bosworth Field. Reached Atherstone a little past eight. Caught in a shower. Was entertained at Hannah Beech's. She had been our servant. A small species of pride induced her to figure away a little beyond her ability.

9, 1779.—Went from Atherstone to Witherly Bridge. Examined the Roman Camp, marched to Bosworth Field, made all the observations we were able, consulted Hewet, who had lived on the spot fourscore years. Dined at Atherstone, and in the evening walked back to Birmingham. The fatigue was lost in the entertainment.

May

30, 1779.—Went to the clerk of Castle Bromwich to order him to cry in the church Miss Newham's gold watch case, which she lost the preceding day. The case was recovered at 5s. expense.

June

4, 1761.—Saw the transit of Venus over the sun's disk. She appeared like a small black spot moving over the face of the sun, the size of a large fly or bee.

20, 1745.—My brother Thomas was out of his time, being then twenty-three. Master Fellows, afterwards Alderman Fellows, dined with us, out of two old-fashioned but excellent dishes, plum pudding and roast beef.

27, 1766.—Cooper and his wife, Mrs. Ryland, Mrs. Hutton, and myself, visited Sandwell Hall, the seat of Lord Dartmouth. Two things engaged my attention: the picture of Oliver Cromwell, and a mastiff dog in extreme old age, perhaps 40—an old family favourite.

July

1, 1740.—Watched a lamb reposing in a hollow on the south side of Snenton Hill [Nottingham] to screen itself from the cold north-east wind. This was the summer of the hard frost.

14, 1741.—First saw Walsall. Thought the people dirty and, particularly the women, very vulgar. Also first saw Birmingham, and thought the inhabitants more civil than I have since found them.

15, 1741.—Traversed the streets of Birmingham the whole day, that I might be master of the geography; not a house stood between St. Philip's and Hockley.

21, 1741.—Saw a running footman, belonging to a gentleman's equipage, pass over the Leen Bridge at

July

Nottingham, and thought him dressed in beautiful style. His cap, black velvet; his jacket, white dimity fringed with black.

26, 1762.—Went from Aston [Derbyshire] to Duffield, with Mrs. Hutton. The day fine. Dined at Mr. Cartwright's on a pudding and shoulder of mutton.

August

2, 1785.—Took a chaise from Buxton to Ashburn, in the evening, to which place I could hardly be said to *travel*, but *fly*, for the post boy took me the twenty miles, chiefly upon the gallop, in two hours.

14, 1769.—Broke open the ground at Bennett's Hill to erect my house. The moment the digger put his spade into the earth he uttered a prayer, contrary to the usual practice of diggers.

26, 1764.—Climbed to the top of Parrott's Observatory in Ladywood Lane; or, rather, the Icknield Street. The prospect beautiful, when the day will admit. This was the only time I saw it.

September

5, 1787.—Made a journey on purpose to see the ancient, famous, and singular city of Dinas Mouthy, which is governed by a Mayor and Aldermen. I counted the houses, which were forty-five. The united property of the inhabitants, I am well informed, does not amount to £240. The keeper of the turnpike is the present Mayor, 1796.

9, 1775.—Went to Wickens to rectify a mistake in building. From thence to Coleshill, to see a general meeting of the most orderly religionists in this island, the Quakers. Were other professors as prudent there would be no need of laws to guide us, but man would be as perfect as human nature would allow. The best reformation is, when a man reforms himself.

September

15, 1765.—Miss Cartwright came upon a visit, which, from her learning, genius, good sense, and amiable manners, we found very agreeable.

18, 1761.—Crossed the Chester Road upon Sutton Coldfield, about two hundred yards from two suspicious persons, upon the full trot, in view of a chaise. It afterwards appeared they were two Highwaymen, who were in quest of this chaise going to the coronation of George the third, which they robbed. I had eighteen guineas about me. They were not taken.

27, 1767.—Heard Divine Service at Hagley Church, with my son and brother. George, Lord Lyttelton, behaved with great devotion. Lord Valentia was exceedingly rude, talked loud across the aisle. Though five feet ten he seemed to merit a rod, as much as a school-boy. We walked in the rain to Birmingham.

29, 1736.—Saw, in All Saints' Church, Derby, the choice of the Mayor. Alderman Bagnol, the declining Mayor, resigned the mace to Alderman Cooper, rising into office. The Common Crier proclaimed the event.

October

5, 1770.—Harangued at the Vestry to my brother Overseers upon the beauties of the Park at Warwick, the curious old armour, the remarkable bridge with one arch, and the Deer which totally forsook its own species, and always herded with the Cows.

7, 1787.—Paid a visit to 'Squire Bracebridge and Mr. Baxter, at Atherstone, to learn particulars relative to the Battle of Bosworth Field, through which Henry's troops marched.

10, 1765.—Miss Cartwright (soon afterwards Mrs. Coltman of Leicester) left us. We parted, as people do who have an attached friendship never likely to decay.

October

16, 1788.—Designed to sleep at Manchester, but to my surprise, we drove about the town, but could procure no accommodation even for *three* people, but were obliged to submit to a fifth rate Tap-house. Wonderful that so large a place should hold out no invitation to the stranger.

17, 1788.—Drove through several streets in Manchester, that my dear love might see the place, being unable to walk. In our way to Buxton, met B. S. Heaton and family.

November

10, 1769.—Watched all night with John Ryland, Esq., he having broken his thigh the 7th. Dr. Parrott remarked "that Sir Lister Holte was not the man he used to be." I was upon the point of asking, but durst not, "If he was one of his body-guards?"

13, 1777.—The Churchwardens of King's Norton applied, and offered me a pew of three sittings in Withall Chapel, then erecting, which should be in the most eligible situation, provided I would pay a guinea. But when they had got the money they placed me in the Stair-hole.

17, 1766.—Was surprised at the sudden death of the Rev. Jervis Wild, a weak and worthy man who had the goodness to sell his own estate to pay his father's debts, while he lived a frugal life upon £35 a year, drawn from a dissenting pulpit.

21, 1766.—Mrs. Humphreys was seized with a hysteric fit at the funeral of Mr. Jervis Wild, who was interred in the Meeting House at Carr's Lane [Birmingham], and though I had some strength, I had not enough to hold a weak woman.

22, 1768.—Went with my son to Erdington to view my new purchase, The Wysons. Observed the planet Venus shine so very bright as to make a shadow of the hand against a post.

December

1, 1784.—Subpœnaed upon Bryan Cornwell's trial; I applied to two Attorneys for advice; then, as is often done, followed my own. Wattell and Peyton drank tea with us that evening.

2, 1784.—Saw Lord Mansfield for the first time. Heard him harangue upon a trial in Westminster Hall. Thought him a master of elocution, and equitable in his decision.

8, 1784.—Samuel Salt, Esq., took me to dine at Kensington with his friend. Part of the company were named Porter, a family I well knew at Derby; another, Caddick, a family I knew in Staffordshire.

9, 1784.—Took a serious walk with Samuel Salt, Esq., about Hyde Park, who observed he had thoughts of matching his daughter to a title.

17, 1762.—Samuel Salt, Esq., supped with me. Among other dishes was pork pie with plums, which he could not relish. We spent the evening together enumerating former transactions.

19, 1769.—Rose early (and the morning being cold put on a great-coat) to take an account of the profit and loss of the year—a practice requisite when a man wishes to pay his way with credit. Affairs are not likely to go well when a man is afraid to look into them. By this practice he knows who cheats him, and what he is cheated of. It also prevents him cheating himself.

In the year 1802 Miss Hutton paid a lengthened visit to Mrs. Coltman, in order to be under the care of Dr. Alexander, the medical adviser of the Coltman family. The following letter, sent to her father, appeared among



Miss Hutton's letters published in 1891. It is reprinted here, as it introduces a branch of the Coltman family, not yet mentioned, who went to America and fought in the War of Independence.

"Leicester, Aug. 27, 1802.

"To-day I have had the honour of putting on a great-coat, once the coat of General Washington, whom I look upon as the greatest man recorded in history. I once hoped Bonaparte would have equalled if not surpassed him; but, when each had made his enemies his footstool, the one displayed moderation, the other ambition. The history of the coat is as follows:—

"A Robert Coltman, grandson of Mr. Coltman's uncle, had a wish to settle in America, and went over to reconnoitre the country. He liked it, and returned to England for his wife and child; but, the American War then breaking out, he again left them behind. It chanced that, in this second voyage, the celebrated Thomas Paine was a passenger in the same vessel; he and Coltman became intimately acquainted; both favoured the cause of the Americans; and it was agreed between them that one should fight for them, and the other should write for them. Arrived in America, Coltman solicited and obtained a commission. He fought till the war was ended, had then a grant of lands on the banks of the Ohio, and sent to England for his wife and son. The wife and her conductor, Mr. Hall, you remember to have seen at our house, with our Mrs. Coltman, before they embarked.

"The acqaintance of Thomas Paine and Robert Coltman did not end with the voyage. Paine was, at one time, an inmate of Coltman's house; and during this time, having visited General Washington, and the evening proving rainy, the General lent him an old great-coat, which he said was not worth returning. The coat remained at Coltman's house. When his wife and Mr. Hall arrived in America, they found that Coltman was dead. Mr. Hall, who had the management of his effects, sent the coat to our Mrs. Coltman's father [Mr. Cartwright], a most stubborn friend of the Americans, as you know, with particular injunctions that, passing Mr. Coltman—who, as you know, took the opposite side, and was forced into many a quarrel against his will—it should, after the death of Mr. Cartwright, descend to John Coltman, his eldest grandson, whose property it now is.

"The coat is of fine, thick, dark-blue cloth, with a dark-blue velvet collar, and was made for a tall man. It is but a blue coat, and a very shabby one, having two large rents in the skirts, and the remains of smaller depredations committed by the moths; yet, I felt more respect for it than I should have done for any imperial, royal, or consular robe in Europe."

The correspondence between Miss Hutton and Miss M. A. Coltman appears to have commenced about the date of the following letter; at least, it is the earliest that has been preserved. Miss Hutton was nineteen years older than her friend, and mention is made of the kind attention she received from Miss M. A. Coltman during her illness.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,
"June 16, 1803.

"My dear Ann,—

"I look upon friends as the third good in life; health and a good conscience, in my estimation, only come before them. I should, therefore, be a most unthrifty master of my substance, if I neglected to cultivate the esteem you have for me. I am labouring by all possible means to regain my health. I have no self-reproaches to prevent my sleep. And shall I not write to my dear Ann Coltman, who writes to me unasked, and does not even ask a return? Especially as friends, in the light I have considered them, are few! They are not the acquaintance who meet round your tea-table; they are often limited to your own family; but surely the woman who attended me in sickness, and silently anticipated my wishes, must be of the number. I admire the talents of your family, but I esteem your hearts much more than your understandings.

"I am still very unwell. At Christmas I had a violent attack with a cold, from which I have never recovered. I have not so much fever as I had at Leicester; but a more decided difficulty of breathing, and am become a very helpless being. I have gained a little strength within these last six weeks by taking bark and steel, stepping now and then into a tub of water of 74 degrees, and going once a week an airing of thirteen miles and back in a stage coach; but I do nothing in the house. I can now bear to be carried from place to place, but I have no motion of my own, farther than our own garden.

"These circumstances, together with my frequently wanting breath for conversation, have hitherto reconciled me to your not making me a visit. But if I have good luck on my journey, a fortnight after I return will be your time. I expect then to have picked up at least some temporary amendment, and do come and help me to enjoy it. If you do not forbid me, by saying you positively cannot come, I will write to you as soon as I am settled at home. We go [to Scarborough] in about five weeks, and shall stay about six.

"My father joins me in best respects to all your family, and sincere wishes to see you here. I am, with great truth,

"Yours affectionately,

"C. HUTTON.

"Make my best acknowledgments to Dr. Alexander for the enquiries he makes after me. I hope he and Mrs. Alexander are well. I shall give your brother this, when I have the pleasure of making his coffee."

The anticipated visit was not paid; rumours had again reached Leicester of the invasion of England by Bonaparte. Every day that saw a French army encamped at Boulogne strengthened the resistance of the English. Bonaparte was, indeed, so certain of success, that he ordered the preparation of a medal falsely stating itself to have been struck in London. A cast of this medal is in the British Museum.

Miss Hutton, writing to Miss M. A. Coltman, Oct. 6, 1803, says:—"If these terrible invaders do come, which God of His infinite mercy prevent, I hope I shall survive it.

I confess to you, though, I would keep my eye upon the fable, and rather try to resemble the willow, that shrank from the storm and was saved, than the oak which braved its fury, and was torn up by the roots. I hope I am not an undutiful or ungrateful daughter to my country; but, between ourselves, I have often thought of another fable, though I do not clearly recollect it. It is something of an ass, who was desired to fight, lest he should be taken by the enemy. He enquired what the enemy would do to him. Why, 'they would load him unmercifully.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will not fight; for I am loaded to the utmost of my strength, and a new master can do no more.' Asses of all countries, and under all governments, must bear burthens, and those who carry them quietly are in less danger than such as kick and wince.

"'*I jest at scars, who never felt a wound.*' I have no husband or brother engaged to advance and meet our foes, or I believe I should view the matter in another light. If you read this to our two Captains, they will think me disaffected. I am not, I only prefer discretion to valour; but I am much obliged to them who do not.

"You ask whether I will be glad to see you when times shall mend, and when you can get the consent of your father and mother, and all your brothers and sisters. My dear Ann, I shall be glad to see you any time. I should be wanting to myself if I were not. If you think this letter saucy, you must lay the fault on Scarborough water. God knows I was humble enough before I went, and may be again. You would not come and see me at my best. Accept the admiration and esteem of

my brother, won by hearing your letters. Our kindest remembrance to your father and mother, and all your family. We hope yet to shake hands with them, when all fear of Bonaparte shall be over.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, May 31, 1804.

"My dear Friend,—

"Your letter found me in a very ill humour; for my father had bought a very fine, promising young horse, which two days after we had him was suspected of the poll evil. It was then just ascertained. He was returned to his former master, and I left to the alternative of obliging my poor old Cobler to drag me to Scarborough, or taking a horse as old, of one of our neighbours, for the journey. Your letter, however, put me in the sweetest temper imaginable. I forgot poll evil, and all other evils in hearing from my friend.

"Here I sit, as you exactly see me, in my quiet seclusion from the world. There sits my maid, tucking a petticoat. Here lie my mantua-making and millinery, and my 'Mille et une Nuits,' which I have not yet finished, but on my sofa sits no Ann Coltman; a loss I felt very severely at first. The charm of society was new and delightful; and the loss in proportion—I could see people, but I cannot mix with them.

"My journey to Scarborough holds fixed for next Friday fortnight, and I am collecting a store of gowns,

caps, and bonnets to last me two or three months, if sea-bathing should agree with me. The young horse with the poll evil is to come back again, and I am to trust to his faculties for my safe conduct. Perhaps you will have the goodness in the course of that time to say something to me at Mrs. Crathorne's, Scarborough. Give my love to all your family, and tell your mother I think myself fortunate in being the friend of two generations. I am better than when you left me; but not so well as in the middle of your stay.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Mrs. Coltman had still the happiness of renewing her health by occasional visits to Matlock, where she drank the waters and took the baths; she used to allude to Matlock waters as waters of Lethe, whereby she lost sight of her bodily ailments; the month of July, 1804, found her here in this pleasant place.

Letter from Mr. Coltman to Mrs. Coltman while at Matlock.

"My dear Wife,—

"How happy it is for us all that *bathing* in the waters of Lethe, and drinking them, produce such different effects; as the former has so much invigorated your body and mind, while the latter might have proved fatal, if any credit is to be given to the poets.

"So it seems that you are like the sun in its meridian splendour; you diffuse a lustre and a benign influence all around you; but what's the reason you cannot communicate a little more of this enlivening spirit to your daughter?

She complains that her powers seem to be locked up or frozen. Well, I hope she will be like the rosebud, that will by and by expand into the full-blown flower; though, I own, there is something charming in the rosebud, which flatters us with the promise of some future unknown *good*, whereas the full-blown presents all its virtues, without feeding our future expectations. I think if I were a poet, I could make something of this idea, but my talents don't lie in that way, and to contend against nature and genius is not the way to prosper. I think it is Horace who says—

"'Poeta nascitur, non fit;'

the meaning of which you understand, though perhaps not the words, which of the two are the least importance.

"If you should return to be as *old* as I am, you will find old age to be one of the ingredients that embitters life; it is this that withholds me from flying to the place of your abode, and partaking of your recreations, and it is this that reminds me how few are the comforts of existence that remain to us in this state. Oh! that we may look forward with a well-grounded hope of superior enjoyment, that will never cease nor decay. I am,

"Yours most affectionately,

"Leicester, "JOHN COLTMAN.

"July, 1804."

Letter from Mrs. Coltman to her daughter, Mary Ann Coltman, who was staying at Bonsall, near Matlock, for her health. The letter is undated, but no doubt it belongs to the year 1804:—

"My dear Ann,—

"I am afraid this rainy weather will not suit thy constitution, but I also fear there are many sufferers besides thee. It seems to me that Providence often withdraws the kindly influence of the seasons, to show us what dependent creatures we are. Can we cause corn to grow? or ripen? or dry it fit to lay by? And yet which of us is duly mindful of that Great Being who gives us all? It seems to me a dictate of natural religion to build altars in high places; does not pure air and sublimity of prospect prepare the mind for devotion? At least, it has that effect upon me; I therefore hope, though the situation is sequestered, yet that thou wilt have some of the best company, as friend Scott intimated—

"'Our reason guardian angel,
And our God then nearest thee,
When others most remote.'

"The doctor lays great stress on drinking the Matlock waters, while you stay, as much as possible. Pray take care to get all you can, for the doctor talks of sending thee to Bristol, and I fear we have already spent most of our travelling money; besides, we shall all want thee at home again, if this rainy weather continues. Perhaps thou might be as well at Duffield for a time, but thou art the best judge; we would not have thee leave Bonsall while any benefit can be derived by thy staying there. I send thee herewith a paper of Mr. —'s, thou may show it to Mr. Greville, or read it to Mr. Gifford. And so war is now

likely to take a wider range than this little island; if we are truly benevolent, we should rather mourn than rejoice.

"Miss Gifford would be glad of some Grass of Parnassus, or any other stronger mountain plants, that would live in her plantation; it seems at present her little favourite hobby. Poor puss died last week; few cats ever led a more inoffensive life, or died an easier death. One of the Mrs. Askews has departed this life, for it was so sudden and so calm, it could hardly be called dying.

"One circumstance I must not omit; it gave me pleasure for a whole day, for it proves that disinterested benevolence is not quite extinct. A five pound note was put into a little hole in Mr. Dalby's* window, by some unknown hand; it calls to mind a verse of Shenstone's:—

"'And oh! the joy to them, the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush, to give unseen;
Like flowers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the lowly vales with green.'

"We have a new gilt weathercock, and there are to be four little turrets instead of a steeple, and this instant they are carrying up the clock, new painted and gilded, and the old church† is to have a clean white surplice on. I have enclosed three pound notes. Farewell."

* A respectable man known to be in distress, but to whom charity could not be offered; the donor was afterwards known to be Mrs. Brewin.

† St. Nicholas, whose once beautiful spire had been struck by lightning. The white surplice, no doubt, was whitewash, with which many churches of the Georgian period were disfigured.

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Jan. 26, 1805.

"Dear Ann,—

"I had a great many things to say to you, but they are gone. But I would not have you believe that time, which has carried them away, has at all diminished the regard that would have dictated them. I have thought of writing to you every day for a long time; but an opportunity of sending a few words, which will cost you nothing, fixes me to the present moment.

"I have had one ill fit this winter; but of short duration. On the whole I am better, and begin to have hopes—hopes that I entertained twenty years ago—that by the time I am seventy, I may enjoy a tolerable state of health.

"I am engaged in two grand pursuits, buying land and making a book. I, who could never call more of this earth my own than would pot a geranium, have bargained for sixty acres, arable, meadow, and pasture, hop ground and orchard. Have written all the letters myself; would have gone to see it myself, but my father was kind enough to do that for me, and it was well he did, for it lies upon the worst road in the county of Hereford, famous for its bad ones.

"My book, by the assistance of my cousin, Sam Hutton, who makes drawings for me, will be a regular succession of English dresses—the only one in the world—from the Britons, who went almost naked, to the ladies of the present day, who fall little short of them in that

particular ; with observations and illustrations by your affectionate friend, Catherine Hutton. Mind, I do not mean this for the end of my letter. The most important part is to come. Will you come to see us? We jointly and severally wish it ; and by this token, that we all three said so to each other two nights ago, by our fireside. If you *can* come this year, do; if you cannot, I would say you *shall* come the next, if I was sure of being minded.

"Be so good as mention me to Miss Gifford, when you write, and thank her for staying at home to receive me. When I passed her house I was very unwell, from having been lodged in a room where I could not breathe. My father and brother desire to be kindly remembered to you.

"Ever yours,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

The book mentioned in the last letter, upon which Miss Hutton was engaged, expanded into a very important work, occupying eight folio volumes, and was considered in her time to be unique. For a full description of this work, see the "Reminiscences of a Gentlewoman, Letters of Catherine Hutton," page 214.

In March, 1806, Mrs. Heyrick was in Birmingham, on a visit to Mr. Charles Lloyd, at Bingley House. Mr. Lloyd, who married Mary, the only daughter of James Farmer, Esq., of Leicester, was a distinguished member of the Society of Friends. The site of Bingley House is now occupied by Bingley Hall, where some of our great political meetings are held. While staying at Mr. Lloyd's, Mrs. Heyrick paid a visit to her friend Miss Hutton, who,

writing to Miss M. A. Coltman, March 30th, 1806, says:—

"Mrs. Heyrick will have told you that I have lost a tooth, and gained ten years in my looks, since she saw me last. I rejoice to see her look so well. It requires no strength of imagination to fancy her Bess Coltman still.

"My father brings this. Thank you all for the joy you express at the thoughts of seeing him. You will find time has committed some depredation on him. I told Mrs. Heyrick the greatest kindness you could show him would be to let him depart unnoticed at his own hour in the morning. Old people cannot easily be put out of their way; and he, above all, always has his way.

"Elizabeth [Mrs. Heyrick] was not fortunate enough to have an opportunity of criticising my brother's prints.* He was too polite to offer; and she too well bred to ask to look at them. I wish I had been there, I would have settled the point in a moment.

"I will fancy myself among you on Tuesday night, and beg you will think of

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Letter from William Hutton, historian of Birmingham, to Miss M. A. Coltman, who was staying at Mr. Lakin's, Hall End, Tamworth:—

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"June 6, 1806.

"My dear Girl,—

"We have this hour received thine of the 27th, after a lapse of ten days.

* Mr. Thomas Hutton had a fine collection of old engravings.

"Should you travel twenty miles south you will meet with two people who will receive you with open arms, a smile, and a kiss, who have no doubt of enjoying more pleasure in your company than when here last, because your health is better established.

"Poor Catherine has enlisted my pen, having some days ago strained her shoulder, and is deprived of the use of her right arm.

"We are, thine sincerely,

"W. AND C. HUTTON."

Forty-two years had now rolled over the wedded life of John and Elizabeth Coltman, when, early in the year 1808, it pleased God to remove to Himself the husband who had been loved so long and so well. The event is thus recorded in the diary of his elder daughter:—"Our beloved and revered father has been taken from us, and the tender mercies of our Heavenly Parent were sweetly apparent to us all, in this painful trial. In the concluding part of his painful illness, he had the consolation of hoping that the everlasting arms were underneath him. He expressed, with the most affecting tenderness, the hope that he might be permitted to watch over us in another state of existence."

And his younger daughter committed to paper the following memoranda respecting him:—

"Monday morning, Feb. 15, 1808, our dear father departed this life; having attained his eighty-first year on the 20th Dec., 1807. For two months previous to his last attack, he endured the most acute pain from the stone,

with the fortitude becoming a man and a Christian. During the whole of his illness, his excess of attention to the comforts of those around him was so great that no suffering could induce him to break in upon the slumbers of those in health; he used to say that no human being could relieve him, and that it would be a considerable addition to his sufferings to think he was in any way the cause of it to others; on this account he resisted all our entreaties to allow some one to sit up in his bedroom, till he was absolutely incapable of moving about without assistance.

". . . . The almost constant attendance of my two brothers, my sister, and myself, in his chamber, when it was our office to anticipate every want, and to administer every comfort in our power, during the last two weeks of his life, has left a most grateful impression on all our minds; and an assurance of the happy change which took place in our father's views respecting futurity afforded a consolation and support to our beloved mother which appeared supernatural.

" From his preceptor, the Rev. John Aiken, for whom my father felt a filial affection, he imbibed a taste for classical learning, as well as the nicest moral sense. I think I have heard him say that he was nineteen before he entered into business, for which he never had much fitness nor inclination, always preferring the pursuits of literature to worldly acquisitions. In all his intercourse with society he preserved an exemplary sense of honour, integrity, kindness, and liberality, being disposed to give up more to others than he expected in return."

The following brief sketch, from the pen of the Rev. C. Berry (Unitarian Minister), is transcribed from the *Leicester Journal* of February 19th, 1808 :—

"Died on Monday last, aged 81, John Coltman, of St. Nicholas St. His unsullied integrity, enlightened candour, and warm philanthropy, have left indelible impressions of esteem and regret among the few friends with whom his modest and secluded habits permitted him to associate. He bore a very painful disorder with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation, and his whole life afforded (particularly towards its close) a striking illustration of the power of genuine Christianity."

Sir William Heygate, who, like Miss Hutton, was a life-long friend of the family, contributed the following to the "Gentleman's Magazine," from which it is copied :—

"15th. Died in St. Nicholas Street, Leicester, in his 81st year, John Coltman.

"By his death the town of Leicester has lost one of its principal literary ornaments, and society has been deprived of a most valuable member, whether we consider him as a scholar of profound learning, as an antiquary of considerable research, or as a man and a Christian, distinguished by his simplicity, his candour, his humanity, his love of truth, and his attachment to the genuine principles of civil and religious liberty.

"Nature had cast him in no ordinary mould, and given him no common talents. He was a striking instance of the elevation and triumph of native genius above the adventitious circumstances of fortune and situation.



"Engaged in trade, and placed in a town more remarkable for its manufactures than for its learning, he might have trod the common path of thousands, who have lived, grown rich, and died forgotten; such men are necessary to maintain the state of the world, but of such men Mr. Coltman was not one.

"Not assimilating with the maxims or the spirit of trade, he neither followed the one nor imbibed the other. Hence, when his warehouse required his presence, he was more frequently to be found in his study, raised above the world by a contemplation of the works of Nature and Providence, or by a perusal of the writings of the poets and orators of Greece and Rome. Absorbed in disquisitions which, whilst they exercised all the high powers of the mind, afforded to him a pure and unmixed delight, his spirit could not stoop to the petty cares, anxieties, and pursuits of ordinary men. His circumstances were easy, and riches were never the object of his desire. He was, therefore, but little known, and was generally looked upon as a man of eccentric character, destitute of the knowledge of common life.

"But if to live be to exercise the faculties of thought and reason, and to employ all the intellectual powers with which we are endowed, and not merely to eat and to drink, and to labour, then, indeed, he knew how to live in a superior degree to most of his contemporaries; for few men were ever blessed with so clear a perception, and so exquisite a relish for the sublime and beautiful, or with so much time and leisure to indulge his favourite tastes, to the latest period of a long life.

"The study of the ancient classics, and of the antiquities of his country, were so much his favourite objects as to justify a hope that he might have left behind him some writings on those subjects in a state to be given to the world. To those who knew him best, this slight tribute of respect from one who honoured him while living, and laments him now that he is no more, will not be unacceptable; and, to those who knew him not, it will convey a faint sketch of one of the most ingenuous, unassuming, amiable of mankind."

This account of Mr. Coltman also appears in that grand work "Nichols' Leicestershire;" there is also in the same work a description of Mr. Coltman's collection of Roman coins, with engravings of some of them.

To Miss M. A. Coltman from Catherine Hutton.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Feb. 24th, 1808.

"My dear Ann,—

"I am at a loss how to address you on the occasion of the death of our highly-valued friend, your father, and still less can I be silent. To offer you consolation would be to 'Charm ache with air, and agony with words.' Your loss is great, your grief is natural, and therefore just; and time, that never-failing soother of all woes, can only be your physician. I have no doubt your mother will derive her best support from her religion; her steady and ardent trust in God. For my own part, I could always argue excellently against sorrow. I could convince myself that life was short, and that, consequently, sorrow

could not be long. That good was sure to come out of evil. And, lastly, that the thing I was deploring might possibly not be an evil. But one little circumstance I never could avoid; that in the midst of my reasonings my health gave way, and that after the cause was forgotten the effect remained.

"May you, who are so like me in many things, not resemble me in this. I should counsel you all three to inure yourselves at once to the sight of everything that can call to remembrance your loss, and when time has rendered them so familiar that the second shock will not be so dreadful, to quit the scene.

"My father desires me to assure you that we both sincerely sympathise with you, and ourselves mourn the loss of our friend, and when it is not painful to you to take up a pen, we should be glad to be informed of the particulars of his illness and death, and of the health and situation of yourself and family.

"I wrote you a long letter from Coatham, describing that place and the roads to it, hoping it might induce Miss Gifford and you to join me; but whether it reached you I do not know, for to this hour I have never heard from you. I heard of you, little to my satisfaction; for I was told you had not received that benefit from your journey that I doubted not sea-air and sea-bathing would bestow.

"For myself, I got better at Coatham, and so have remained ever since, till these two last days. But I cannot conceal from myself, though I do from my friends, that while my general health has been in some respects amended, I think an asthma is taking faster hold of my lungs.

"Farewell, my dear friend. My father and brother join me in respects and condolence to you all, and in wishes for the speedy restoration of your health and peace.

"Yours affectionately,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

After this bereavement, Mrs. Coltman and "Nancy" [Mary Ann Coltman] went to reside with Mrs. Heyrick at Bow Bridge House. Of Mrs. Coltman's feelings during this period of suffering we have no record; they were probably too sacred to pass beyond the limits of her own heart; not until four months after do we find her pen resuming its office, in a letter to her friend, Miss Gifford :—

"My dear Madam,—

"I take this first opportunity to tell you that we have survived the dreaded breaking-up of housekeeping. 'Tis true we have been obliged to condense our furniture into less room than I could have wished, and to leave some things behind that I wished to keep, but having been enabled to give up my better half to that world where my best hopes are centred, I have learned to consider the rest of very little consequence. I have good hope, also, that my children will keep a conscience void of offence, etc.

"What more can I wish for? Health, too, says selfishness—and in pursuit of that, three of them are out upon a very long journey. John has been for some time a patient of Dr. Alexander's; he is now much better, but the doctor tells him that if he does not recover his health before winter he fears he never will, and wishes him to

stay two or three months at the coast, and to attend to nothing else. Fortunately, there is very little business now to attend to, trade has seldom been so bad; but they have neighbours' fare. He, his wife, two children, and nurse are gone to Barmouth in North Wales. Elizabeth also, who has been lately a patient of the doctor's, is advised to the sea, and being invited about half way has accepted, and Nancy is gone with her, who was also invited.

"I hope to hear of them soon, and if they go on to Barmouth, Miss Coltman wishes to join them; I and they all thank you for your kind invitation, but my travelling at present is quite out of the question; I now want rest and quiet, and, I thank my Heavenly Father, I have at last found both with my very kind son and daughter Sam; they have lately removed to a still pleasanter house, in the midst of a garden, where Sam spends much of his time; we have also bees and chickens, and are as much out of town as if in a village. Bow Bridge is now shut up, and Mary is gone to see friends; but alas! she will only stay with us till Mich'mas, for she is going to be married, and where we are to get another Mary I know not. Our furniture which we cannot take is now sold out, and other people are coming in to-morrow—the fashion of this world is passing away. Farewell; son and daughter join in best respects to you and Miss Dyke. What remains of me is still as usual.

"Yours most sincerely,

"E. COLTMAN."

To Miss M. A. Coltman from Catherine Hutton.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"May 2nd, 1808.

"Thank you for your purse, my dear Ann. I am afraid I shall prize it too highly to put money in it. My father is not quite well. A fatiguing journey into Herefordshire, in very bad weather, about a month ago, was too much for him; he has not recovered it. On the whole, his strength declines. We must submit to it at eighty-five.

"My Hamlet is gone. Drowned by my orders. I cannot tell you the particulars. I wept for him six days, and made myself ill.

"God bless you both, my dear friends. May you and Mrs. Heyrick pass many happy years in each other's society. Tell her I have read Clarkson, and am almost become a Quaker.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

The dog Hamlet, mentioned in this letter, was one of two Dane dogs, given to William Hutton by Mr. Galton, of Duddeston Hall, near Birmingham. The portrait of this dog appears in the frontispiece to Llewellynn Jewitt's life of the historian. Dane dogs were, many years ago, trained to run after gentlemen's carriages.

Duddeston Hall is one of the very few gentlemen's houses still standing in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, but how changed are its surroundings! The mansion stood originally on a part of the Holte estate, in a beautiful valley, with a view of Erdington Hall, etc. In

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's memoirs there is a delightful account of Duddeston, as it appeared in her grandfather, Mr. Galton's time; she describes the beautiful lake of five acres, the leaping fish, the fine willows, the swans, and all kinds of foreign water fowl.

The Manor House, on the same estate, has long since disappeared; its foundations declared its former grandeur. This mansion was for many generations the residence of the Holte family, but in the middle of the 18th century this place was converted into public gardens, and called by the London name of Vauxhall. It will be remembered that Vauxhall was the only place in Birmingham where the Hutton family could find a shelter after the riots of 1791. Vauxhall has now quite disappeared, and in its place are lines of railway and streets of houses.

William Hutton, in his "History of Birmingham," says:—"Four furlongs north-east of Birmingham is Duddeston (Dud's Town), from Dud, the Saxon proprietor, Lord Dudley, who probably had a seat here. Duddeston afterwards descended to the Paganalls, the Someris, the Bottetouts, and was, in 1323, enjoyed by Joan Bottetout, lady of Weoley Castle, a daughter of the house of Someri. Sir Thomas de Erdington held it of this lady, by a chief rent, which was a pair of gilt spurs, or sixpence, at the option of the tenant. In 1363 it became the property of John -atte-Holte, and his successors made it their residence till the erection of Aston Hall, in the reign of James the First."

From Mrs. Coltman to Miss Gifford.

"Sept. 3, 1809.

"My dear Madam,—

". And now I must tell you that I have lately had the honour or impertinence, I don't know which you will call it, to introduce myself into the company of the greatest man in the kingdom, at least in my opinion. If you read the 'Monthly Review,' I think for April, you will quickly guess who I mean—even Clarkson, the principal agent in abolishing slavery in Africa.

"Deaf as I am, I had yet an hour of delightful conversation with him, and a hearty shake of the hand. Reading his book on 'The Abolition of the Slave Trade,' put me into better humour with a part of human nature than anything I have read for a long time. If you are wishing for something to enliven the long winter evenings, I advise you to read it.

"E. COLTMAN."

On the same sheet Mrs. Heyrick writes:—

"Our precious mother you will never see again, except it be at Leicester; but she has so wonderfully revived since this letter was begun, that I have no doubt you would have a great deal of mutual pleasure in meeting."

Mrs. Coltman was now, at the age of seventy-two, feeling some of the encroachments of time, but retaining much sprightliness and activity. The last of her letters which has been preserved is in the hand-writing partly of herself and partly of Mrs. Heyrick, and is addressed to her daughter, Mary Ann Coltman, who was on a visit to "The Firs," near Derby.

"Leicester, 1810.

"Dear Ann,—

"Thine arrived last night, but the weather is cold and I am sleepy, so I shall get Bess to take the pen and become my amanuensis. Thou hast been so long getting from home, that I wish thee to take thine own time about returning, for I don't know when I have been better than I am now; altogether they take very good care of me. Daughter Sam comes often, and Miss Lakin often, to sit with me, and daughter Susan [Miss Watts] is also very kind; to-day she is not at home, but thy letter is left for her to read."

The last two sentences are by Mrs. Heyrick; now Mrs. Coltman takes the pen. "Sam called as he came from Meeting; said Mr. Hall [Rev. Robert Hall] exerted more than his usual energy in exposing the various excuses that were made to the Invitation to the Marriage Feast; he said that he perceived tears in the eyes of both preacher and hearers. Said that Mr. Hall penetrated to the centre of his subject, while most speakers played only with its surface. Remember me very kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington." Mrs. Heyrick resumes:—"I am afraid, my dear, thou wilt be unable to read what mother has written, but she says she can do no better. Sam's remark about Hall was, that he alone distributed the kernel among his hearers, other preachers only presented them with the shells.

"We want to know what sort of pain you found in the cup of intoxication; had I been there, I should have drunk much more deeply of it than you did. [Probably

referring to the singing of Madame Catalani]. Madame Catalani is to put the Leicester people into ecstacies to-night. If your conversational talents are not justly appreciated, your writing ones are extolled on all hands. We shall all rejoice to have thee at home again.

" Your loving sister,

" HEYRICK."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Miss M. A. Coltman to a friend, in which she describes her mother's last appearance in company:—

" I told you that my mother had had the fever, but when I last wrote, I think we considered her almost as well as usual. On the 13th of Dec. [1810] she was so comfortable as to propose dining at my brother Sam's (all visitors being forbidden to approach Bow Bridge on account of the fever), as Miss Gifford and Miss Wollaston were spending two days there, on their return from Ramsgate. A party of friends were assembled, and I was told that my mother appeared the life of the company; she took a large share in the conversation, and discovered more animation and vivacity than any one present. At night she returned, and did not appear in any way the worse for the visit; she pleased herself with the idea of having done some good, as well as given pleasure to an old friend, as her harangue in favour of the Bible Society had induced three of the party to become subscribers to what she thought a very important and useful institution."

At length she who had been so loved and admired, whose life had been spent so usefully, and who was so justly endeared to her family and friends, was summoned to her

heavenly home early in the year 1811. Her daughter, Mrs Heyrick, has the following notice of this solemn event in her diary:—

"1811. Bow Bridge House.—On the 21st January, 1811, between two and three in the morning, the spirit of our dear mother took wing for that world where her hopes and affections had long been fixed, and for which divine grace appeared to have sweetly prepared her. Her pure spirit quitted the body without any apparent pain or uneasiness—'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the *end* of that man is peace.' Much evidence of the Divine goodness to *us*, as well as towards our dear mother, has appeared throughout this trial. The very affecting and impressing scene which preceded my mother's death has been the means of leading two of her children to seek, with increased earnestness, 'the one thing needful,' and has drawn their affections more closely to the God of all grace and of all consolation, who was her strength and her joy when all earthly supports failed her."

Miss M. A. Coltman wrote a more detailed account of her mother's last days in a letter to her friend, Mrs. Pilkington, of The Firs, Derby.

The mortal remains of Mrs. Coltman were committed to their last rest by the Rev. Robert Hall, who delivered an address at the grave, January 25, 1811.

Mr. and Mrs. Coltman, of St. Nicholas Street Leicester, with their young son, Rowland, were buried in Friar Lane Chapelyard* with their ancestors.

* Friar Lane Baptist Chapel dates back to the Commonwealth.

Letter from Ann Lakin to Miss M. A. Coltman, after the death of Mrs. Coltman.

"Hall End, Tamworth,

"Feb. 7, 1811.

"I have been very anxious, my dear Ann, to know how you are, but hitherto have not ventured to ask, lest I might intrude upon your sorrows. I feel how little friendship has to offer while the heart is so deeply wounded—God only can console. Yet, this is an event, Ann, that one could not look at your dear mother without perceiving how soon it must arrive—her feeble frame has been upheld most wonderfully.

"'Tis a sad parting for you all, but how sweetly may you rest upon the memory of such a parent; her bright image will dwell among you, and with that of your dear father's be the monitors of your lives.

"How few has it pleased God to bless with such parents as yours, and your grateful heart, my dear Ann, will rest on what was given—and now is taken away—remember they are gone to heaven. When you can write I shall be most thankful to receive your letters; it may be some comfort to tell me what has passed, but let your feelings dictate. I am most concerned about your health; I know it will suffer, and I fear you will not remember how much care it requires. I most sincerely wish that I could see you, and hear all you have to say; I hope it will not be long before we meet—it need not be I am sure.

"How is your dear sister Heyrick? She is less able than usual to bear her trouble from the weakness she must

have felt after such an illness. Your excellent brother Sam, and my kind friend his wife, I should be very glad to hear of. Look round the world, Ann, and see where there can be found a family so much what they should be as your own; comforts are still around you, and soon I hope you will be able to see them all. May God bless you; believe me ever your sincere and affectionate friend,

"ANN LAKIN."

The following appeared in the "Monthly Magazine," from the pen of Miss Hutton:—

"Died Jan. 21st, aged 74, Elizabeth, relict of the late Mr. John Coltman, of St. Nicholas St., Leicester, a woman of uncommon genius and taste, though they have been buried in private life. At a very early age her talents procured her the personal acquaintance of Shenstone, Dodsley, and Spence. Dodsley thought a landscape* of hers, cut with a pair of scissors out of writing paper, so extraordinary that he caused it to be presented to Her Majesty. Spence bequeathed her all his prints; some of them, which he had himself collected in Italy, very valuable. Born with endowments that might have distinguished her from the rest of her sex, and qualified her to shine either in a literary circle, or an exhibition of painters, Mrs. Coltman devoted her whole time, after her marriage, to the service of her Maker, the duties of her family, and the mitigation of distress in those around her. It is believed

* I have seen, in the Hutton Library, a specimen of Mrs. Coltman's cut paper landscapes; it is truly wonderfully well done, and looks more like fine lace than paper.—C. H. B.

by the writer of this article, who has known her intimately from twenty-six years of age, that she never undertook anything in which she did not excel. In the several relations of daughter, wife, and mother, her conduct was exemplary. Two sons and two daughters, who inherit a great portion of their mother's virtues and talents, together with their father's, will bear witness in their hearts to this testimony of a friend."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill nr. Birmingham,

"Nov. 23, 1811.

"My dear Ann,—

"You tell me I shall not forget the descendants of your parents. Indeed, I will not. I am fully aware of the value of an old friend, and if I were not, where shall I find such as them or you. I have not forgotten either that I have been six months a letter in your debt, and for the last two I have been debating whether I should write to you now, or defer it till Christmas, when your brother, perhaps, might take it free of expense. Indolence and economy, I believe, would have prevailed; but your unmerited kindness will now cost you sixpence.

"I have suffered much since I saw Mrs. Heyrick. The two hours she spent with me I shall never forget. Such an open, unreserved communication of each other's thoughts was new and most delightful to me. She laid aside the Quaker, and while I admired Mrs. Heyrick, I saw and loved Bess Coltman. I am much better, but my voice is weak, my utterance com-

paratively slow, and when I read aloud, which I frequently do between tea and supper, for half an hour, I constantly make stops where the printer never intended them. My song and my guitar would be, what you call them, a treat to my father; but they are not in my power to bestow. Among the ravages time has committed, he has carried away all my upper front teeth, which I am very angry at him for, as it destroys the beauty and in great part the usefulness of my mouth. It is an inconvenience which must be felt to be known." Miss Hutton in the same letter goes on to speak of her father. She says:—"My father rises at seven, dresses with difficulty. . . . He takes his hat and gloves, and now his stick, and bending and almost tottering under the weight of eighty-eight years, he walks to Birmingham. About four o'clock I see him coming up the road with a short step. He is generally a little fatigued; sometimes very much. After emptying his pockets of newspapers and play bills, and sometimes of money, if there is a little sunshine left, he reads, which is now a work of great difficulty in a good light, and by an indifferent one, or by candle light, impossible. When he cannot see to read, he drops into a quiet sleep for half an hour, and awakes very much refreshed. My brother drinks tea with us, and while he is here there is generally some conversation; but neither my father nor I have strength or spirits to make talk, but we have the satisfaction of being near each other. On the 27th of October my father walked ten miles, and last Sunday he walked twelve. He has neither sickness nor pain, except sometimes rheumatism in his back. He is fat, eats well, and

sleeps tolerably, and is never out of humour. His increase in bulk at his age is very surprising. I know by experience that it is very unpleasant to become heavier as one's strength becomes less, and I see by him that age has much to suffer, even without pain.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,
"July 26, 1812.

"My dear Friend,—

". The bookseller in London having returned the first volume of 'Oakwood Hall' [one of Miss Hutton's novels], which is already printed, I send it for your and Mrs. Heyrick's perusal—happy that I can so far gratify your curiosity—but it is on the following conditions: That you do not shew, or speak of it to any living soul; that you take great care of it; and that you return it by Miss Gibbins at Christmas.

"I am frightened at your expenditure exceeding your income. Think, my dear friend; you have trusted to the opinions of others, rather than your own; what would your mother have said upon such a subject? Your mother, who practised economy as the first of the virtues, and whose family owe their present independence to it! But you need not think of your mother; your own reflection will be sufficient. I know it was in a good cause; both medicines and change of air were necessary for you; but do not spend an avoidable sixpence till you have got it up again. Pray what has become of the money Mrs. Heyrick laid out



at Bow Bridge? Love to her, and may she meditate on the word *economy* as well as her sister. Accept all our affectionate regards, and believe me,

"Truly yours,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"May 24, 1813.

"My dear Ann,—

"I mentioned to Mrs. Heyrick that I had completed a second novel, which I called the 'Miser Married.' In the sixteen days I was in London, Messrs. Longman and Co. received it at my hands; put it into those of a literary friend, who read and approved it; agreed with me on the terms of publication, and got it printed. I corrected all the proof sheets during my stay, except the two last of the second volume, in which I observe two blunders.

"All this business, together with the incessant conversation of a boarding-house, has proved too much for me. I was very unwell in London, and worse on my journey home; I fear I shall not soon recover it. My 'Miser' kisses your hands I beg you will receive him as a token of my long and sincere friendship for you. I have brought down the second volume of 'Oakwood Hall;' but I think it a pity to send it, as I have not the third, and cannot have it till next year. All secrecy on that subject is now at an end, as I have been obliged to put my name in the title-page of my 'Miser Married.' The horror I feel at publicly owning

my compositions is extreme. I have one comfort, however, and that only could have induced me to comply. I do not see the world, and cannot hear it. I shall only be made acquainted with its opinions at second hand. Love to Mrs. Heyrick.

"Yours very sincerely,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman, who was staying at Green Gate, Bridgend, Glamorganshire. The postage of this letter is marked tenpence.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Oct. 3, 1813.

"My dear Ann,—

"Malvern has put me into one of my best fits, and I shall be most happy to see you. Come when it suits you, and without notice, and I will order a pudding in the oven for you immediately [M. A. Coltman was a vegetarian].

"And so, my dear Anne, you are not happy in Wales! Be assured that happiness is neither in Wales nor in England, on mountains or on plains. It is independent of situation, except so far as situation influences health. It is in the mind. I could not fancy myself happy in a close, dark room; but, give me light and good air, and perch me on a mountain, or place me in a level road; give me a dirty cottage (so I had a broom in my hand), or a mansion in a park; and I would be happy, in spite of local circumstances. I own I heard with astonishment that you had pitched upon Chepstow Castle as a place to be happy in. Accommodating as my mind is to situation, I almost shuddered at the thoughts of it as a residence. Perhaps

this may in part be owing to an association of ideas unknown to you. I found it inhabited by an unfortunate maniac.

"I have seen Bridgend, though I have not been at it, having travelled from Pyle to Cowbridge. It overlooks the upper end of a most luxuriant vale, beginning at the ruined monastery of Ewenny, just below, and continuing to Cardiff. It is not romantic; but it is beautiful and highly cultivated. Its boundaries are neither rocks nor mountains; but on your side the hills bear a near relation to mountains, and on the opposite they are fertile and well inhabited. You should by all means go to Cowbridge, and from thence to Cardiff. The country and the views are divine—if anything earthly can be termed so; and the white cottages, with their creeping woodbines, are truly picturesque without, however dirty they may be within. There is a stage coach, if not two, that passes you from Swansea, and, I believe, would set you down at Gloucester, from whence there are coaches to Birmingham every day. I mention this if you are coming home alone, and do not choose the expense of a post-chaise.

"My route last year was Worcester, Bromyard, Leominster, The Hay, Brecon, Neath, Swansea; Neath, Pyle, Cowbridge, Cardiff, Newport, Chepstow, Nuneham, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester again. But, my dear Ann, now you are settled in a cottage: if Miss Ann Lakin is not yet returning, and if you can find health, and some degree of comfort, make shift without happiness, and leave a little more of your 'cambric paper' in Glamorganshire. Of this, however, you must judge for yourself.

"My brother told me you expressed some fears of having done wrong in speaking so freely of my 'Miser Married.' Just the reverse. I consider it the truest friendship; and what is more, I think you pretty much in the right. I almost filled a sheet of paper to you on the subject, as soon as I received your criticisms; which would have been sent to you now, with a few additions, had I not hoped for the pleasure of seeing you soon; so you will have these words for your tenpence, and those for nothing.

"Had I gone into Glamorganshire, I should have provided myself with knitting needles, sewing needles, and needles of all sorts and sizes; to these I should have added various kinds of writing paper, and one pen; I should then have bid defiance to *ennui*. You are farther armed with pencils, and a good pair of legs; yet you suffer the monster to overcome you. May Welsh air prove an antidote. I am sorry you were not with me at Malvern. You would have enjoyed it, if you could have reconciled yourself to the fashions of this world. I think it has everything to recommend it, but one—it is extravagantly dear.

"My father, brother, and Mrs. Hutton send their regards. The two first promise themselves much pleasure in seeing an old friend, as well as

"Your faithful and affectionate,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Letter from Susanna Watts to Miss M. A. Coltman.

Miss Watts was a lady well known in Leicester for her benevolent disposition, as well as literary attainments. She translated "Tasso" from the Italian, founded the "Old

Age Society," and was admired and loved by the Coltman family. Miss Watts was in early life left in very limited circumstances; she was in no way related to the Coltmans, but their continual kindness was an unfailing source of comfort to her, extending over a period of nearly sixty years. Miss Watts is mentioned in the letters as Sister Susan. Yoxall Lodge was the residence of the Rev. T. Gisborne.

"Yoxall Lodge, Dec. 16, 1814.

"My dear Sister Ann,—

"It is not more strange than true that I am here, and finding pen and ink in my room, for the sake of writing to you from Needwood Forest, I have begun to do so (tho' perhaps this letter may be finished at Burton), for the purpose of telling you when I shall once more see you. Your letter was worth a thousand pounds, but I don't like your account of Mrs. Alexander; I am very anxious about the knee.

"I was for setting off homeward, but nothing would satisfy Miss Greatorex but bringing me hither with her, which she did yesterday, and we were alarmed lest the chaise should be blown over, for there was a perfect tornado in Needwood Forest. Tell your sister I like Mrs. Gisborne very much; I like all the family. Miss Lydia, who is all animation, has just been taking me round the grounds. What remains of the forest round the house is very delightful, but I was out of all patience that some more of the venerable foresters were not left; some there are with their foretops bald with dry antiquity, which Mrs. Alexander would almost worship. Here is a library full

of books, but my head aches so I cannot read with pleasure. Oh! that I had a new head, or that I could manage my old one better, which I am resolved I will try to do.

"Here are books, and pictures, and music, and dry gravel walks, a fine large mansion, and good hearts within it, and my stupid head cannot feel as it ought; that is, it cannot *worthily* enjoy all these good things; but as you say, let us do all we can—angels can do no more. Tell the doctor [Alexander] there has been a sad accident at Burton, with the gas that lights the cotton mill. A candle, by some inadvertency, came in contact with the gas, and the meter—a vast iron reservoir—blew up with a tremendous explosion; one poor man was killed. There is a great alarm about thieves; at Lichfield they say people dare not go out after dark; Derby and Nottingham are also in alarm.

"There is Mrs. Gisborne tapping at my door, desiring me to take any book I like into my room; she is most kind, and takes especial care of me because of my cough. She has this moment sent the housekeeper with new pens (having seen me writing) and abundance of paper, so I will look among the books, and if I find anything worth noting for Mrs. Alexander I can come and note it down. I have a great room, and a good fire; don't imagine I shall take pains to write well with my new pens, for *I will not.*

"Monday, Dec. 19.—I am strongly inclined, my dear Sister Ann, to send off this letter by Lichfield, for I comfort myself with thinking that you will all want to know something about me; and here I am in the midst of the forest and nobody knows it, and I cannot discover

when we are to return. I will get home by Christmas, if possible. Pray be so kind as to tell Mrs. William Heyrick* that we are here, and that Miss Greatorex is a little better, but feels herself weak, and that we get her out in the fine bracing air as much as we can. I have been longing for you this morning, for as Mrs. Gisborne is polite enough, in the best sense of the word, and leaves us in the most comfortable liberty while she thinks of everything that may conduce to comfort, I set off alone, and I have been losing myself in the forest—not the walks and plantations, but the real old forest, exactly as Nature thought proper to make it, full of venerable old inhabitants, grey, mossy, rough, and as wild and as picturesque as your heart could wish. I found a little wood of hollies, with their bright green leaves and shining red berries, and wild straggling roots, a spot beyond measure delightful.

"But you must know, Sister Ann, though surrounded with all these charms, I feel like a ship on the Great Pacific, whose crew is reduced to short allowance, for though all comforts, and to me luxuries, are to be found here, there is no *snuff* in the forest, and my stock is very low; at this you will be wicked enough to rejoice! I am sure the doctor would be charmed with Mr. Gisborne, there is so much humility and simplicity about him in manner, and such an expression of goodness in his countenance. He talks very little, but when he does he always says something worth hearing, and I could profit much if I had a new head. We went yesterday to his parish church,

* The sister of Miss Greatorex and wife of W. Heyrick, Esq., of Thurmaston Lodge.

Barton; I like his manner in the pulpit exceedingly. I must not forget to tell you that Cooper is going to publish a third volume of sermons; he was here the other day. I go from subject to subject most incoherently, but I must not forget to thank you for your consideration in calling upon Mrs. Simons. I am anxious about Mrs. Elizabeth; I hope to find her well. Pray be so kind as to call again and tell Mrs. Simons all about us, and tell her Miss Greatorex got a frank from Lord Chesterfield for the purpose of writing to Mrs. Davies, but the frank was not directed rightly. Pray (but I need not ask you) set off to Danett's Hall directly, to carry thither my love and duty and wishes and prayers, and tell my kind friends I long to see them. Give my kindest love to Sister Heyrick, and distribute the same to all your brothers and sisters. Be so kind as to tell my old Nanny that I shall write to her to let her know when I return, if possible, but that may be all in a hurry; I shall set off when Miss Greatorex goes to Lord Chesterfield's, and that may be all in a moment, because she will set off when her head is at the best.

"I know Nanny will be in a fidget about my having so few clothes with me, but tell her for her comfort that I do not fail to make myself very smart for dinner at half-past four, and tell her that my cough is better. And now I could write a great deal more nonsense, but I have no room; so God bless you, my dear, kind sister, and send us all a happy meeting. Believe me,

"Your sincerely affectionate Sister,

"SUSAN.

"Pray ask Mrs. Foster whether any acknowledgment of the receipt of the money for the Germans has been sent from Mrs. Steinkoff; it was, I think, £71 9s. 0d."

Miss Watts, the writer of the last letter, came of a highly respectable family, who owned Danett's Hall and a considerable estate adjoining at the beginning of the 18th century.

Throsby says:—"The first of the family of Watts, who dwelt at Danett's Hall, was John Watts, Esq., a descendant of Thomas Watts, Esq., who in the 2nd of Elizabeth had a grant from the crown of the manor of Blakesley in Northamptonshire, formerly belonging to the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. This John built Danett's Hall, and died in 1742, aged 80; his son and successor was John, a Barrister-at-law, who also dwelt here. He sank a large fortune in the South Sea Scheme. His son and successor was William, who sold it to John Watts, Esq., his brother, who died in 1769, the last of this family who resided here. His relict sold it to Mr. Whiteman.

"Miss Susanna Watts, his only daughter, is a young lady of rare accomplishments in the fine arts. Her imitations of landscape painting, done with the finest plumage of birds, is new and beautiful.

"The original Danett's Hall was built by Leonardus Danett, ob. 1582, as recorded in the Harleian MSS." When Dr. Alexander lived at the hall built by the Watts family, there were some very fine stately elms on the estate, which estate is now covered with houses.

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"March 28, 1815.

"My dear Ann,—

". I finished reading your 'Velvet Cushion'* in full convocation; that is to say, father, brother, and I, on Saturday night. I was desirous to see it, and thank you for affording me that pleasure. It is an original, both in plan and execution. The good vicar is a most able advocate for his church, and recommends it still more by his charity and benevolence than by his arguments. The Cushion is but the second personage in the drama. With all the vicar's candour, however, he is not without his prejudices. I admire the prayers of the Established Church. I agree with him that Dissenters sink their prayers and advance their sermons, but I have not his veneration for the surplice. I wept most heartily at his death, and that of his loving dame. I believe you may take my opinion for that of my father and brother.

"I do not much like the idea of your changing your religion; though I think it of no manner of consequence what is the denomination of a good Christian. As a proof I do not, I give you the following as the best sentiments uttered by your good vicar:—'As there are only five points on which Calvinists and Arminians differ, and at least five hundred on which, if real Christians, they agree, I desire to embrace all the articles of our common faith, and leave the rest to be settled in heaven. If a Calvinist so holds his

* Probably a tale written by Miss M. A. Coltman.

opinion as to lead a holy life, and an Arminian so holds his as to preserve a humble spirit, I believe the principles of neither will exclude him from heaven.' He might have added all the *ists* and *ans* that ever mankind was split into.

"But to return to yourself. My reason for not wishing you to embrace the religion of the Established Church is a bad one. It is that your grandfather was a staunch Presbyterian, and I have heard him say that his two grandfathers were such; both officers in the army of Oliver Cromwell. You will tell me that you ought to be better than your ancestors, if you can. You are very right. Prove but the Church is better, and I submit.

"My reason against your becoming a Moravian is, I think, a substantial one. I do not like brotherhoods and sisterhoods. They sound well and they carry a fair outside, but depend upon it they contain within all the jarring atoms of which the world is composed. I do not like any band, civil or religious, which shall draw me into a close compact with a number of persons of different characters. Let me choose my associates for the good qualities I see, or believe, they possess; and not because they are monks, nuns, Moravians, or Freemasons.

"I am sorry for poor Sarah Coltman. I look upon her and John with great interest, as the only persons likely to represent to the next generation the talents and virtues of the family. You know I prefer change of air to blisters and bleeding. I am also sorry for your good and long-suffering Doctor Alexander. It is his privilege and that of his amiable wife to have *your* society.

"You will wonder I have written so far without mentioning my father. I have little to add to what I said last, except that he is rather better than worse. If my father's health continues something like what it is, I shall think it a duty I owe to myself to go to Malvern for three or four weeks. Man was not designed (and consequently woman was not) to lead the life I do, and be in health. I give you timely notice of this, that if your inclinations point the same way, you may be there at the same time.

"Present my love to Mrs. Heyrick, and my kind regards to your two brothers.

"Yours, my dear Ann,

"Most affectionately,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Miss Hutton had occasionally to leave home for her health; her constant care and watchfulness over her father, who was now in his ninety-second year, necessitated her doing so.

Letter from Miss Hutton (written six months after her father's death) to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"March 30, 1816.

"My dear Ann,—

"I have recovered the loss of my father, so far as it regards my serenity of mind. Circumstances were providential, both to my health and peace. My brother's driving me to Malvern in great measure restored both; and my employment after my return was extremely favourable to me—correcting and finishing my father's life.

To be urged by duty and necessity to the only subject pointed at by inclination, was all that a lingering melancholy could require; and, in tracing every period of my father's life, the sad remembrance of its close became fainter. If it was not lost, it became a part of the whole; though I suffered greatly when I came to my own recital of it.

"The account of the riots at Birmingham, in the year 1791, is written with a degree of energy beyond any of my father's literary productions. There are a few persons still alive who will tremble at it.

"When I had finished my task, I could not be idle. I had begun to write a novel called 'The Welsh Mountaineer,' in May, 1813, when I was elated by the praise and respect that I had met with in London. I had occasionally added a little to it, as my attendance upon, and my attention to, my father would give me leave; and I now finished it. It is written with much less facility than the 'Miser Married' and 'Oakwood Hall' were; because, after the first part, with a very few exceptions, I never could bend my mind to it; yet, I do not know that it is inferior to either.

"I like your idea of reading the Bible through. Of all the different kinds of religion, give me that of the New Testament; and as to the Old, it is certainly the most curious, and the most ancient book extant, if it were no more. I have lately read the Book of Job, and the Gospel of St. Matthew, myself. They are so congenial to the human mind, that it naturally falls into them. I am sorry for Mrs. Heyrick's architectural mania. There are more

species of insanity than one, that are hereditary; and I recollect that her father built fine warehouses, and her brother an elegant house. My brother has a touch of the same disorder, which shows itself in pillars and porticoes; but I do not feel any symptoms of it myself. Give my kind love to Mrs. Heyrick, and tell her I wish her her health, *long* to live in the house she has erected.

"Yours very affectionately,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Extract from a letter of Mr. Sam Coltman's to his wife, June 8, 1817.

"All agree that life to those who have long known it must necessarily be composed of various ingredients, and I am endeavouring, though the task is no easy one, to bring myself into a thorough acquiescence in the Divine will, with the bitter portion as well as the sweet, for our Maker only knows in what proportions, and at what times, each portion should be administered; and it is only the frowardness of the patient which prevents each from being equally salutary to him."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"June 18, 1818.

"My dear Ann,—

"That I have not answered thy letter, on which March 19th stares me in the face, is not because I was not interested in its contents. I was affected by it to tears; and had it not concluded better than it began, I should at



all events have written to enquire after the state of thy precious sight. Thou gavest me hopes that it would be restored, and I trust thy next letter will confirm them.

"Blindness is one of the heaviest calamities incident to human nature. I have not been without fears of it myself; for one of my eyes had a small-pox in it when I was four years old, and it has never been well, and has long been growing worse. Last winter it was not able to bear either the warmth of a fire, or the light of a candle. I have often thought, and sometimes said, that the loss of sight would be a greater loss to me than to most people, as all my amusements are conveyed through my eyes, while the ears of others supply their share.* I trust in God that it will not happen; and I trust to Him for submission to His will, if it do.

"On the 14th of May I set out for London, in a coach which takes two days to the journey, and allows the traveller to rest at Oxford from five o'clock in the afternoon of one of these days to eight in the morning of the next. The journey had long been fixed upon, and was deferred a fortnight to give me time to gain a little more strength. I was quite uncertain whether I had then sufficient to carry me through it; but I ventured, and bore it full as well as I could expect. I staid a month in London, and returned home last Saturday, worn out with heat, fatigue, and the kindness of my friends. Never were heat and noise so intolerable as while I was in town; nor quiet and shade so

* Miss Hutton was not deaf, but she saw so little company that she had to depend upon her sight both for employment and recreation.

grateful as after I got home. Had I the vanity attendant upon youth, health, and the prospect of long life, it might have been gratified to the utmost; for I was courted and honoured till I felt ashamed.

"I have disposed of the novel of which thy mother is the heroine to Messrs. Longman and Co., and it will be published next winter, when I hope thou wilt be able to read a copy I shall send thee. I write no more novels. I have disposed of a volume which contains an account of Egypt, Fezzan, Dar Fûr, and Abyssinia, compiled from different authors, to Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; this, I expect, will be published before the other, and if I live, and am able, I shall continue the work.

"If Mrs. Heyrick continues to write, habit will conquer the irritation it now causes, and what is now care and anxiety will become a pleasing occupation. I thank thee for her pamphlet; her language is beautiful, but I am not convinced by her arguments. It is a difficult subject for a woman to write upon; it would be difficult even for a man to take in the whole at one view. Mrs. Heyrick argued from what she saw; but I think she saw only a part. Give my love to her, and either tell her this, or not, as thou likest.

"Truly thine,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Miss Hutton, writing in the early part of the year 1819 to Miss M. A. Coltman, says:—"I have added to and corrected my father's 'History of Birmingham,' which is now in the press." She also says:—"I have lived six months on bread and milk, and during this time my

digestive powers have recovered much of their proper tone. In May I went to Malvern, where I began to eat meat in very small quantities, feeling my way with great caution as I went along; and I not only bore my new diet, but gained flesh, which I greatly needed, in consequence of it.

"Philosophers may declaim against animal food, and you and Sir Richard Phillips may add example to precept, but I am convinced that I, at least, am naturally a carnivorous animal. Seven weeks I passed at home. I have now been six weeks more at Malvern, and, seized with a desire still to see some part of the world unseen before, I have made an excursion as far as the Hay, in Breconshire, but, between fatigue and fear,* I so contrived it, that I saw only fourteen miles' worth of new hedges, trees, and fields."

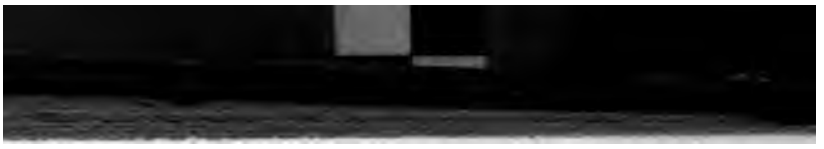
Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,
"April 16, 1820.

"My dear Ann,—

". I am going to visit my old friend Mrs. André, at Enfield, ten miles beyond London; and I have promised it on condition that I shall have a room to myself, with liberty to shut myself up in it whenever I please. Thou probably knowest that among the faults found by the Monthly Reviewers, in 'Oakwood Hall,' was my assertion, on the authority of a gentleman who knew him, that Captain Cook's manner was

* Arising from the state of the roads.



unpleasant, and that he was not beloved by his officers. This was contradicted by the Reviewers. In the last Monthly Magazine but one was inserted a letter from an old correspondent in my vindication, and facts were mentioned which placed the manners and temper of Captain Cook in a far worse light than I had done. Who could have written it? What friend had I in all this world who would have voluntarily undertaken my defence? And who was so well acquainted with the opinion that his officers and crew entertained of Captain Cook? A few moments' reflection convinced me that it could be no other than Dr. Hutton.*

"When I wrote to my kind and able champion to thank him for taking up my cause, I mentioned remaining a week in London on my way to Enfield, and I received a most gallant answer in return. He calls himself my knight; says he cannot trust his damsel anywhere but in his own castle; assures her she shall shut herself up as often and as long as she likes, shall eat when and what she likes, sleep and wake as she likes, and visit or not as she likes. I must have had a heart of marble to refuse such offers; so I am going to pass a week with Dr. and Miss Hutton.

"I am very glad thy eyes are better, and that they even give thee hope of being quite well. Mayest thou long enjoy thy sight, and every other temporal blessing. *After forty* affords hope; *after sixty*, as Sir Richard Phillips has justly observed, presents nothing but fear; at least so far as regards our present state of existence.

* The Mathematician.

"I am glad thou hast a deserving and a valued friend near thee. I might have found such a one in Mrs. Brooke, the patroness of Dr. de Lys, if health and habit—want of health, I should have said—had not kept me at a distance from her. She seems to me one of the most excellent of women, and she has sought my acquaintance more than enough, but I am good for nothing.

"Thine most truly,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Writing to Miss M. A. Coltman the next year, Miss Hutton says:—"I found Dr. Hutton all I had found him before; mild, benevolent, gay, for his years, which were eighty-three; right in all his notions, and perfectly correct in his language. I found his daughter, Isabella Hutton, who lives with him, much more loveable than I had found her before; for she is one of the best and most amiable women in the world; always employed, always cheerful, and devoting her whole time to attendance upon her father, and the management of his household.

"In a fortnight I set out for Brighton. I shall probably pass through London without seeing my cousin, Dr. Hutton; for if I be able to travel three successive days, I shall only sleep one night in town, and that at the inn where the coach sets me down, wherever it may be. As I return I shall pass one or two days in London, and perhaps chiefly with Dr. Hutton and his daughter. I always receive benefit from these excursions, and have no doubt that they contribute to keep the machine going."

From Catherine Hutton to Miss Mary Ann Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,
"June 23rd, 1821.

"My dear Ann,—

"I have been a month at Brighton gathering health and literary admiration, and I have brought home a tolerable portion of each. I went through London without seeing any person in it, except Isabella Hutton, who called upon me at the inn where I passed the night. On my return, I passed four days at the house of Dr. Hutton; excepting that I was scarcely in it from breakfast to dinner, an interval of nearly eight hours out of the thirteen appointed for waking avocations.

"On the first day I called upon Mr. Baldwin, Longman and Co., and Sir Richard Phillips, and sat twice for my portrait. On the second I called upon the Head of Memnon at the British Museum, the Feast of Belshazzar in Catherine Street, and the Tomb of an Egyptian King in Piccadilly; then bought a bonnet and four pairs of shoes, and returned home. I did not think so much had been in me; but time was short, and I resolved to try. I did not, however, walk one step in the street, and I sat down wherever it was possible.

"In the midst of my own affairs, I did not forget yours. I mentioned to Mr. Baldwin the Contentation of Bishop Hall, capable of bestowing sleep on the wakeful, and rounding the cheeks of the lean; but he answered, 'No.' I then wrote to Mr. Bowyer Nichols, upon whom I had not time to call, and he answered as follows:—'My father is out of town, but I would consult him about



Bishop Hall's tract, if you thought fit to entrust me with it.' Now if thou, or thy friend to whom it belongs, have a mind to entrust him with it, thou must send it, free of expense, to Messrs. Nichols and Son, 26, Parliament Street, London, and thou must also say to whom it should be returned, in case they do not reprint it.

"My portrait is only a miniature in water colours, but it is a likeness. When I say it is like me, yet expressive of good sense and good temper, perhaps thou mayest not wonder; but when I tell thee it is like me, yet handsome, assuredly thou wilt wonder greatly, and think the artist must be more than human to infuse beauty into a set of features which never possessed any, and still retain the similarity. I do not allow him supernatural powers; but I own I rank him very high among the usual productions of nature. If the portrait be engraved, as I think it will, and if the engraver be as well endowed as the painter, I shall reserve an impression for thee.

"Thou wilt see a sort of flippancy in my pen, which augurs well of my health; and, indeed, of the bodily evils I enumerated in my last, some have for the present retreated, and others are not very troublesome. Upon the whole, I am as well as I can ever hope to be, and with this I am satisfied.

"And how art thou? Recovering, I hope, from thy sufferings and thy remedies. This subject makes me serious.

"At Dr. Hutton's I frequently saw a Mr. Moore, who knows the Heyricks well. He is, or his father was, a native of Keyham in your county. He is a rich old

bachelor, a lively, eccentric, well-informed man, and is, as he says himself, belonging to the Devil's Own, that is, the Corps of Lawyers.

"Truly thine,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Bishop Hall's tract, mentioned in this letter, was probably a satirical one. The Bishop professed himself to be the first English satirist, as is evident by the following egotistic couplet:—

"I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

This prelate was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 1574, died at Norwich, 1656.

Miss Hutton, writing to Miss M. A. Coltman in the early part of the following year, refers to Bishop Hall's work; she says:—"I read thirty pages of thy Bishop while my breakfast was preparing; and, antiquary as I am, both by inheritance and endowment, I do not quite like thy modernizations. I should myself leave the good Bishop in his antiquated garb, correcting only errors of the press. I am informed that all Bishop Hall's works have been republished, whether in a modern dress I know not; this might make Mr. Nichols think it unnecessary to republish a part; yet I see now advertised a separate work just published, price 6s.

"I have now read the whole 'Remedy of Discontentment.' It is an excellent treatise, full of sound argument, and affording great matter for consolation; but what surprises me more than this—the language, I should rather



say the style, is elegant. As to the language, now I have seen the whole, I believe my reverence for antiquity must give way to Mr. Coltman's and your judicious alterations. But why are you reprinting the book? If to sell, you will be losers; if to give away, greater losers still; if merely for a few copies for yourselves, you will purchase them at a very high price."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Nov. 7, 1823.

"My dear Ann,—

"Thy letter of the 27th and 29th of September I received last night, so if this do not reach thee by the hands of Miss Lakin, blame me not. I thank thee for the manuscripts thou hast sent me; those of Spence, Dodsley, and Hall are very valuable autographs; a note of Cogan's will be placed in my book; his long letter is curious, but too long for such a collection as mine.

"I knew John Scott Hylton when I was thirteen years of age. He was the neighbour, and I have no doubt that, from his locality, he was the intimate acquaintance of Shenstone. He was a man of taste; but, as his flower-edged paper bespeaks, a fribble. How do I thank Mr. S. Coltman for his regret that he has parted with the autographs of Franklin and Paine! How sincerely do I participate in this regret! I do not know a single one I should prize more, unless it were that of Washington. Could he beg half of each back again? I will thank thee for Mrs. Fry's when opportunity offers; perhaps thou could'st add that of Lindley Murray. I have a packet



of thirty-seven franks sent me; but members of parliament are, in general, such undistinguished creatures that I question whether I can insert six of them. I have a most valuable letter from Roscoe, addressed to myself, and franked by Coke, of Norfolk.

"Besides the goodly company I have already assembled, my friends are under contribution for Miss Edgeworth and Madame D'Arblay, Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving, Robert Southey and Joanna Baillie, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Liverpool. By-the-bye, have you read and admired the 'Sketch Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall'? I have a precious letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a note of Madame de Stäel, and a scrap of Elizabeth Hamilton. Any pursuit is pleasant which permits us to hope for, and enables us to make acquisitions. The fine grey horse my father bought when you were with me in 1804, now rests from his labours under the turf of an adjoining field; and the horse I have now shall, when he grows too old to draw me, or I grow too old to be drawn, never know another master.

"Ever thine,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Miss Hutton was at this period making her fine collection of autographs, in doing which she spared neither time nor money.

Miss Hutton, writing to Miss M. A. Coltman, March 25th, 1827, says:—"My brother sets off for London to-morrow, and I think of going early in May. You had some notion of it; what think you now? I look back with great pleasure to the few days you passed with me



last summer, and if your steps tend this way, should rejoice in your making me such another, but rather a longer visit.

"I have been tolerably well this winter, and have been knitting, netting, reading magazines, Miss Mitford's 'Our Village,' and Jane Austen's five novels, and writing now and then a trifle for 'La Belle Assemblée'; the paper on Autographs, in the number I send, is one of them. This 'Belle Assemblée' writing suits me exactly; it does not require exertion, and it keeps me from stagnating.

"My present occupation is netting a purse, and walking to the window to admire my crocuses, which shine along the bottom border of my garden in alternate patches of purple, white, and golden yellow."

From Mrs. Macaulay to Mrs. Heyrick.

Mrs. Macaulay was the widow of the Rev. G. A. Macaulay, sometime vicar of Rothley, and sister-in-law to Mrs. Heyrick. The Macaulays were related to Thomas Babington Macaulay (Lord Macaulay), the historian, who was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, 1800, died at Kensington, 1859.

"Plymouth, May 25, 1827.

". I know not how you feel, my dear sister, but *I* feel myself going down hill apace; I am not the same either in body or mind that I was a few years ago; no traces of Ann Heyrick will you ever see again in my face, but I trust the traces of warm affection for you will ever be found in my heart, so long as memory holds her seat. I was much disappointed the other day in not seeing Mrs. Chas. Fox; she called upon



me on Sunday evening when I was at church, and as she was going away the next morning, and did not leave her address, I had no opportunity of seeing her, but as she was travelling into the north, she might possibly go through Leicester, when you would no doubt see her. They tell me she is looking very well, and has the most lovely baby that was ever seen ; she talked of spending a short time here on her return in the autumn. How delighted she would be to find you here then ! and how gratified you would be to visit her in her beautiful home in Cornwall ! and witness the felicity she enjoys ! Her brother is gone to the south of France for his health. I wish *anything* would induce you to come and spend some time with us. I sketched a plan for your summer excursions last year, which you were not then disposed to adopt ; let me hope that you are better disposed now ; I really think it would do you good.

" Do give me some account of Mr. Hall's successor [the Rev. J. P. Mursell], and of the state of that congregation. Mr. Roberts, of Melton, brought a report here of his being exceedingly admired, and of his having effected a reformation in the congregation, which Mr. Hall had in vain laboured to produce, in several respects, particularly respecting open communion ; and as a preacher they even have the presumption to compare him with Mr. Hall himself ! What say Sister Nancy and Brother John ? Do they continue to attend that Meeting ?

" I hope the present state of affairs—I mean the present state of His Majesty's Cabinet—will cure you of some of your political prejudices, and that you will now be convinced that the Whigs have not monopolized all the purity,

integrity, consistency, and disinterestedness in the world; Lord Grey appears to me to be the only one of that party who has acted consistently with his professed principles.

"I heard two female preachers at the Friends' meeting a short time since, they were on their way from Cornwall to the yearly meeting—a Mrs. Fox and a Mrs. Backhouse—one of them, I understood, was a cousin of the Gurneys, but I forget which it was. I was pleased with the devoted piety and exalted feeling that appeared in both; but they talked of the possibility of our attaining a state of perfection in this life which I could not quite understand—at least which did not appear to me consistent with any very deep feeling of human depravity.

"I wish you would allow me to introduce you to our *Friends* here, many of them enquire after you frequently, and would be delighted to see you. They have read and admired your last excellent pamphlet on the Slave Trade, and enquired if you are contemplating another publication. I think they all, or most of them, adhere to the use of East India sugar. It will be well if this patched-up Ministry should do anything effectual towards the abolition of slavery, but they will not hazard the loss of their places by bringing forward any question of vital importance.

"Mrs. Hartley will stay about three weeks at Leicester; I hope she will bring a good account of you. I hope she will be at her brother Mr. Hudson's, who lives very near you. Fare thee well, my dear Sister; may the God of all grace fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

"Believe me, ever your very affectionate,

"ANNE MACAULAY."



It would be Mrs. Backhouse, mentioned in this letter, who was a cousin of the Gurneys. Mrs. Fox is mentioned in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's memoirs, where Mrs. S. describes her visit to "her dear friend, Mrs. Fox," at Falmouth. There is also an interesting account in the same work of the Friends' Monthly Meeting at Marazion, near Penzance, where Mrs. S. mentions her cousins, the Foxes and Barclays. She says: "The Fox family and the Barclays seemed half to fill this little meeting, and the neatness and nicety of their dress formed a touching contrast to the rusticity of the place."

A very interesting account of the Fox family, of Falmouth, will be found in the "Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, Cornwall," published in 1882.

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

This letter probably refers to the death or illness of one of the Mrs. Coltmans.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Dec. 29, 1828.

"My dear Friend,—

"Too well did I account for your long silence, and too truly did I anticipate the melancholy tidings contained in your last letter. If I could have afforded any alleviation, or consolation, I would have written to you before; but I was sensible that these could only be bestowed by a higher power. I knew you would confine yourself to the sick chamber of a beloved sister, and I believed you were doing so. I have no doubt that affection and a sense of duty will carry you through this severe trial; but I tremble for the consequences when it is

over. I know that reason and religion teach us unqualified submission to the decrees of a Being which cannot err; but such is our frail nature that, while the mind is struggling for submission, the body gives way. I have had much of this in the protracted illness of one of my parents, and the gradual decay of the other, and my energy never failed till it was no longer wanted; but when all was over, I found I had been wound up to too high a pitch, and I sunk proportionably low. I always considered, however, that I owed a duty to myself, as well as my parents, and I spared myself whatever I could. I never once watched through the night, convinced that I was not able to support it, and I am glad that you do not attempt it. The hours from twelve o'clock at night to eight in the morning were my own.

"It is ordered by infinite wisdom that we should be so tenacious of life that we cannot part from it without great suffering, or a sudden shock, from the contemplation of which our nature recoils. If it were not so, our existence might be terminated by one of the common accidents to which we are subject. This process of dissolution I have at length entered upon, after seventy-two years of enjoyment and suffering, in which the former has greatly predominated. Strictly speaking, I may date the commencement of this decay twenty-six years back, when you saw me your mother's guest at Leicester, but within the last six months the downward step has been rapid and decisive. The complaint which carries me on is my old difficulty of breathing. I cannot bear any accelerated motion of the lungs without a paroxysm that



makes me ill; I am drawn in a wheeled chair to my brother's and even to my chaise, and I dread the mounting of a flight of stairs. The absolute inactivity to which I am reduced has occasioned me to grow very fat, and this aggravates and increases the evil.

"Your very affectionate friend,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Letter from Miss E. Gifford to Miss M. A. Coltman, describing the Well Dressing at Tissington.

"Duffield Bank,

"June 8, 1829.

"My dear Friend,—

". After spending a few days at Mrs. Worsley's, in the neighbourhood of Ashover, we went to Winster for a week, and from thence visited the pretty village of Tissington, about seven miles off, on the day of the annual festival called 'The Well Dressing.' It is one of the prettiest sights I ever witnessed. You would have been pleased with it. There are five wells in different parts of the village which tradition says once abounded with water when all the other springs in the neighbourhood were dry, and as a grateful memorial they are annually decorated with flowers. The crowds of all ranks that were assembled in honour of the day were very great. The weather was beautiful, and the clear water running from the springs reminded me of the delight dear Mrs. Coltman used to express at the sight of 'living streams.' Inscriptions formed of flowers were interspersed among the foliage, all of a moral or religious tendency, such as 'Whoso drinketh of these waters shall thirst again.'



"I have seldom spent so pleasant a day. The effect was much heightened by the scenery—a fine old Elizabethan mansion on one side the village green, on the other an abrupt rising ground with the church on the summit, and lofty trees hanging their fantastic branches far enough to form a shade for great numbers. We took refreshments with us, and spread a table-cloth in a corner of Sir Henry Fitzherbert's park. I am glad to hear Mrs. Heyrick is enjoying her retreat at Rothley, and deriving so much benefit from it. Henrietta [Mrs. Acton Tindall] is much better since her journey. She and her sister enjoyed the change of scene very much, particularly the picking up minerals, which abound near Mr. Worsley's residence, which, I am sorry to add, he is soon to leave. It is an interesting old house that formerly belonged to Sir Joseph Banks, of whom there is a full-length portrait in the dining room, dressed in the mantle of a Otaheitan chief, and surrounded by South Sea relics. I have so often admired it, that it was melancholy to think that most likely I should never see it again. But I do hope to visit the mines and the rocks once more at some time or other. All here are well, and unite in kind regards to you all. If you see Mrs. Kershaw pray remember me to her, and to Miss Noble.*

"I am, my dear friend,

"Your very affectionate,

"E. GIFFORD."

On October 18th, 1831, died Mrs. Heyrick. The following interesting account of her life and work is taken from the MS. already alluded to :—

* Probably related to Dr. Noble, the last occupier of Danett's Hall.

MRS. ELIZABETH HEYRICK.

Mrs. Elizabeth Heyrick, one of Miss Hutton's most distinguished friends, was the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coltman ; she was born at Leicester, on the 4th of Dec., 1769. Little is remembered now, at this long distance of time, concerning her early youth, excepting that she was conspicuous for her self-denying temper, and her benevolent disposition. When a very little girl, she had twopence given her to buy gingerbread, and on her way she met a beggar, who asked her alms. Touched with pity, she gave him half her treasure, but quickly relenting, she exclaimed aloud : "Stomach ! thou shan't be gratified," and turning back, she instantly placed all she possessed in his hand. A family of kittens was once about to be consigned to the usual fate of their race, when a demur arose between the brothers and sister as to which of them should be spared ; the former were for preserving the handsomest, but Elizabeth declared for the plainest, asserting that on the very ground of want of attractions, it had most claim to notice, and was most deserving of pity ; this principle of sympathy for the outcast, and the one who had no helper, was conspicuous throughout life.

As Elizabeth grew in years, she evinced considerable quickness and ability, and manifested so decided a talent for landscape painting that her father seriously meditated placing her in London with an eminent master, and devoting her to the art ; this idea was not realised, but throughout life she enjoyed an occasional use of the brush, and has left many interesting proofs of it.

Nor was she less remarkable for her ability in needle-

work, a proof of which was long in Miss Hutton's possession. "I have," says Miss H., "an oval medallion of white satin, about an inch and a half in length and one inch in breadth; on this she embroidered the figure of Sterne's Maria, sitting on a bank under a spreading tree, and holding her dog, which is lying at her feet, by a string. The rest of the tiny picture is composed of the ground, the distance, and the sky. The whole is formed of my hair, which was very fine, except where a lighter shade was wanted, when the hair of a friend was used. She was fifteen years of age when she made this picture, and the stitches of it are smaller than the atoms of the mosaics of Rome."

Nature had been generous to Elizabeth, and had given her a lovely countenance and a fine figure; her voice, too, was musical, and her manners were engaging; she was beloved by her parents, and admired by all. Her attractions first became known to herself from overhearing the enquiry: "Who is that lovely girl"—a circumstance to which she alluded in after-life as having occasioned the first conscious emotions of vanity, and as suggesting the propriety of suppressing similar queries in the presence of the young and beautiful.

It was just in the dawn of her loveliness that Elizabeth went to pay a visit at the Rectory of Duffield, the native place of her mother, from whom, during her stay there, she received the following letter:—

Letter from Mrs. Coltman to her daughter Elizabeth.

"Yes!—I do love thee,—and—when I love thee not —chaos is come again. But I have had no time to tell



thee so. Mrs. Waterhouse I have had sewing a fortnight, finds me almost employment to cut out for her. Tell Miss Gifford I love her more and more for her kind attention to thee.

"And so you love Miss Gifford for reproving you; this shows it is not labour in vain. Nature, my dear girl, has been no niggard to thee; only thy garden is too much like the field of the slothful—two or three tall weeds (which only require a little vigorous exertion to pluck them up) choke the good seeds of virtue. Books of the sentimental cast, or novels as they are called, I fear tend to encourage these weeds, namely, Pride and Indolence; therefore, the precious hours of youth should be better employed. 'Hutchison on the Passions,' and 'Baxter on the Human Soul,' I would recommend to you; Mr. Gifford lent *me* both, and both I was greatly pleased with. The peaceful scene you are in invites to contemplation; let not the hours be lost.

"Mr. Gifford left us on Sunday evening; we could not prevail with him to stay the next day. He would not let me send the drawing, etc., by his boy; it rained, and he thought they might possibly be lost. I have now a charming opportunity; Mrs. Kershaw goes through Derby. I should have sent the Angel and Child for you to copy and amend, but find the colour rubs off; it will not carry. If your eyes continue bad, beg two teaspoonsful of port wine, and put into a phial of water, and try that. My most respectful compliments to Mrs. and Miss Gifford. The muslin I have sent; it is eight shillings per yard. You should not be so inconsiderate to invite your

acquaintance to come and see you at a friend's house, pretty well if they keep you; you must also spell better; and believe me always, even when I scold thee, thy most affectionate mother.

"E. COLTMAN."

It was about the period of this visit, and at the age of seventeen, that Elizabeth Coltman became acquainted with John Heyrick, to whom, in two years after, she was married on the 10th of March, 1789. He was the eldest son of John Heyrick, Town Clerk of Leicester, and had, in company with the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, the late Vicar of St. Martin's, been a pupil of the Rev. Thomas Robinson, of St. Mary's, the author of the "Scripture Characters." His family was one of the most considerable in Leicester, and was the elder branch* of that of Herrick of Beaumanor, near Loughborough, who reckon among their ancestors the poet Herrick, and who date back to that royal personage, Eric the Swede, who settled in England at a period prior to the Conquest.†

John Heyrick, the husband of Elizabeth Coltman, was young, and of a very engaging exterior, and was just established as a solicitor in Leicester; he was a man of taste also, proof of which was afforded in a small volume of original poems which he sent to the press. John Heyrick's devotion to his wife might be called romantic;

* This branch of the family (the elder) became extinct in 1856, on the death of William Heyrick, Esq., of Thurmaston Lodge.

† A drawing of one of the carriages belonging to the Heyrick family, 1740, is to be found in "A Student's History of England," by S. W. Gardiner, Vol. iii., p. 729.



he had first seen her at a music meeting, and without loss of time procured an introduction to her. During the early days of their attachment he once, for the sake of obtaining a glance of her at her window, walked during the night from Leicester to Duffield, a distance of thirty miles. He carried his gun upon his shoulder, and excused his unexpected introduction to the family by presenting a brace of birds.

After their marriage the young couple went to reside at Bowbridge House, which had been built for them, and was then situated in the country.

For some time after their union they were absorbed in each other, and he was so tenacious of her affection that he secluded her from all society lest he should be deprived of any portion of it. The natural consequence was that the marriage was not as happy as it might have been.

In Gardiner's third volume of 'Music and Friends,' one of the costumes of Mr. John Heyrick, jun., at this period, is very minutely described:—"It was a light-grey mixture, approaching to white, with a black silk collar and silver cord buttons; black satin small clothes, with sky-blue ribbed silk stockings, that showed a handsome leg. At the knee band was a small diamond buckle, and a more large and costly one ornamented the toe of the shoe. Rich lace ruffles set off the hands, and a cocked hat surmounted a head of hair dressed in the height of the French fashion." He was designated the Apollo of Leicester, "being a high-born gentleman of engaging manners."



The profession of the law becoming increasingly distasteful to John Heyrick, he entered the army as cornet in the 15th Light Dragoons, which entailed upon him long and frequent absences from home; his wife frequently accompanied him, and resided with him in barracks both in England and Ireland. He was appointed a few years afterwards captain of the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, and on the occasion of the presentation of new colours to the regiment by Lady Curzon and Miss Linwood [who had worked them], Mrs. Heyrick rode with him to the field, attired in the uniform of the Corps—a blue, richly-braided habit, silver epaulettes, and a helmet covered with bear skin. Her style of dress before her marriage had been elegant, yet somewhat independent of fashion; one of her costumes was a black silk cloak that covered her from head to foot, and a black beaver hat with a brim of extraordinary dimensions; her figure was extremely good, and her carriage and manner of walking had been taken great pains with by her husband.

In 1797, while Captain Heyrick was on a visit to his father, at Leicester, he became ill, and on the evening of June 18th he expired of angina-pectoris without a moment's warning, while his wife was at church; it is impossible to describe her anguish when, on her return, she found him a corpse.

The death of her husband left Mrs. Heyrick a childless widow, and in a moment all her prospects were blighted. How poignant was her anguish on finding herself thus bereaved and desolate, the diary, which it was her practice at this time carefully to keep, bears ample



and most painful testimony. Shortly after her husband's death she returned to her father's house, where, it is needless to say, she was received with the utmost tenderness, and every alleviation that loving sympathy could afford was at hand to soothe and mitigate the grief of her widowhood. She passed much of her time in retirement during her residence there, and it was her uniform practice to observe each anniversary of her husband's death by the strictest seclusion from society.

The custom of taking snuff was very common at this period—all the ladies of the Heyrick family took snuff—from Mrs. Heyrick's diary we learn that she had resolved to abstain from it.

We have now arrived at a period in the life of Mrs. Heyrick which was the turning point—the crisis in her spiritual history; her soul then first awakened to a sense of the greatness of its destiny, and we date from this time those strong convictions of duty which, having first led to a close examination of her own heart, as in the sight of God, ended in the dedication of her whole being to His service. Shortly after the death of her husband, Mrs. Heyrick became acquainted with some members of the Society of Friends, an acquaintance that ripened into friendship, and which in course of time led to her adopting the religious opinions, and ultimately the practices, of that body of Christians. The mode of worship they observed commended itself to her ardent mind as one peculiarly fitted to calm its restless energies, and thus to aid the soul in communing with its Maker. The Friends recognised the duty of self-sacrifice to an extent that distinguished



them from other Christian sects, and in this respect Mrs. Heyrick was strongly attracted to them.

Early in the year 1798 Mrs. Heyrick was staying at Hackney, on a visit to Mrs. Heygate* (mother of Sir William Heygate), who had been one of Mrs. Coltman's earliest and most intimate friends. While here, as appears from the diary, Mrs. Heyrick pursued, as far as possible, "her self-denying plans." She also met with many distinguished members of the Society of Friends, of whom Priscilla Gurney is especially remembered, and these intimacies helped to strengthen her recently-acquired prepossessions in favour of that community.

Extract from diary.

"Friday, March 2, 1798.—Returned to Leicester after an absence of near a quarter of a year. Rose before six. Walked to Ayleston Vicarage [the residence of her sister-in-law, the wife of the Rev. J. Foster] to breakfast, returned in the evening. Have been spending six shillings vainly in prints, against my conscience, for I thought at the time how much good six shillings might have done to the poor. There is no charity in giving to them if I deny myself none of these gratifications."

"May 30.—Walked to Rothley. Enjoyed a very tender and affecting recollection of my beloved husband." Rothley Vicarage was the residence of the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, husband of Mrs. Heyrick's youngest sister-in-law.

* Mrs. Heygate, *née* Miss Unwin, was also one of Miss Hutton's friends.



"March 6, 1799. Wednesday evening.—Have been favoured with a religious visit from Joseph Nicholson and Mary Lloyd, members of the Society of Friends; the former from Ireland, and the latter from Birmingham." Mary Lloyd was the wife of Charles Lloyd, of Bingley House.

It is remarkable that none of Mrs. Heyrick's letters of this period have been preserved, with one single exception, and that only part of a sheet, containing an amusing detail of domestic events, and addressed to Mrs. Coltman, who was then on a visit at Freestone, in Lincolnshire.

Mrs. Heyrick to Mrs. Coltman.

"Aug., 1799.

". . . . For once, my dear mother, I shall venture to become my own trumpeter. We have done wonders this wash, entirely finished ironing on Tuesday night. I am not a little proud to fancy a little of my mother's disposition peeping out in me at last. I have bottled the second elder flower wine, and have made a barrel of currant, but I bungled at it sadly; however, I believe it will be very good wine.

"To-morrow I am going to be very busy papering, etc., my own room, which I intend shall be so neat and comfortable that you will hardly know it on your return. My father has been so indulgent as to let me have a carpenter at work in it for the last two or three days making a chimney board, and canvassing over the end wall, where the beams were damp, and making me a little



book-shelf, etc.; at present it is quite a hobby-horse for me. I fear that you will be sadly tired of your present residence, for I know you are not likely to meet with a congenial mind at the Anchor Inn, Freestone. Do take part of a chaise with somebody, and go to Skegness. Write often, my dear mother, till you return to us; pray say when, and how, you will come back; the house seems very blank indeed without you."

Mrs. Heyrick, writing from York, September 1st, 1802, says:—"Does Miss Hutton continue improving? Is she still with you?"

Miss Hutton was then staying with Mrs. Coltman, in order to be under the care of Dr. Alexander, the medical adviser and friend of the Coltman family.

During the same visit to York, Mrs. Heyrick paid a visit to Lindley Murray, the celebrated grammarian, who was also a Friend. She says:—"I have spent one afternoon with Lindley Murray, and he gave me a cordial invitation to repeat my visit whenever I was disposed, but he appears one of those *perfect* characters from whose intimate inspection I cannot help shrinking; he seems too much raised above the common level to be able to sympathise with such wanderers as myself." Mrs. Heyrick had been, previous to this visit to York, received into the Society of Friends at Leicester, and had adopted the dress of a Quakeress.

The following extract is from a letter addressed to Mrs. Heyrick by Mary Capper, a minister in the Society of Friends:—



"Birmingham, 5, 5 mo., 1806.

"Dear Friend,—

"It having so occurred that we have missed the opportunity of meeting, so as to pass any time together, I feel an affectionate disposition to address a few lines to thee. I know that there are times wherein a word of encouragement from a fellow traveller is acceptable, when our situation is remote from the society of those with whom we apprehend we might take sweet counsel. I have no doubt thou often feels as of the solitary in a family, and it is not being in the midst of society, even valuable society, that precludes the sense of being alone. In our own peculiar inward provings and trials of faith, the heart, or such heart, knows its own bitterness; possibly we can never enter into each other's hidden path, and there, my dear friend, we feel the necessity of steadfastly seeking the Lord. I affectionately hope that no dismay will be suffered to discourage thee. I feel for thee, dear Elizabeth, in all thy difficulties; in all thy doubts seek the power of '*within*,' silently, patiently wait, resign thyself as thou art to the disposal of a gracious Creator.

"My unfeigned goodwill is to all thy near relatives, to those with whom I have some little acquaintance more especially. Have the kindness to express my dear love to Sarah and Ann Heaford; the latter possibly I may see in London, if health permits our attendance on the approaching yearly meeting. I am not grown robust—the cold winds seem to affect my lungs. With much real tenderness and affection.

"I subscribe, thy Friend,

"MARY CAPPER."

Mary Capper was a frequent visitor at Duddeston Hall, the residence of Mr. Galton. There is a very interesting account of this lady in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Memoirs, vol. I., p. 198.

From Lindley Murray to Mrs. Heyrick.

"York, 6th of 5th mo., 1807.

"Having lately completed an introduction to my 'French Reader,' I take the liberty of requesting that my much esteemed friend, Elizabeth Heyrick, will accept a copy of it. I hope the book will be found to possess some novelty, both in its plan and execution; and that, not a novelty which is eccentric, but calculated to be useful. A perusal of the preface will give thee a better idea of my design in publishing it, and of the nature of the work, than I could explain in the limits of a letter. It is at best but a small performance, and yet if it should in any degree facilitate the acquisition of the language, and inculcate a few virtuous sentiments, I shall be abundantly repaid for all my labour in producing it. As I have no means of conveying the book immediately to thee, I have sent it to the care of Darton and Harvey, No. 55, Gracechurch Street, London. It is to be directed for thee, but to be retained by them till it may be sent for.

"My dear Hannah desires to be most affectionately remembered to thee; and I wish thee to believe that I am, with much respect and regard,

"Thy sincere Friend,

"LINDLEY MURRAY.

"P.S.—We are often indisposed, but at present we are favoured with a better state of health. Mine is very



precarious, and my voice often rendered very weak. But I have nothing to complain of; much to be grateful for. I desire to remember my blessings."

On the 7th of the 4th month, 1811, Mrs. Heyrick attended the Quarterly Meeting of the Friends at Birmingham.

Mrs. Heyrick had many opportunities of indulging the benevolent propensities of her nature toward the poor and needy, and of responding to the many calls upon her sympathy and kindness; her ear was ever open to the cry of distress, her hand ever extended to the wants of the necessitous, and her pen ever ready to plead the cause of human suffering. To quote the words of her friend, Miss Hutton, in a short sketch of her life:—"Her purse was devoted to charitable purposes, and her benevolence was as judicious as it was extensive; I shall give you one instance. She was met by an Irishman in tattered garments; he begged, and she said:—'You are able to work?' 'Yes,' the man replied, 'but I can't get work.' 'Perhaps you don't like work?' 'Yes, I do like work, and I don't like begging.' 'But nobody will employ you in these rags! What work can you do?' 'I work in the fields.' She took a guinea from her purse, and holding it towards the man, she said: 'Mind me, I don't give you this, I lend it to you. If ever you are able to pay it, I expect you to do so. If you are not able, the money is yours. Take it and clothe yourself decently, and let me see you again.'

"In a few days the Irishman appeared in proper apparel, when Mrs. Heyrick said to him: 'I have got you a place, and I hope your conduct will be such as to prove

that you deserve it. You will be an out-door labourer to Mr. John Ellis, Beaumont Leys.' I omit all the 'God bless yous'—but assuredly they were felt and spoken by the poor man. Mrs. Heyrick made occasional inquiries after the Irish labourer, and heard from his master that he was a good servant, and a well-conducted man. At the end of a year, he presented himself before her, and repaid the loan, and informed her that he was in the service of a *nobleman*, for such was the light in which he regarded Mr. John Ellis. He had laid by sixpence every week to enable him to repay his benefactress."

In the summer of 1809 Mrs. Heyrick joined her sister at the wild and romantic village of Bonsall, in Derbyshire; she arrived on the eve of the day which was set apart for the annual exhibition of that relic of British barbarism—bull-baiting. The fact was no sooner ascertained than they resolved to leave no effort unaccomplished to secure its suppression, not only on that particular occasion but for ever. Mrs. Heyrick rose at three the next morning, and walked over the fields to Matlock, a distance of about three miles, alone, her sister being too much of an invalid to accompany her. Arrived at Saxton's, she waited till the people of the inn were up that she might have a chaise to take her to some of the more influential persons in the neighbourhood, with a view of inducing them to unite their efforts with hers in so good a cause. Her first call was upon the Rev. Philip Gell, the Incumbent of Matlock, who proved to be from home, but hearing that he was at Hopton, the residence of his father, who was a magistrate, she proceeded thither. These gentlemen, as may be



supposed, entered fully into the desirableness of her undertaking, but considered it too near the time of the commencement of the sport to make any immediate exertion, and were disinclined, thinking it utterly unavailing, to render any active assistance. Mrs. Heyrick, therefore, hastened back to Bonsall, and after every effort to procure the rescue of the unfortunate animal, by remonstrance and by appeals to the better feeling and humanity of the villagers, had proved fruitless, she procured an interview with the owner of the bull, and making a bargain, which was considered by him satisfactory, she secretly purchased the proposed victim, and had the satisfaction of seeing him led a peaceful captive into a parlour of a sequestered cottage (whose inhabitants shared her feelings on the subject), where he was quietly and securely detained until the rage and disappointment of the populace had subsided.

The year following this triumph of humanity, Mrs. Heyrick and her sister were prevented visiting Bonsall, and when the Wake came round a baiting took place ; such, however, was the atrocious cruelty attending it, accompanied by one or more fatal accidents, that the way seemed only the better prepared for the breaking up of the custom, which actually took place on the ensuing anniversary. Then, Mrs. Heyrick and her sister, returning to the spot, repeated every former effort, visiting from cottage to cottage, distributing tracts on the subject at every house, making numerous calls upon the clergy and gentry around, with a view of enlisting their assistance, and all to very little purpose, for on the part of the poor there was an

unwillingness to sacrifice their annual diversion, and on the part of the rich a backwardness to interfere with the sports of the people.

There stepped forward, however, one gentleman who, participating fully in Mrs. Heyrick's views, supported her by his advice and presence, and this was the Rev. Henry Maddock, the curate of Bonsall, who was highly esteemed among his parishioners, and who consequently exerted a considerable degree of influence over them. On the Sunday preceding the Wake he addressed them from the pulpit on the subject of their cruel diversion, and on the morning on which the sport was to take place he harangued the assembled villagers, appealing in a very good-humoured manner to their better feelings, and with such effect that they promised unanimously to give up their amusement for that year. He then left them, as they imagined, to proceed to a neighbouring village, which he had no sooner done than, in defiance of their promise just made, they began to make the necessary preparations, and soon brought the bull to the ring. But Mr. Maddock, instead of leaving the village, had only gone to his own house, and just at the moment when they thought him at a safe distance, he rushed down a steep hill overlooking the ring into their very midst, quietly cut the rope that confined the bull, and led him off the scene, and from that day no attempt has been made at a bull-baiting at Bonsall. The rings, for there were two in the village, have been pulled up ; the site of one of them has been built upon, and that of the other has been turfed over.



The circumstance of Mrs. Heyrick's first visit to Bonsall gave rise to two little pamphlets, which she wrote, and which were very widely distributed. The one is entitled "Bull-baiting: a Village Dialogue between John Brown and John Simms;" and the other, "A Christmas-box for the Advocates of Bull-baiting." Some little idea of her enthusiasm on the subject, and of the energy of her style of writing, may be gathered from the following short extract from the latter tract. After descanting upon the purity and humanity of the Christian religion, she proceeds:—

"For eighteen hundred years this religion has been preached to the world! In this favoured island it has been preached in every town, in every village—and yet cock-fightings, bull-baitings, and bear-baitings continue to be the favourite sports of the people! Had we been professed worshippers of Moloch, who is said to delight in blood and carnage; or of demons who exult in suffering and torment—*then* these diversions had been perfectly in character. But that such practices should be possible in a country whose people profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, is a mystery of iniquity no language can fully describe. Had men of power, of education, and of influence, been faithful in the occupation of their important talents; had they laboured more to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the vicious; had they felt a warmer interest in your present and eternal welfare, you could have had no inclination for sports so shameful and degrading to rational beings, etc."

Among the numerous deeds of humanity privately executed during this period of Mrs. Heyrick's life, the following are instances only:—"A labouring man, in the employ of a relative of Mrs. Heyrick, had the misfortune, while cutting a hedge, to sever two of his fingers; he was carried to the Infirmary, and was kindly visited by her while there. When discharged he was totally unable to resume his former occupation, and his benefactress, pitying his destitute condition, furnished him with a pedlar's basket, and sent him round to the neighbouring villages. By this means he procured a maintenance until able to return to his accustomed employment. Some years afterwards, Miss M. A. Coltman, driving through the streets of Leicester, was accosted by a man, at whose request the carriage drew up, and who eagerly inquired after 'Lady Heyrick,' expressing the utmost gratitude for the kindness he had received from her, and which had been the means of supporting himself in a respectable occupation, and his family in decent comfort."

Long before Mrs. Fry came upon her benevolent mission to Leicester, Mrs. Heyrick had been in the habit of visiting the prisons of her native town—in those days a very formidable undertaking, from the backwardness manifested to admit visitors going thither on any religious or charitable errand; and it is even probable that she might never have obtained orders for admission, but for the intervention of her brother-in-law, William Heyrick, Esq., who was a magistrate, and could grant them in virtue of his office. This labour of love she was, after continuing some time, at last obliged to relinquish from the following



cause. Finding many hard cases to exist among prisoners who were confined chiefly for poaching (indeed, in one instance a young woman was imprisoned for merely picking up some partridges' eggs), and learning that these prisoners, the term of their captivity expired, could not be discharged, from their inability to pay what were termed "*jail fees*," she represented their cases to the magistrates, and by herself discharging the fees, obtained their liberation —the ill-concealed design having been to detain them as long as possible, or to the end of their lives. This gave great umbrage, and Mrs. Heyrick, in consequence, desisted from her accustomed visits.

Among other interesting cases that she had met with, was one of a poor unhappy man who had been kept constantly chained, and who was represented as being violent and even ferocious. She frequently engaged the wretched creature in conversation, and discerning marks of feeling in him, she asked, and through the intervention of Mr. W. Heyrick, she obtained leave for the adoption of a milder system of treatment, and this had such effect that he became quite humanised and tractable.

The Female Asylum in the Newarke was a favourite object of charity with Mrs. Heyrick, and she frequently went there. It was her custom to visit the poor also at their own houses, and to visit the inmates of the hospitals occasionally; and she has been frequently heard to remark upon leaving the abode of poverty, where she had bestowed substantial marks of her kindness, that she had derived more benefit than she had conferred. Going to London to attend the yearly meeting of the Society of

Friends, her attention, while there, was attracted to the cruelties practised upon the animals exposed for sale in Smithfield; she placed herself at a window overlooking the market, and delayed not to testify to what her eyes had seen and her ears had heard there. She published a pamphlet shortly afterwards entitled, "Cursory Remarks on the Evil Tendency of Unrestrained Cruelty; particularly on that Practised in Smithfield Market," in which she says: —"The infliction of cruelty upon a brute ceases to have the moral restraint attached to its infliction upon our own species. The cruel man must, in every relation of society, be a bad man, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad son, a bad citizen. He will be restrained only by fear from any enormity to which he may be prompted, either by his interest, or by his passions. Our treatment of animals, of creatures wholly subject to our control, may be regarded as an accurate criterion of our humanity towards our own species. Whoever, from motives of interest, vanity, passion, or caprice, subjects them to oppression or unnecessary sufferings will, from the same motives, oppress and afflict his own species, whenever he can do it with impunity. . ." The pamphlet continues and concludes with many excellent hints on the amelioration of the system of cruelty pursued in Smithfield, and especially on the infusion of Christian instruction and principle into the minds of the young in our Sunday schools and public institutions.

After its publication, a correspondence ensued between Mrs. Heyrick and Richard Martin, M.P., and other individuals eminent for their exertions in the cause of



humanity, on this and similar subjects, and by their united exertions they succeeded in getting the *goads* in Smithfield considerably shortened.

Four pamphlets, bearing date 1824, testify to the warmth with which Mrs. Heyrick espoused the cause of the oppressed and much-injured slave. To the Anti-Slavery cause at this period public attention was universally drawn; a re-awakening in its favour had taken place; public meetings were called and ladies' societies were formed in many large towns. In Leicester, Mrs. Heyrick and her friend, Miss Watts, were its most zealous champions; efforts with the pen were followed up by very vigorous and varied personal exertion. Mrs. Heyrick canvassed a large part of the town, and from door to door explained her views, with the design of inducing as many families as possible to abstain from the use of all slave produce, especially sugar, in the hope of mitigating, if not entirely altering, the condition of the slave, by causing a decrease in the demand. It is needless to say that she set the example herself, and till the day of her death steadfastly declined everything that could be brought under the category of slave produce.

It is impossible to express the devotion, the self-denial, and the exertion which she brought to this cause; it entailed a correspondence with many of its best and warmest friends and supporters in various places. This correspondence has, for the most part, been destroyed; the two following letters, however, among a few others, have been preserved, and are at least curious as the productions of personages of no little influence in their day.

From Zachary Macaulay (father of Lord Macaulay) to Mrs. Heyrick.

"London, 9 Jan., 1826.

"My dear Madam,—

"I send you a copy of the amended address. You have received, I doubt not ere this, a copy of Mr. Stephens' pamphlet. In two or three days I shall have the pleasure of sending you a copy of the third report, with notes and an appendix, by which you will perceive that I have seen the last West Indian article in the 'Quarterly Review.' I shall be very anxious to see your new work, and to promote its circulation as far as may be in my power.

Dr. Lushington's speech is certainly more to my taste, in one very important respect, than that of either of his two able friends; and yet Dr. Lushington, I assure you, though adopting a more decisive tone in speaking, is, in counsel at least, as cautious and reserved as either of them, and even sees the great difficulties in our way still more strongly than they, and is still more dubious of the effect of the abstinence system than almost any of our friends. I have no objection to your using any part of my letters which may suit your purpose, only suppressing the name.

"I remain, my dear Madam,

"Yours very faithfully,

"Z. MACAULAY."

From Mrs. Montague (the friend of chimney sweepers) to Mrs. Heyrick.

"Dear Madam,—

"Mr. Montague and myself were subscribers to a tract on the subject of the slave trade, which we received



very duly, but were never called on for our subscription. I should not have sat down quietly under this neglect, knowing your benevolent intention in the publication, had you not promised me a visit when some occasion should bring you to town, either at yearly meeting or some other occasion of business or recreation, and I was the more trustingly led to hope for this visit, because I had told you that William Allen or Richard Phillips would tell you where Basil and Ann Montague might be found.

"Will you, dear madam, so far favour us; or, in default of this kindness, will you tell me where we must discharge our debt? I think that you said you were acquainted with Mr. Hall, of Leicester; will you, when you see him, give my husband's kind respects to him? Will you also accept my respectful good wishes? In the short interview I had with you at the meeting for considering the wrongs of the chimney sweepers, I conceived a great esteem for you, and I have seldom met one of the Friends in London without thinking of Mrs. Heyrick.

"I am,

Very truly and kindly yours,

"ANNE D. B. MONTAGUE.

"25, Bedford Square, London,

"April 18, 1827."

The following letter on the subject of the abolition of the punishment of death for forgery was written by that esteemed friend to humanity, William Allen :—



William Allen to Mrs. Heyrick.

"Lindfield, Sussex,

"21st, 4mo., 1830.

"My dear Friend,—

"The Committee established in London to promote, as far as possible, the 'Abolition of the Punishment of Death' deem the present crisis a most important one for their cause, for if the proposed Forgery Bill is suffered to pass in its present state, the very thing we deplore will be fixed and perpetuated, it being understood that the framer of the Bill is determined that all who may be condemned to death under the new Act (which is a very trifling improvement upon the old ones) shall most certainly be executed. May we, therefore, earnestly solicit thee to unite, with any other of the friends to the cause, in interesting your members and others in Parliament during the progress of the Bill, and support the petitions praying for the abolition of the punishment of death for forgery.

"I remain, thy affectionate Friend,

"WILLIAM ALLEN.

"Not an hour should be lost, as the second reading takes place on the 26th inst. The letters will have still more effect with Members if signed by one or more bankers."

William Allen was an eminent chemical and experimental professor, who lectured at Guy's Hospital. In his chemical investigations he demonstrated that the diamond was of pure carbon, and, in conjunction with Mr. Pepys, proved the proportion of carbon in carbonic acid. Mr.



Allen was the son of a Spitalfields silk manufacturer, and a distinguished member of the Society of Friends. He was born in London in 1770, and died at Lindfield, Sussex, in 1843.

After having toiled hard, and written much, on the subject of abstinence from slave produce (a Herculean task indeed—the attempt to beguile a people from long-accustomed luxuries), "a light broke in upon her brain;" it was the idea of giving the oppressed their freedom *at once*, without waiting for the tedious processes of *gradual* emancipation. This idea was speedily embodied in a pamphlet entitled "Immediate, not Gradual, Abolition," the arguments of which are cogent and suasive, and soon found their way to the hearts and consciences of thousands of readers. It has been said by those who read the public papers of that day that this work was repeatedly quoted in "The House" as the production of the other sex—"*he* says," and "*he* says again," etc.

William Lloyd Garrison thus alluded to its author, at a public meeting held at Glasgow, the respected Doctor Wardlaw in the chair:—"Who first gave to the world the doctrine of immediate emancipation? It was a woman of England—Elizabeth Heyrick." To this sentence a foot-note was appended, as follows:—"Mrs. Heyrick was the highly respected, talented, and uncompromising friend of liberty. As the eloquent advocate of the total and immediate abolition of negro-slavery, her fame has gone through the length and breadth of the land, to the shores of the American and Western world. 'Immediate, *not gradual*, abolition,' was her motto, and under that title



hundreds of thousands of copies of a pamphlet from her pen were printed and circulated, the influence of which was everywhere felt, while the Anti-Slavery Society, and nearly all the friends of Abolition were opposed to her views."

Sir James Mackintosh bears testimony to the worth of the female character, when exerting its energies in the cause of the abolition of slavery. He says:—"He had more than once congratulated the friends of this cause on the exertions made in its behalf by females. In several parts of England he had witnessed their zeal, and he had uniformly observed, that in proportion as they possessed the retiring virtues of delicacy and modesty (those chief ornaments of woman), in that proportion had they come forward to defend the still higher objects of humanity and justice; and never, perhaps, by any pen, certainly never by the pen of any female, were those objects ever more clearly, more strongly, and more righteously defended, than by the writer of the 'Letters on the Prompt Extinction of British Slavery.'"

In this great cause, until the day of her death, did Mrs. Heyrick continue "in labours more abundant;" but if she were permitted to view the consummation of her hope on the glorious first of August, 1834, it was from a land where the oppressor and the oppressed meet no more, and where "the servant is free from his master;" her pure spirit having taken its flight about three years before the dawning of that auspicious morn.

Among Mrs. Heyrick's very numerous MS. remains are several memoranda of yearly meetings, and among the



numerous names of those who addressed these meetings are Joseph John Gurney, Elizabeth Fry, and Priscilla Gurney. The following is Mrs. Heyrick's testimony to the memory of the last mentioned :—

"Priscilla Gurney, though born to affluence and nursed in the lap of indulgence, was made early sensible of the visitations of redeeming love, which attracted her into the path of humility and self-denial; and as she obeyed these divine monitions, she experienced the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, refining her soul from earthly dross, and quickening it by an evident participation of the divine nature. She learned indeed of Christ to be meek and lowly in heart; she took His yoke upon her, and found peace to her soul, the peace of God which passeth understanding, which manifested itself in all her deportment. The sweet composure of her spirit was preserved under much painful exercise, and deep sympathy with human suffering, which she considered it her privilege, as well as duty, to alleviate to the utmost of her ability.

"The horrors of slavery exerted no transient ebullition of feeling; they made a deep and durable impression on her mind."

Priscilla Gurney, and her sister Christiana, were cousins of the Galtons, of Great Barr House, near Birmingham. For an interesting account of these ladies see Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Memoirs, vol. I.

The last letter Mrs. Heyrick wrote to her sister was penned while Miss M. A. Coltman was staying with Miss Hutton. She concludes her letter with these words :—
"I have an increase of my old malady (indigestion),

and could not write comfortably till to-day. My love to Miss Hutton, and kind regards to her brother. Farewell, my dear, dear sister. Pray do not be long without writing. I will not try thy eyes another time by writing on such gauzy paper. What a pretty seal thou hast sent me! The words came to my heart."

In three weeks after the date of this letter Mrs. Heyrick was no more. While sitting one day quietly at work she was alarmed by the sudden vomiting of blood; she had ruptured a blood vessel. The nature of her illness entirely precluded verbal communication with the friends who watched around her dying bed; yet the serene expression that rested upon her countenance told of the settled peace that reigned within.

The following is a list of Mrs. Heyrick's publications, which were largely quoted in the papers of the day:—

1.—"An Enquiry which of the Two is best Entitled to Freedom—the Slave or the Slave-owner?"

2.—"No British Slavery: or an Invitation to the People to put a Speedy End to it."

3.—"An Appeal, *not* to the Government, but to the People of England, on the subject of West Indian Slavery."

4.—"An Appeal to the Hearts and Consciences of British Women."

5.—Immediate, not Gradual, Abolition: or an Enquiry into the Shortest, Safest, and most Effectual Means of Getting Rid of West Indian Slavery."

6.—"Cursory Remarks on the Evil Tendency of Cruelty—particularly on that Practised in Smithfield Market."



7.—"A Christmas-box for the Advocates of Bull-baiting."

8.—"Bull-baiting: a Village Dialogue between Tom Brown and John Simms."

9.—"Exposition of One Principal Cause of the National Distress, particularly in Manufacturing Districts, with some Suggestions for its Removal."

10.—"Enquiry into the Consequences of the Present Depreciated Value of Human Labour, etc. Letters to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., M.P." (This is a work of 116 pages.)

11.—"Protest Against the Spirit and Practice of Modern Legislation, as Exhibited in the New Vagrant Act."

12.—"On the Advantages of a High Remunerating Price for Labour."

13.—"A Letter of Remonstrance from an Impartial Public to the Hosiers of Leicester."

14.—"Observations on the Offensive and Injurious Effect of Corporal Punishment, on the Unequal Administration of Penal Justice, and on the Permanent Advantages of the Mild and Reformatory over the Vindictive System of Punishment." (Ninety pages.)

15.—"Appeal to the Electors of the United Kingdom on the Choice of a New Parliament." *An.* 1826.

16.—"Animadversions on the late Contested Election for the Borough of Leicester." 1826.

17.—"Letters on the Prompt Extinction of Slavery."

18.—"Letters of a Recluse." These were addressed to Mrs. Heyrick's two brothers, and the publication of them was, by her especial request, posthumous.



Mrs. Heyrick left behind her a mass of unpublished manuscript, chiefly consisting of essays, sermons, prayers, etc.

William Heyrick, Esq., J.P., to John Coltman, Esq., on the death of Mrs. Heyrick.

"Thurmaston, 21 Oct., 1831.

"My dear Sir,—

"I thank you for your melancholy letter. It did not reach me till my arrival at home on Wednesday, at a late hour, though before dinner, as I had declined to dine with the magistrates on that or the preceding day, on account of my sister's state.

"For myself I lament the loss of her deeply, since she was one of the *very few* whom I thought of with very high respect and affectionate regard. But our loss is her gain—she is gone where that intense, unbounded love to God and man, which here was beset with so much obstruction and disappointment, shall be for ever enjoyed without alloy. She is gone (where I trust we shall meet her again) to the general assembly and church of the first-born—to the spirits of just men made perfect; to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant; to her Father and our Father; to her God and our God!

"I beg of you to offer my kind regards to her brothers and sister, and to Mrs. Coltman, and tell them what I feel on this subject, in all which Mrs. Heyrick heartily joins.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very truly,

"W. HEYRICK."



From Mrs. Macaulay to Miss M. A. Coltman on the death of Mrs. Heyrick.

"Plymouth, Oct. 25, 1831.

"My dear Friend,—

"While I deeply mourn the loss of my much loved sister and friend, I think of you with tenderest sympathy, and earnestly wish that, in sharing your sorrows, I could in any way lighten the load which must oppress your affectionate heart; but vain are the efforts of friendship to soften or mitigate the pain of such a stroke. He alone who dealt the blow can sustain the sufferer. I thank you for returning the miniature to me; should any other fragment of my poor brother* meet your eye, I should be gratified by your sending it; may I also ask for some trifling remembrance of my dear sister. I beg my kind regards to your brothers and Mrs. Coltman. Believe me, my dear Friend,

"Yours very truly and affectionately,

"ANNE MACAULAY."

Miss M. A. Coltman also received a kind letter from Miss Hutton on her sister's death.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH HEYRICK, WHO DIED OCT. 18, 1831.

Friend of the Slave! of Afric's countless train,
Trampled for ages by the nations round;
With noble zeal she strove to burst the chain,
In whose vast rim a continent was bound.

* Captain Heyrick, husband of Mrs. Heyrick.

Friend of the Brute! of those that smarting feel
The scourge of human tyranny below,
With generous courage and unwearied zeal,
She stood betwixt the animal and woe.

And Friend of all who in this vale of woe
Are found 'mid human mis'ry's varied scenes,
Thither with hand and heart she lov'd to go,
And self-denial lent the liberal means.

Deep tender feeling, wide expanse of heart,
And intellectual strength to her were given,—
And, best of gifts that Mercy can impart,—
The will to dedicate them all to Heaven.

But spare the Dead! They reach the judgment seat
(Their conscious souls reject approving lays);
They go the sentence of their God to meet;—
Then "poor in spirit" should be all their praise.

Yet who shall say what further deeds of love
Engage on high the spirits of the Blest,—
Errands of mercy 'mid the worlds above,—
Heaven is not idleness and empty rest.

In the full glories of that holy place,
FAITH shall be lost, and HOPE shall find no room;
But with new life and renovated grace
Immortal CHARITY shall ever bloom.

SUSANNA WATTS.

At this period Miss M. A. Coltman's sight was beginning to fail her, and for many years before her death she became totally blind. Miss Hutton, writing to her on September 26th, 1832, refers to this sad misfortune. She says:—"I am very sorry to find that the cataract of your



best eye is increasing. Should it cover the eye wholly, you must have recourse to an operation, which is perfectly safe and not very painful. Mr. Alexander performed the operation on Lord Lowther, who was totally blind; and, besides the fee he gave him of a thousand guineas, he sent him the first brace of partridges he shot with his recovered sight."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Leamington, Sept. 21, 1833.

"My dear Ann,—

". When I had taken a cup of coffee, and Mary a mutton chop, at the Bedford Hotel, I sent her out in quest of a lodging, which she was so fortunate as to find at the next door. I have a handsome drawing room looking on the principal street, a dining room behind it, and two bed rooms over them, the front one divided into a small bed room for myself and a cabin for my maid. In summer the price of these is three guineas and a half a week, in winter two and a half, and the proprietor kindly considers the 9th of September as winter, and on Mary representing me as a 'quiet old lady,' he offered to let me have them for two guineas. If your courage had held out, the two back rooms would have been yours without any expense; when I found I had so much to offer you, I was very sorry that your courage had failed. You, who care little for the pomps and vanities of this world, would care little for the sight of them from my windows; for me, though nothing that this world affords could now prevail upon me to share them, I like to view them at a distance; and here I see in abundance private

carriages, hackney coaches, which, from their being drawn by one horse, are absurdly called cars, hackney phaetons, as they are called, though the equipage of Phaeton is reduced to one horse (indeed, everywhere one horse is made to do the work of two), and to these are added a multitude of well-dressed pedestrians.

"Custom, however, soon abated my relish for this species of amusement, but I have had another and a greater. In one of the aforesaid phaetons I have visited Kenilworth Castle—magnificent in ruins; Guy's Cliff, an ancient manorial house, with Gaveston's Hill—a stone pillar, surmounted by a cross, marking the spot where the worthless and wicked favourite of Edward the Second was beheaded; Offchurch Bury, another old manorial mansion, probably erected on the site of the palace of Offa, King of the Mercians, from whom the place takes its name. Here also is a fine park, and, sovereign of a number of stately trees, stands a chestnut, under whose branches it is said that 300 men may find shelter. In a Bath chair, which was admitted within the gates, I had a near view of Warwick Castle, the most noble and most picturesque ancient baronial residence in Great Britain. In all these places I read as I ran; or, rather, I read as I was carried; for in no one instance did I quit the vehicle that bore me.

"October the 12th, Bennett's Hill. So far I had written at Leamington, but with such pale ink that, in pity to thy eyes, I have written it over again.

"I remained at Leamington three weeks, and associated with no human being (my valuable maid excepted) but Mr. Ryland, a friend of fifty years' standing,



who has taken the Priory at Warwick, a beautiful residence, as old as Henry the Eighth, built on the site of a monastery.

"The little mechanical artist who drew your profiles was at Leamington, and I sat to him for mine, to add to your collection of friends. I send it with this, but I am afraid it is not a very good likeness; the little demon has taken a piece from my chin and added it to my nose.

"I am now shut up for the winter, and my reflections must revert to the past. Among the agreeable ones will be the Cinderella hours you passed by my fireside. Kind remembrances to Mrs. Pilkington, for whom I have a real esteem. And for yourself, the love of

"Your ever affectionate Friend,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"June 9, 1834.

"My dear Ann,—

". I set out for London on the 14th of April, and reached home on the 4th of May, having been six days on the road, going and coming, and fifteen days in town. In this latter interval I visited old friends and new, and was told by all who had seen me before that I looked well. My brother went to town before me, and I found him looking very ill; he had either the influenza or a violent cold. The thing is the same, it differs only in being epidemic or not.



Mrs. Gill, I am afraid, is in a bad way. She does not digest her food without pain. My brother and I wish her to try Leamington, and the advice of a physician there; but, for some reason or other, she declines it. She is an excellent woman, and one of three whom I know who injures herself by performing what she considers her duty to others. The other two are Mrs. Richards, wife of the Vicar of St. Martin's, London, and Ann Coltman. I have endeavoured to persuade them that there is a duty owing to themselves, but to no purpose.

"I, too, have read 'Helen,' and I admire the rectitude and sincerity of Lady Davenant; but I should never have thought of appropriating such a character to myself, if you and Mrs. Pilkington had not honoured me so highly as to do it for me. I have heard the objection made to Miss Edgeworth's system of education that you make against her novel—that she advocates morality but not religion. In education this is unpardonable; in a novel I think it is not. Lady Davenant speaks and acts according to her conscience; that is, according to what she believes to be right; and has not the all-wise Author of our being given us this criterion to regulate our actions? I hate disputing upon religion, because every human creature must believe as he is convinced; but when I said to you that 'we should not strive to be above the nature God has given us,' I did not mean that we should not strive to do well; for I think, with you, that 'virtue is the resistance of evil.' All I meant was that, having striven to do our best, we should not make ourselves miserable because we could not do more. To return to 'Helen.' It contains, indeed, a high moral



lesson. Undeviating truth, vacillation, and falsehood, are placed before us, with the consequences attendant upon each.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Miss Edgeworth's "Helen" was published in the year 1834, so that Miss Hutton and her friend must have read it soon after it came out.

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"July 30, 1834.

"My dear Ann,—

"I answer your letter immediately to warn you, for I am afraid you are not sufficiently aware of the danger of using your newly-recovered sight. You undergo the operation on the 30th of June, and you write a page to me on the 7th of July. Mr. Frazer has been couched several times by Mr. Alexander, one of the first oculists in London, and he has, each time, been kept in a darkened room for two or three weeks, and restricted to low diet to prevent fever. This is, I suppose, unnecessary for you, whose diet can scarcely be lowered; but eyes that have been long covered are too weak to bear the light, and ought not to be exposed to it until they have gathered strength, much less should they be used. I shall be very anxious to know how you go on, but pray do not write yourself; let somebody, anybody, write three or four lines to tell me the effect of the second operation. I do congratulate you on the sight regained, and I entreat you not to put it to hazard.

"Mrs. Gill has been a month at Leamington, under the care of Dr. Jephson, and intends to remain another month; whether she is essentially better, or not, I know not. They have changed their residence for one nearer my brother's.

"Mr. Hodgson [a celebrated Birmingham doctor] is in London, and has been nine months. He has nearly lost the sight of one eye, and all the surgeons there are endeavouring to preserve the other. He longs to come home, and they will not let him. Kind regards to Mrs. Pilkington.

"Ever affectionately your

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Letter from Miss Watts to Miss M. A. Coltman.

(Allusion to Dr. Carey, and alterations in Leicester.)

"Oct. 17, 1837.

"My dear Sister,—

". Pray have you seen Dr. Carey's Life? It is written by his nephew, Eustace. I do so long to see it! The shoemaker of Leicester becoming the great Eastern linguist and the true disciple of Christ! What a man! Your dear father and mother knew him well.* Strange alterations are going on in Mr. Pares' shrubbery; all the beautiful old limes are felled, except Mr. Burgess's, and a new street is to be made out of the Newarke below Mr. Ryley's into the paddock, and a new

* And had had shoes mended by him. Dr. Carey became Professor at the College of Fort William in Calcutta, and was learned in Sanscrit, Bengali, and other languages.



road from the Hinckley Road to come up the Newarke. Four houses have started up like mushrooms since I have been gone, so dear sis. Ann you will see a *new* old Leicester."

About this time Dr. and Mrs. Alexander died at Danett's Hall. Miss M. A. Coltman and Miss Watts were among the recipients of mourning rings to wear in memory of them.

The following is an extract from a letter from Miss Watts to Miss M. A. Coltman; it refers to the Babingtons, of Rothley Temple, relations of the Macaulays:—

"Dec. 24, 1837.

". I am glad you heard the blessed end of ever-honoured Mr. Babington. Through life and death he lived in the peace that passeth understanding. All I hear of Mrs. Babington is that she partakes, too, of the same heavenly peace. It grieves me that she is going to leave that nice mansion where she has lived fifty years. She and Miss Babington are to go for the present to live in London with Mr. George Babington and his wife. Mr. Thomas Babington, they say, always thought the Temple did not suit his health. Who is to be there nobody knows."

The following interesting account of Rothley Temple is taken from Throsby's "Leicestershire," 1789:—

"Thomas Babington, Esq., who married a sister of the Rev. Mr. Macaulay, is the descendant of an ancient family. Humphrey Babington, who died in 1444, has a monument in Rothley Church. Another Thomas Babington, Esq., of the Temple, died in 1756; also of Zachary Babington, LL.D., Precentor and Prebendary of Lichfield.



"Rothley Temple was a Commandery of the Knights Templars, and was afterwards given with the possessions to the Knights Hospitalers. It retains part of the religious form, altered to correspond, in some measure, with the appearance of a gentleman's residence. In the dwelling are several pieces of old armour, and some old portraits. The painted glass in the windows shows the intermarriages of the Babington family."

It was in the groves of Rothley Temple that Mr. Thomas Babington and Mr. Wilberforce, two great advocates for the abolition of Slavery, drew up a statement, extending to two thousand pages, of the cruelties practised in the inhuman traffic of slaves. The Temple, with 900 acres of land, has recently [1894] been sold for over £40,000.

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"April 20, 1840.

"I did indeed rejoice, my dear friend, to see your own handwriting, and to find that your almost unprecedented sufferings have been succeeded by a tranquil mind. Surely your surgeon must have been wrong in attempting to dissolve a substance on so exquisitely sensitive a basis as the eye, instead of extracting it. It is evident, at least, that he has been mistaken; but, what is extraordinary, the process which has destroyed the better eye has, in some degree, relieved the worse. I cannot understand this, nor do I believe that the operators themselves can.

"I was so shocked at this absorbing, that I consulted Mr. Hodgson upon it long ago, and he assured me that



the method was good. However, Mr. Hodgson, who is a practised oculist himself, and was long under the care of the first practitioners in London, has lost one of his eyes.

"I have not seen Mr. Hodgson for upwards of two years. Such is the friendship of medical men, when one ceases to employ them. But there is some excuse for the neglect—they have so many visits to pay for which they are paid, that they have little leisure for those which do not pay.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Dec. 6, 1841.

"My dear Friend,—

"At last I send you my two portraits, the last of which I received only a week ago. The old woman is a perfect resemblance of what I am now; a quiet, composed, elderly gentlewoman, looking much younger than I really am. This is a fact, for I have not a wrinkle in my face. With respect to the young woman, not one of the few persons, who have seen both, can find any resemblance between the two. I suppose this must be generally, if not always, the case in such distant periods of life. I have seen only two instances in which this experiment has been shown; these were in the portraits of Madame de Genlis, and Madame Tussaud, the celebrated modeller in wax. De Genlis was first a conceited beauty, and secondly an old hag; Tussaud was first a beauty without conceit, and

afterwards a respectable old woman, but in neither case was there any resemblance between the former portrait and the latter.

"I know nothing of Count von der Ricke but what I have learned from his book, and, like you, I am desirous to know more. It was sent to me by Sir Arthur de Capell Broke (with whom I have been many years acquainted when at Leamington), and who had undertaken to dispose of a few copies. I afterwards applied to him for further information, but he could give none.

"My beloved friend, I am a poor creature, reduced in everything, except appearance, and a great sufferer; yet still I go on. My brother is much stronger than I, and does not seem to get worse than he has been for some time.

"My dear Ann, I love to hear from thee, and I enter with great interest into all thy family details, especially those relating to thyself.

"Ever thy affectionate,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham.

"New Year's Day, 1843.

"My very dear Ann,—

". I cannot use a needle. What a loss is this to a maker of patchwork and knitter of purses. I read but little, for my eyes are dim and painful, and soon grow weary. But am I not within a few weeks of completing my 87th year? Surely I, who have enjoyed life so long, ought not to grumble; I try for patience and



I pray for patience. I have the dearest, wisest, fondest (not the prettiest) dog in the world. I had her when half a year old, and I have had her three years. She is of my own bringing up. I have taught her no tricks; she cannot beg, or shake a paw; but she understands every word I say, relating to herself; and when she asks anything, which in general she does very intelligibly, my Yes! or No! is final. I never tell a lie to a dog.

"My dear friend, it is God's mercy that you did not go to Leamington. You would have suffered your long and dreadful illness in a lodging; and I was so ill with the hot weather, that I thought, if it should last much longer, it would overpower me. I called one evening on Mrs. Gill, who enquired after you, and said Mrs. Franklin could have lodged you, but not your maid. How I do rejoice in your coming to life again! Kind compliments to Miss Bankart. She writes a noble hand.

"Your ever affectionate

"C. HUTTON."

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham.

"July 13, 1843.

"My dear Friend,—

"I *do* rejoice that you will go to Leamington, and I do hope it will do you good. I dare not say that I hope to meet you there, but *I do* say that I will try to the utmost stretch of possibility. Since I wrote to you last, I have been upon the point of giving up Leamington; I am better, and my present intentions are to set out on

Monday, the 17th, and reach Jarman's Hotel, at Leamington (formerly the residence of the Duke of Somerset), if I can. If I like the rooms allotted me, and have no annoyance, I would remain there 2, or 3, or 4 weeks; if not, I would go to private lodgings; but both these cases are with the exception of unexpected illness sending me home at a shorter period.

"'The Mermaid,' at Knowle, is a half-way house, where I must change horses; and where I shall stop (Almighty God only knows how long) if I find myself unable to proceed. In this case I will write to you at Mrs. Franklin's, as, if I reach Leamington, I will let you know of my arrival as soon as I am settled.

"Your ever affectionate,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Miss Hutton, in one of her letters, remarks that the circle of life gets narrower and narrower, the older one gets, till it ends in our bed. At this period of her life she had given up her visits to Brighton, London, and Malvern, and was now only able to go as far as Leamington, which place she visited, for the last time, in 1844; on her return from this journey, she said: "Never was home so welcome." She was then in her 89th year.

Extract from the diary of Samuel Coltman:—"March 1st, Friday, died, my dear brother John Coltman, after an illness of five months. Wife and self attended his funeral on the Wednesday following. He was interred in my vault at Gallow-tree Gate Chapel."

The following appropriate notice was taken of the event in the *Leicester Chronicle* of the 9th of March,



1844:—"Sir,—In your obituary of this week you will have to record the decease of Mr. John Coltman, of this town. Allow me to say that death may remove from our outward sight the form of such a person, but can never take away the memory and the admiration of him from the hearts of his friends. As a politician, he was consistent, patriotic, disinterested, undaunted. I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship for more than forty years. His religious views were different from mine, but it is my conviction that a more upright, generous, noble-minded man never walked the streets of Leicester.

"He did not possess much of the wisdom of this world, but was largely endowed with that wisdom which is from above, of which the fruits were piety and benevolence, and the reward will be certain and eternal. If you give these few lines a place in your paper, you will oblige your constant reader,

"C. B."

[Rev. Charles Berry, Unitarian Minister.]

From Miss Hutton to Miss M. A. Coltman.

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"March 15, 1845.

"My dear Friend,—

"I bode ill from your long silence. Are you ill? Are you blind? Let somebody tell me, if you cannot. I am much as usual,

"Your very affectionate,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."



These few lines are the last from Miss Hutton preserved among the Coltman memoirs. Early in the year 1846 Miss M. A. Coltman received the intelligence of the death of her friend, Miss Hutton, which took place on March 13th, at the advanced age of 90 years.

The following interesting and touching account of Miss Hutton's dearly loved and affectionate friend, Miss M. A. Coltman, is from the pen of Miss Alicia Cooper:—

MARY ANN COLTMAN.

"I feel that it is difficult for me, partly because I did not become intimately acquainted with her until rather late in her life, and partly that I know my pen is incompetent to portray so fair a character, to attempt to do justice to the memory of the beloved lady, who dictated to me, from recollection and by the help of letters, the foregoing most interesting particulars of a family, of which she was the last immediate member.

"Permitted to survive her brothers, who each lived beyond the allotted term of man, and her only and much loved sister, the sands of time continued to run until she had passed her ninety-second year. Nor was there ever probably a greener old age. Cheerful, affectionate, benevolent almost to a fault; remarkably social, sagacious, well-read, and withal devout—her soul full of love to God and man—it was a privilege to know her, and a highly valued one to have access to her home. Little can now be told of her early life. Nine years younger than her much-admired sister (Eliz. Heyrick), she remembered nothing of the eventful morning that beheld her a bride,



save that, aroused late from her slumbers, she found, on arriving down stairs, an unusual commotion going on in the house.

"Her education, obtained partly at a day school, and partly at a distant boarding school, whither, according to the custom of the times, she was carried on a pillion, behind one of her brothers, undoubtedly received its intensest, as its finest touches at *home*, in the society of her father and mother (who both possessed superior mental attainments), and of their friends, selected by them for their intellectual and moral worth.

"Endued from birth with microscopic sight, such as enabled her without difficulty to see the legs of a mite, she delighted to explore the lesser beauties of Nature, and amid the leafy lanes of her own neighbourhood, or in the romantic vales of Derbyshire, she pursued her love for the mosses and the ferns, and watched the proceedings of the smaller creatures—the bees and the ants—and was able to communicate many a charming little story of insect life. For the whole of created nature she possessed a profound love; the idea of an animal tortured was torture to herself; and it may be that out of the thought of suffering inflicted on the dumb creation, arose her dislike, amounting almost to disgust, for animal food, and it is a remarkable fact that throughout the whole of so protracted an existence, her constant beverage was water, and her food ever of the lightest. It consisted mainly of fruits and vegetables, a little cocoa or milk, seldom tea, with an egg occasionally, and a small quantity of pastry scrupulously mixed with butter. The youthful fairness of her complexion, and her



unclouded intellect, bespoke the pureness of her blood, which, free from superfluous carbon, seemed to traverse her veins with the ease, and almost with the rapidity, of a young child.

"As years passed on, the sight, which enabled her to discern the minute, and did not exclude the greater objects—for she was fond, in common with her family, of sketching and colouring, of visiting ruins and rocks, and of viewing the wonders of nature and art—became troublesomely painful, and she was, at length, threatened with its total extinction. To avert, if possible, so sad a catastrophe, she underwent, at different times, six painful operations, long ere chloroform had come to the relief of the sufferer. The most perfect rest and quiet being necessary before the oculist could peform his part, she was accustomed to retire to the pleasant village of Bonsall, in Derbyshire, and spend some weeks alone there, before he came to her assistance. These times of solitude, so painful, apparently, were by no means unhappy ones. She found a degree of compensation in the undisturbed leisure which permitted her to analyse, and bring to the test, certain religious views, advanced with unusual vigour and eloquence by her newly-adopted minister, the Rev. Robert Hall; for, in order to attend his preaching, she had ventured upon quitting alone the family place of worship (the Great Meeting), followed, however, in time by those nearest to her.

"The great Evangelical myths of Regeneration, the Atonement, etc., were now becoming to her matters of living faith. Cautiously and slowly she received them, and



then clasped them firmly and kindly, and, knowing that in early days she had listened to teaching which ignored them, or treated them as unnecessary or fictitious, the writer will never forget how, one day, with hands folded in attitude of prayer and eyelids closed, she exclaimed, in accents the most solemn, deliberate, and intense, 'My Lord and my God.' The very tones seemed to intimate the mental struggle through which she had come calmly to repose in 'God my Saviour.' Her eyes closed more or less upon external objects during her long sojourns at Bonsall, and her mind fully engaged in revolving important subjects, her ear was none the less open to all that concerned the good of humanity, and one result was the entire suppression of the annual bull-baiting in this village. Both she and her sister devoted their time, their purse, and their energy to extinguish this disgraceful relic of barbarism, and they effected it only after great and unwearied efforts.

"Calling long years afterwards, when the yellow leaf had begun to fall upon her path, at the house where she had been accustomed to take up her abode, the writer received a surprising welcome, and had the pleasure of hearing her praises most heartily spoken, and of finding her memory still fragrant, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century.

"Brought under the influence of divine truth, in its most Evangelical form, she was yet a member of no religious society. She *could* not adopt a creed, nor be exclusive even in appearance. She believed in one universal Church, 'redeemed with the precious blood of



Christ,' but she attached herself to no particular portion of it, and allowed a large latitude to all who did not see through her spectacles. If, as life declined, she showed one preference over another, it was in favour of the views and worship of the Friends, and she caused, a few years before her departure, to be written, 'I would be considered as dying in union with Friends.' Her beloved and honoured sister, who predeceased her more than thirty years, had become a Friend. She numbered among her intimate associates many honoured names of theirs, and she was well read in their literature.

"Soon after religious impressions had taken root she contemplated baptism by immersion, as the Scriptural intention, according to Rom. VI. 3, 4, 5; but attaching no spiritual efficacy to any mode of it, and finding impediments to it, in the state of her eyes, and in other circumstances, she resorted to the easier method, and underwent the ceremony as an infant, at the hands of her friend, the Rev. Henry Maddock, in the parish church of Bonsall. Leave was obtained from the Bishop for the observance of the rite, on the express understanding that it was to connect her with no church; that by it she simply yielded to a Scriptural injunction, and that she desired to take the Lord's Supper. So long as she remained at Bonsall she communed at the church; in Leicester chiefly, but not entirely, at the chapel in Harvey Lane, with the people still ministered to by her friend Robert Hall. But after 1826, the year in which he left Leicester, the difficulties inseparable from her declining sight, and the disturbance occasioned to her health by



successive, and alas! ineffectual operations, presented obstacles to her frequenting any public place which she could seldom overcome, and after her sixty-fifth year she scarcely ever crossed her threshold.

"The sixth and last operation was the most severe. A substance had formed on the back of the *best* eye. The slightest movement was agony. It was necessary to extract the ball. This was done, and, to use her own expression, 'the little bag containing the tears was broken up.' She never wept after. She bore it with uncommon fortitude, fainting just as it was over. Suffering such as this was chastisement indeed! But it was comforting to hear her say, 'I have not had one stroke too much.' 'For all I bless Thee, most for the severe.'

"Ann, or as she was more frequently called, Mary Ann Coltman, had a fine, open, intellectual, and most agreeable countenance, and a tall, commanding figure. She had great suavity of manners, much power of conversation, a gentle fearlessness in rebuking wrong, a mind constantly cultivated by good reading, and a soul formed for friendship. The shadows of her evening were long, but they were not gloomy. Memory loves to recall her kind smile, and the welcome common to all, 'I'm so glad you're come!'—the busy fingers, to beguile her time, winding thread for distribution among her poorer friends, or shredding paper to fill beds and pillows for the sick. It was peaceful to hear her talk—oh! how lovingly—of those who had preceded her to the home above, and how considerately and affectionately of those who remained below—her friends, the relics of a former age, and her

relatives, the much loved grandchildren of her brother John, whose features she might never behold, but for whom she could think, and breathe her thoughts on high.

"The agreeable, instructive, entertaining, or devotional book lay ever on the table. She was an excellent listener, and to hear her acute and sensible remarks as the author proceeded, and observe the ability with which she quoted other authors on the same, or on collateral subjects, was in itself extremely interesting and instructive. She always began the day with portions of Scripture, read to her by her elder attendant, and in this way the Bible was gone through many times. After the reading was a season of silence. In the same manner the day was closed.

"Should the morning or evening pass without visitors, it was a very remarkable circumstance; nevertheless, there were unavoidable periods of solitude. 'You must feel very lonely sometimes, Miss Coltman,' was the remark of a not very discriminating body who called to pay her neighbourly respects. 'Oh! no,' was the reply. 'I am *never* alone; the departed seem so near; my beloved mother is always here, and my father and sister, and One, who is more than all.' She had occasionally much pleasure in retracing the course of many of her excellent associates no longer with her, save in memory—the accomplished and amiable Susanna Watts, translator of Tasso; Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, of Danett's Hall; Catherine Hutton, daughter to the historian of Birmingham; Miss Gifford, daughter to the Rector of Duffield, her mother's native place; her gifted sister, and several others, and then would fall upon the listening ear the happy lines:—



"'They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here,
Their very memory is bright,
And my poor heart doth cheer, etc.'"

"About the eightieth year of her age there came over her a great longing to bid us all farewell and soar away towards that 'bourne whence no traveller returns.' The strength of principle brought to the regulation of this intense desire, and to the keeping in place the various mental emotions, as well as the patience, forbearance, and resignation called into exercise by the difficulties attendant on extreme age, was truly a most instructive lesson. Those words, in much lowliness of spirit, were often on her lips:—'Not my will; Thine be done! Oh! how I do long for the time; but *when* Thou wilt; *how* Thou wilt, *where* Thou wilt. Nor would I turn a straw to hasten that supreme moment, which I long for more than for anything else in the world.'

"'One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me, o'er and o'er,
I am nearer to heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.'

was a favourite hymn during these latter days. Keeping up a constant intercourse with the outer world, while sitting in darkness at home, she maintained to the close the most lively interest in those dear by the ties of relationship; nor was her ear ever closed to any effort for the benefit of her fellow-creatures of every condition. The coloured race was a favourite object, and her ready hands ministered to its needs, as well as to the necessities of those immediately surrounding her.

"With the same alacrity that she found the kind excuse for individual peculiarities or infirmities, she would silently forestall the expensive needs of the suffering, indigent, or obscure. On the plea of needing little for herself, her purse was ever open to others, and, in truth, her house and dress, though nice, were conscientiously plain, and she would mirthfully allude to the fact that she had not needed a bonnet for more than twenty years.

"Thus in deeds of love and devotion passed the days until the month of January, 1871, when she appeared to be failing, and gradually, until Thursday, February 9th, she grew feeble. On that day she sent for the writer to bid her farewell. Into her closing ear was whispered a favourite passage—'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit;' 'Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' A sweet and serious look met the whisperer's gaze, as she replied audibly, distinctly, and reverentially—'My faith is fixed firm as a rock—Christ.' After this she scarcely spoke, and on the next day but one, Saturday, February 11th, 1871, at a few minutes after six in the evening, the eyes that had been for so long closed upon mortal things, opened in the light of immortality.

"When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a
light unto me."

Mary Ann Coltman was in her 93rd year when she died; she was the last of that branch of the Coltman family.



From the Leicester paper, February, 1871.

"IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MISS COLTMAN, OF LEICESTER.

"Bright spirit fare thee well!
We linger o'er thy memory lovingly,
And fain thy worth would tell.
O saintly soul! from sanctimony free,
Thine was a noble course.
Like some broad river whose melodious flow,
Bears joy and blessing wheresoe'er it go—
A gentle current, nor yet void of force;
For thou wast bravely strong
To cheer the right, and to condemn the wrong.

"Earth's manifold oppressions roused thy scorn.
But for the slave, the poor, the orphan child,
The mourner left alone on life's rough wild,
Thou had'st the tenderest pity; not the morn
More bounteous with her pearls and golden rays.
No tale of human need was brought to thee,
But thy heart yearned, thy hand was stretched to bless.
Thy large-souled sympathy
Outflowed in pitying help towards all distress;
So charity made music of thy days.

"Dear lady, beautiful was thy decline,
Long lingering, like the sweet still summer even,
Whose lovely tints look less like earth than heaven.
A weight of years was thine
To few accorded, but with saintly grace
And patience meek thou didst the burden bear;
And we, who loved thee, looked upon thy face,
And saw the Angel there.



Through loneliness, affliction, loss of sight,
Thou didst maintain the same dear genial glow,
The same sweet childlike flow
Of pleasant humour, cheering as the light.

"Last of thy noble race,
Thou hast rejoined thy dear-loved kindred band
In the bright, far-off land;
While we must wait and face
Life's fierce assailings; but we'll think of thee,
And learn endurance, losing not our trust
In love supremest; thou to us shall be
A flower that blows perennial from the dust—
A living and a loving memory.

"RUTH WILLS."

Mr. John Coltman, Mr. Samuel Coltman, Mrs. Heyrick, and Miss M. A. Coltman were buried in the graveyard belonging to Gallowtree Gate Chapel, Leicester. Other members of the Coltman family lie in the burial ground belonging to the Great Meeting, Leicester.

Mr. Samuel Coltman's advice to his nephew and niece, John Robert and Lizzy Clarke, January 31st, 1848:—

. "As it is of the utmost importance to your own well-doing in this life, and well-being in a future one, as well as to all those connected with you, that you should early form good habits (which are only the result of repeated acts), it is never too soon to begin, for the unlearning a bad habit is much more difficult than the first acquirement of a good one.

"The right employment of time is a habit of the utmost importance, and the doing things at the right time, as well as keeping things in their proper places, must be



attended to. It is universally allowed that for all purposes where mind is employed, one hour in the morning is worth two at night; it is, therefore, essential to those who wish to improve their faculties, to make the most of the early hours of the day. I believe it will be found that nearly all large-minded persons have been habitually early risers, as Euclid, Newton, Locke, Wesley, Wellington, Bonaparte, etc., and most of the ancient philosophers. It gives leisure and composure to the spirits, the inventive powers are quickened, the perceptions clear, and the imagination lively and vigorous. The habit is likewise greatly conducive to health and longevity; few persons have attained to advanced age who have not been early risers. Fix then, on retiring to rest, the proper hour to rise in the morning, and strictly keep to it without parleying with a warm bed.

"The irresolution of not adhering to a sense of right in small matters enfeebles the mind, and if indulged in unfits it for any great and useful purpose. It is base and cowardly to let bodily indolence triumph over the intellectual powers. The force of example is so great in a family that much depends on the elder brothers and sisters in forming the habits of the rest. It is very desirable they should show firmness and self-control, and refrain from any self-indulgent habits, if they desire to be of real use to their younger brothers and sisters, and to be respected by them."

THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

Robert Hall, the much-loved pastor and friend of the Coltman family, and one of the most distinguished of

modern divines, was the son of a Baptist minister, and was born at Arnesby, Leicestershire, on May 2nd, 1764. He was a precocious boy; taught himself the alphabet by the help of gravestones; wrote hymns before he was nine years old; and, at the age of eleven years, is said to have been put up to preach at a religious meeting. On his mother's death (December, 1776) he was sent to the boarding school of the Rev. John Ryland, Baptist minister, of Northampton.

With James (afterwards Sir James) Mackintosh, his fellow-student, he formed a strong intimacy; they read Greek together, and were nicknamed by their comrades, Plato and Herodotus. Robert Hall formed his early style of preaching on that of the Rev. Robert Robinson, the eminent Baptist minister, of Cambridge; but his own powers rapidly developed, and his eloquence drew crowded congregations from all classes. Robert Hall much admired the genius and personal character of Dr. Priestley.

On the 7th of October, 1807, he commenced his ministry at Harvey Lane Chapel, Leicester, which ministry was, indeed, most successful, and he was held in such high esteem that the inhabitants of that town have since erected a statue to his memory. In the end of March, 1826, he settled in Bristol, having accepted an invitation to succeed the Rev. John Ryland, D.D., at Broadmead. He was married on the 25th of March, 1808, and had five children. Robert Hall's fame rests mainly on the tradition of his pulpit oratory, which fascinated many minds of a high order. He died February 21st, 1831.

The Rev. Robert Robinson, just mentioned, died very



suddenly in Birmingham, on the 8th June, 1790, aged 54 years. He was interred in the Old Meeting graveyard; Dr. Priestley buried him, and on the following Sunday preached his funeral sermon. The object of Mr. Robinson's visit to Birmingham was to have an interview with Dr. Priestley, which he had long desired. While in Birmingham he preached the sermons for the Protestant Dissenting Charity School, then situated in Park Street, in the morning at the New Meeting, and in the evening at the Old Meeting, the amount collected being £126.

The congregation of Stone-yard, Cambridge, afterwards erected a tablet in the Old Meeting House to his memory, as a grateful testimony of affection for their beloved pastor. On the demolition of the Old Meeting House for railway extension, in the year 1882, this tablet was removed to the Old Meeting Church, Bristol Street, a very handsome building in the early English style of architecture.

THE HEYRICK FAMILY.

There are numerous records of the Heyrick family in "Nichols' Leicestershire." In the town of Leicester they have for generations filled important offices, and left charities, some of them in the form of bread to the poor, "to be distributed on Candlemas-day." Their pedigree, as recorded by Nichols, commences as far back as Henry III., when, and for many years after, the name was spelt *Eyrick*.

In St. Martin's Church there is one part of the building called the Heyrick Chapel, or Chancel, where are to be

found some monuments erected to that family. The following will be found very curious :—

"On an upright slab in the north-west recess, on its north-west-by-east side, in old English—

"Here lieth buried the body of John Heyricke, of this parish, who departed this life the 2nd of April, 1589, being about the age of 76.

"He did marry Marie, the daughter of John Bond, of Ward End, in the county of Warwicke, Esq. He lived with the said Marie, in one house, full fifty-two years, and in all that tyme never buried man, woman, nor chylde though they were sometimes 20 in household.

"He had issue by the said Marie—five sons and seven daughters, viz., Robert, Nicholas, Thomas, John, and William ; and daughters, Ursula, Agnes, Marie, Elizabeth, Ellen, Christian, and Alice. The said John was Mayor of Leicester in the year 1559, and again in 1572. The said Marie departed this life the 8th December, 1611, being of the age of 97 yeares. She did see before her departure: of her children, and children's children, and their children, to the number of 142."

A fine engraving of this venerable lady, with her autograph, is to be found in "Nichols' Leicestershire," Vol. ii., p. 622. She appears in a ruff and a tall black velvet hat of the Stuart period ; her features display a great amount of character. This lady had lived on the site of Ward End Hall in the reign of Henry VIII. At the time when her father, John Bond,* lived there, the

* William Hutton, in his "History of Birmingham," says that "in 1512 Ward End became the property of John Bond, who, fond of his little hamlet, inclosed a park of thirty acres, and stocked it with deer."



residence was a castle, which was not destroyed till the latter part of the seventeenth century. The present Ward End Hall was built in the year 1712, and is now the residence of the Hutton family, who have owned the estate many years.

Mrs. Mary Heyricke, the old lady just referred to, was born in the reign of Henry VIII., and lived through the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and died in that of James I. Living at Leicester with her husband, she would probably hear of Wolsey's entrance into Leicester Abbey.

The following is a description of the portrait of Robert Heyrick, eldest son of the last-named family :—

"In the Mace parlour. Alderman Robert Heyrick, an excellent portrait, painted at the expense of the Corporation ; an old man with a long black beard, black cap, and ruff round his neck, black dress, his right hand holding his gloves. At the left of the picture is this inscription :—

"'His picture whom you here see,
When he is dead and rotten,
By this shall he remember'd be,
When he should be forgotten.'"

"On the right. Quarterly : 1 and 4, Argent, a fess vaire, or and gules, Heyrick ; 2 and 3, Bond, argent : on a chevron sable between three hurts, three etoiles argent ; on a chief gules three cinquefoils argent.——Crest, Heyrick : On a wreath a buffalo's head erased argent, gorged with a chaplet of roses proper."

"On the north wall of the Chapel there is a fair monument with the arms and crest of Heyrick (the



inscription not now legible) for Sir William Heyrick, Knight, who married Joan, daughter of Richard May, of Mayfield in Sussex, Esqr., by whom he had seven sons and five daughters; died March 2nd, 1652, aged 96.

"On the floor, Sir W. H. was here buried March 8th, 1652."

The following letters, written by Miss Hutton, have been kindly sent to me by Charles Francis Fellows, Esq., son of Sir Charles Fellows; they are addressed to Mrs. Knight, afterwards Lady Fellows :—

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Feb. 28, 1842.

"My dear Mrs. Knight,—

"I am afraid I have not sent my thanks directly to yourself for the inimitable emblazonment of my arms,* which you have the kindness to send me. I assure you that no person could value it more than I do. I shall place it as a frontispiece to my copy of my father's life. . . . You probably know that our friend Mr. Upcott† has sent me the album of Lady Louisa Tennison, with her wish that I should write something in it; I was taken very ill two days after I received it, and, when I was recovered I hesitated between the writing it miserably and the fear of not being able to write at all. At length I ventured; and my writing has brought to mind that of one of the

* I have seen this exquisite piece of heraldic painting. Some specimens of Lady Fellows' minute painting are in the library of the Royal Institution; and a collection of old watches which she and her husband, Sir Charles Fellows, made, is now in the British Museum.—C. H. B.

† Mr. Upcott was a celebrated collector of autographs.



people visited by Gulliver. They did not write, like the English, from left to right; or, like the Hebrews, from right to left; or like the Chinese, from top to bottom; but, like the ladies in England, from one corner of the paper to another. However, done it has been some weeks; and I desired Mr. Upcott to let me know by what conveyance, and to whom, I should send it, and I hear nothing from him.

"I am, my dear Mrs. Knight,

"With true regard,

"Your very obliged,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"April 15, 1844.

"My dear Mrs. Knight,—

"My portrait of Dr. Price is wretched; but I could not get a better. Of Mr. Berrington I am convinced there is no portrait. I was well acquainted with him, as he often took a family dinner with us at my father's table, and conversed with me afterwards. On one memorable day —a day never to be forgotten—I made tea for Dr. Herschel, Dr. Priestley, Mr. Berrington, and my father, in our dining room. It was a few days before the Birmingham riots in 1791, and those four persons never met again.

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

Dr. Herschel, Dr. Priestley, and Mr. Berrington belonged to the Lunar Society in Birmingham, which was a small coterie of literary and scientific men, who assembled for the discussion of science and literature.

The members of the Lunar Society met at each others houses once a month, always at the full of the moon, so that they might be able to drive home by the light of that luminary ; hence the name of the Society. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, in her interesting memoirs, after describing some of the members of the Lunar Society, who assembled at her father, Mr. Galton's residence, Great Barr House, near Birmingham, goes on to say :—"Another, and, though mentioned last, not the least valuable of these friends, was Dr. Priestley, the father of discoveries on air ; a man of admirable simplicity, gentleness, and kindness of heart, united with great acuteness of intellect. I can never forget the impression produced on me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by cheerfulness. I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Bolton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mecænas ; even as a child, I used to feel, when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial ; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief of the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality. I believe that no divine truth can truly dwell in any heart without an external testimony in manner, bearing, and appearance, that must reach the witness within the heart of the beholder, and bear an unmistakable, though silent evidence, to the eternal principle from



which it emanates. How often have I wished, in after life, that those who were in possession of far more complete views of Christian truth than Dr. Priestley, had held them half as vitally. I have often thought that some estimable Unitarians, whom I have known, resembled a living man with the loss of some important limb, whilst I have unhappily lived to see many orthodox professors who, like a corpse or a mummy, exhibited all the form and lineaments of truth, but were destitute of one vital spark."

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck continues:—"At the house of Dr. Priestley my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, as it happened, was the Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. I shall never forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me, when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time, on a summer afternoon. The drawing room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared; a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen anything like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty. His complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model



of the ecclesiastical decorum of the church of ancient monuments and memories. His bearing was that of a prince amongst his people, not from worldly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. I have thus spoken at length of Mr. Berrington, as the well-known historian of the 'Literature of the Middle Ages,' and of that of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, and as the author of other popular and historical works. He was our most intimate neighbour at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea table; and, as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome."

"Bennett's Hill, nr. Birmingham,

"Nov. 10, 1845.

"My dear Mrs. Knight,—

"It is long since any direct correspondence passed between us, and I am scarcely able to make one letter follow another.

"My friend, Mrs. Leigh [the Hon. Mrs. Leigh] writes to me as follows: 'Do you know anything of Mrs. Knight? I wrote to say the statue of my brother [Lord Byron] was to be presented to its destination, Trinity College, Cambridge. Not a word, so I fear she is ill.' Will you say,

or can I say, anything in answer to this? My dear Mrs. Knight, you would oblige me much by letting me know any particulars of our lamented friend, Mr. Upcott, a man whose loss can never be made up to those he honoured with the name of friends. In the last letter he wrote to me he said, 'Mrs. Knight is very kind to me.' This was a very short time before his death. I want particularly to know the day on which he died, that is month and day.

"Pardon me and pity me, my dear Mrs. Knight.

"Yours truly,

"CATHERINE HUTTON."

This letter is the *last* Miss Hutton ever wrote. There is something very pathetic in the words: "Pardon me and pity me;" she felt her end approaching. Immediately after writing this letter, she was seized with the illness which terminated in her death, in the early part of the following year.

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